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CHAPTER XII.

SKIRMISHING.

“SO the Rev. Joseph Bellamy Stoker has called upon you, Susan Posey, has he? And wants you to come and talk religion with him in his study, Susan Posey, does he? Religion is a good thing, my dear, the best thing in the world, and never better than when we are young, and no young people need it more than young girls. There are temptations to all, and to them as often as to any, Susan Posey. And temptations come to them in places where they don't look for them, and from persons they never thought of as tempters. So I am very glad to have your thoughts called to the subject of religion. ‘Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth.’

“But Susan Posey, my dear, I think you had better not break in upon the pious meditations of the Rev. Joseph Bellamy Stoker in his private study. A monk's cell and a minister's library are hardly the places for young ladies. They distract the attention of these good men from their devotions and their sermons. If you think you must

go, you had better take Mrs. Hopkins with you. She likes religious conversation, and it will do her good too, and save a great deal of time for the minister, conversing with two at once. She is of discreet age, and will tell you when it is time to come away, — you might stay too long, you know. I've known young persons stay a good deal too long at these interviews, — a great deal too long, Susan Posey!”

Such was the fatherly counsel of Master Byles Gridley.

Susan was not very quick of apprehension, but she could not help seeing the justice of Master Gridley's remark, that for a young person to go and break in on the hours that a minister requires for his studies, without being accompanied by a mature friend who would remind her when it was time to go, would be taking an unfair advantage of his kindness in asking her to call upon him. She promised, therefore, that she would never go without taking Mrs. Hopkins as her companion, and with this assurance her old friend rested satisfied.

It is altogether likely that he had some deeper reason for his advice than

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these with which he satisfied the simple nature of Susan Posey. Of that it will be easier to judge after a glance at the conditions and character of the minister and his household.

The Rev. Mr. Stoker had, in addition to the personal advantages already alluded to, some other qualities which might prove attractive to many women. He had, in particular, that art of sliding into easy intimacy with them which implies some knowledge of the female nature, and, above all, confidence in one's powers. There was little doubt, the gossips maintained, that many of the younger women of his parish would have been willing, in certain contingencies, to lift for him that other end of his yoke under which poor Mrs. Stoker was fainting, unequal to the burden.

That lady must have been some years older than her husband,—how many we need not inquire too curiously,—but in vitality she had long passed the prime in which he was still flourishing. She had borne him five children, and cried her eyes hollow over the graves of three of them. Household cares had dragged upon her; the routine of village life wearied her; the parishioners expected too much of her as the minister's wife; she had wanted more fresh air and more cheerful companionship; and her thoughts had fed too much on death and sin,—good bitter tonics to increase the appetite for virtue, but *not* good as food and drink for the spirit.

But there was another grief which lay hidden far beneath these obvious depressing influences. She felt that she was no longer to her husband what she had been to him, and felt it with something of self-reproach,—which was a wrong to herself, for she had been a true and tender wife. Deeper than all the rest was still another feeling, which had hardly risen into the region of inwardly articulated thought, but lay unshaped beneath all the syllabled trains of sleeping or waking consciousness.

The minister was often consulted by his parishioners upon spiritual matters;

and was in the habit of receiving in his study visitors who came with such intent. Sometimes it was old weak-eyed Deacon Rumrill, in great iron-bowed spectacles, with hanging nether lip and tremulous voice, who had got his brain into a muddle about the beast with two horns, or the woman that fled into the wilderness, or other points not settled to his mind in Scott's Commentary. The minister was always very busy at such times, and made short work of his deacon's doubts. Or it might be that an ancient woman, a mother or a grandmother in Israel, came with her questions and her perplexities to her pastor; and it was pretty certain that just at that moment he was very deep in his next sermon, or had a pressing visit to make.

But it would also happen occasionally that one of the tenderer ewe-lambs of the flock needed comfort from the presence of the shepherd. Poor Mrs. Stoker noticed, or thought she noticed, that the good man had more leisure for the youthful and blooming sister than for the more discreet and venerable matron or spinster. The sitting was apt to be longer; and the worthy pastor would often linger awhile about the door, to speed the parting guest, perhaps, but a little too much after the fashion of young people who are not displeased with each other, and who often find it as hard to cross a threshold single as a witch finds it to get over a running stream. More than once, the pallid, faded wife had made an errand to the study, and, after a keen look at the bright young cheeks, flushed with the excitement of intimate spiritual communion, had gone back to her chamber with her hand pressed against her heart, and the bitterness of death in her soul.

The end of all these bodily and mental trials was, that the minister's wife had fallen into a state of habitual invalidism, such as only women, who feel all the nerves which in men are as insensible as telegraph-wires, can experience.

The doctors did not know what to

make of her case, — whether she would live or die, — whether she would languish for years, or, all at once, roused by some strong impression, or in obedience to some unexplained movement of the vital forces, take up her bed and walk. For her bed had become her home, where she lived as if it belonged to her organism. There she lay, a not unpleasing invalid to contemplate, always looking resigned, patient, serene, except when the one deeper grief was stirred, always arrayed with simple neatness, and surrounded with little tokens that showed the constant presence with her of tasteful and thoughtful affection. She did not know, nobody could know, how steadily, how silently, all this artificial life was draining the veins and blanching the cheek of her daughter Bathsheba, one of the every-day, air-breathing angels without nimbus or aureole who belong to every story which lets us into a few households, as much as the stars and the flowers belong to everybody's verses.

Bathsheba's devotion to her mother brought its own reward, but it was not in the shape of outward commendation. Some of the more censorious members of her father's congregation were severe in their remarks upon her absorption in the supreme object of her care. It seems that this had prevented her from attending to other duties which they considered more imperative. They did n't see why she should n't keep a Sabbath school as well as the rest, and as to her not comin' to meetin' three times on Sabbath day like other folks, they could n't account for it, except because she calculated that she could get along without the means of grace, bein' a minister's daughter. Some went so far as to doubt if she had ever experienced religion, for all she was a professor. There was a good many indulged a false hope. To this, others objected her life of utter self-denial and entire surrender to her duties towards her mother as some evidence of Christian character. But old Deacon Rumrill put down that heresy by showing conclusively from Scott's Commentary on

Romans xi. 1-6, that this was altogether against her chance of being called, and that the better her disposition to perform good works, the more unlikely she was to be the subject of saving grace. Some of these severe critics were good people enough themselves, but they loved active work and stirring companionship, and would have found their real cross if they had been called to sit at an invalid's bedside.

As for the Rev. Mr. Stoker, his duties did not allow him to give so much time to his suffering wife as his feelings would undoubtedly have prompted. He therefore relinquished the care of her (with great reluctance, we may naturally suppose) to Bathsheba, who had inherited not only her mother's youthful smile, but that self-forgetfulness which, born with some of God's creatures, is, if not "grace," at least a manifestation of native depravity which might well be mistaken for it.

The intimacy of mother and daughter was complete, except on a single point. There was one subject on which no word ever passed between them. The excuse of duties to others was by a tacit understanding a mantle to cover all short-comings in the way of attention from the husband and father, and no word ever passed between them implying a suspicion of the loyalty of his affections. Bathsheba came at last so to fill with her tenderness the space left empty in the neglected heart, that her mother only spoke her habitual feeling when she said, "I should think you were in love with me, my darling, if you were not my daughter."

This was a dangerous state of things for the minister. Strange suggestions and unsafe speculations began to mingle with his dreams and reveries. The thought once admitted that another's life is becoming superfluous and a burden, feeds like a ravenous vulture on the soul. Woe to the man or woman whose days are passed in watching the hour-glass through which the sands run too slowly for longings that are like a skulking procession of bloodless murders! Without affirming such hor-

rors of the Rev. Mr. Stoker, it would not be libellous to say that his fancy was tampering with future possibilities, as it constantly happens with those who are getting themselves into training for some act of folly, or some crime, it may be, which will in its own time evolve itself as an idea in the consciousness, and by and by ripen into fact.

It must not be taken for granted that he was actually on the road to some fearful deed, or that he was an utterly lost soul. He was ready to yield to temptation if it came in his way; he would even court it, but he did not shape out any plan very definitely in his mind, as a more desperate sinner would have done. He liked the pleasurable excitement of emotional relations with his pretty lambs, and enjoyed it under the name of religious communion. There is a border land where one can stand on the territory of legitimate instincts and affections, and yet be so near the pleasant garden of the Adversary, that his dangerous fruits and flowers are within easy reach. Once tasted, the next step is like to be the scaling of the wall. The Rev. Mr. Stoker was very fond of this border land. His imagination was wandering over it too often when his pen was travelling almost of itself along the weary parallels of the page before him. All at once a blinding flash would come over him, the lines of his sermon would run together, the fresh manuscript would shrivel like a dead leaf, and the rows of hard-hearted theology on the shelves before him, and the broken-backed Concordance, and the Holy Book itself, would fade away as he gave himself up to the enchantment of his delirious dream.

The reader will probably consider it a discreet arrangement that pretty Susan Posey should seek her pastor in grave company. Mrs. Hopkins willingly consented to the arrangement which had been proposed, and agreed to go with the young lady on her visit to the Rev. Mr. Stoker's study. They were both arrayed in their field-day splendors on this occasion. Susan was lovely in her

light curls and blue ribbons, and the becoming dress which could not help betraying the modestly emphasized *crescendos* and gently graded *diminuendos* of her figure. She was as round as if she had been turned in a lathe, and as delicately finished as if she had been modelled for a Flora. She had naturally an airy toss of the head and a springy movement of the joints, such as some girls study in the glass (and make dreadful work of it), so that she danced all over without knowing it, like a little lively bobolink on a bulrush. In short, she looked fit to spoil a homily for Saint Anthony himself.

Mrs. Hopkins was not less perfect in her somewhat different style. She might be called impressive and imposing in her grand costume, which she wore for this visit. It was a black silk dress, with a crape shawl, a firmly defensive bonnet, and an alpaca umbrella with a stern-looking and decided knob presiding as its handle. The dried-leaf rustle of her silk dress was suggestive of the ripe autumn of life, bringing with it those golden fruits of wisdom and experience which the grave teachers of mankind so justly prefer to the idle blossoms of adolescence.

It is needless to say that the visit was conducted with the most perfect propriety in all respects. Mrs. Hopkins was disposed to take upon herself a large share of the conversation. The minister, on the other hand, would have devoted himself more particularly to Miss Susan; but, with a very natural make-believe obtuseness, the good woman drew his fire so constantly that few of his remarks, and hardly any of his insinuating looks, reached the tender object at which they were aimed. It is probable that his features or tones betrayed some impatience at having thus been foiled of his purpose, for Mrs. Hopkins thought he looked all the time as if he wanted to get rid of her. The three parted, therefore, not in the best humor all round. Mrs. Hopkins declared she'd see the minister in Jericho before she'd fix

herself up as if she was goin' to a weddin' to go and see *him* again. Why, he did n't make any more of her than if she 'd been a tabby-cat. She believed some of these ministers thought women's souls dried up like peas in a pod by the time they was forty year old; anyhow, they did n't seem to care any great about 'em, except while they was green and tender. It was all Miss Se-usan, Miss Se-usan, Miss Se-usan, my dear! but as for her, she might jest as well have gone with her apron on, for any notice he took of her. She did n't care, she was n't goin' to be left out when there was talkin' goin' on, anyhow.

Susan Posey, on her part, said she did n't like him a bit. He looked so sweet at her, and held his head on one side, — law! just as if he had been a young beau! And, — don't tell, — but he whispered that he wished the next time I came I would n't bring that Hopkins woman!

It would not be fair to repeat what the minister said to himself; but we may own as much as this, that, if worthy Mrs. Hopkins had heard it, she would have treated him to a string of adjectives which would have greatly enlarged his conceptions of the female vocabulary.

CHAPTER XIII.

BATTLE.

IN tracing the history of a human soul through its commonplace nervous perturbations, still more through its spiritual humiliations, there is danger that we shall feel a certain contempt for the subject of such weakness. It is easy to laugh at the erring impulses of a young girl; but you who remember when — — —, only fifteen years old, untouched by passion, unsullied in name, was found in the shallow brook where she had sternly and surely sought her death, — (too true! too true! — *cjus animæ Jesu miserere!* — but a generation has passed since then,) — will not smile so scornfully.

Myrtle Hazard no longer required the physician's visits, but her mind was very far from being poised in the just balance of its faculties. She was of a good natural constitution and a fine temperament; but she had been overwrought by all that she had passed through, and, though happening to have been born in another land, *she was of American descent*. Now, it has long been noticed that there is something in the influences, climatic or other, here prevailing, which predisposes to morbid religious excitement. The graver reader will not object to seeing the exact statement of a competent witness belonging to a by-gone century, confirmed as it is by all that we see about us.

"There is no Experienced Minister of the Gospel who hath not in the Cases of *Tempted Souls* often had this Experience, that the ill Cases of their distempered *Bodies* are the frequent Occasion and Original of their Temptations." "The Vitiated Humours in many Persons, yield the *Steams* wherein to *Satan* does insinuate himself, till he has gained a sort of *Possession* in them, or at least an Opportunity to shoot into the Mind as many *Fiery Darts* as may cause a sad Life unto them; yea, 'tis well if *Self-Murder* be not the sad end into which these hurried (?) People are thus precipitated. *New England*, a country where *Splenetic* Maladies are prevailing and pernicious, perhaps above any other, hath afforded Numberless Instances, of even *pious People*, who have contracted these *Melancholy Indispositions* which have unhinged them from all Service or Comfort; yea, not a few Persons have been hurried thereby to lay *Violent Hands* upon themselves at the last. These are among the *unsearchable Judgments of God*!"

Such are the words of the Rev. Cotton Mather.

The minister had hardly recovered from his vexatious defeat in the skirmish where the Widow Hopkins was his principal opponent, when he received a note from Miss Silence With-

ers, which promised another and more important field of conflict. It contained a request that he would visit Myrtle Hazard, who seemed to be in a very excitable and impressible condition, and who might perhaps be easily brought under those influences which she had resisted from her early years, through inborn perversity of character.

When the Rev. Mr. Stoker received this note, he turned very pale, — which was a bad sign. Then he drew a long breath or two, and presently a flush tingled up to his cheek, where it remained a fixed burning glow. This may have been from the deep interest he felt in Myrtle's spiritual welfare ; but he had often been sent for by aged sinners in more immediate peril, apparently, without any such disturbance of the circulation.

To know whether a minister, young or still in flower, is in safe or dangerous paths, there are two psychometers, a comparison between which will give as infallible a return as the dry and wet bulbs of the ingenious "Hygrodeik." The first is the black broadcloth forming the knees of his pantaloons ; the second, the patch of carpet before his mirror. If the first is unworn and the second is frayed and threadbare, pray for him. If the first is worn and shiny, while the second keeps its pattern and texture, get him to pray for you.

The Rev. Mr. Stoker should have gone down on his knees then and there, and sought fervently for the grace which he was like to need in the dangerous path just opening before him. He did not do this ; but he stood up before his looking-glass and parted his hair as carefully as if he had been separating the saints of his congregation from the sinners, to send the list to the statistical columns of a religious newspaper. He selected a professional neckcloth, as spotlessly pure as if it had been washed in innocence, and adjusted it in a tie which was like the white rose of Sharon. Myrtle Hazard was, he thought, on the whole, the handsomest girl he had ever seen ; Susan Posey was to her as a wild-rose with

its five petals to a double damask. He knew the nature of the nervous disturbances through which she had been passing, and that she must be in a singularly impressible condition. He felt sure that he could establish intimate spiritual relations with her by drawing out her repressed sympathies, by feeding the fires of her religious imagination, by exercising all those lesser arts of fascination which are so familiar to the Don Giovannis, and not always unknown to the San Giovannis.

As for the hard doctrines which he used to produce sensations with in the pulpit, it would have been a great pity to worry so lovely a girl, in such a nervous state, with them. He remembered a savory text about being made all things to all men, which would bear application particularly well to the case of this young woman. He knew how to weaken his divinity, on occasion, as well as an old housewife to weaken her tea, lest it should keep people awake.

The Rev. Mr. Stoker was a man of emotions. He loved to feel his heart beat ; he loved all the forms of non-alcoholic drunkenness, which are so much better than the vinous, because they taste themselves so keenly, whereas the other (according to the statement of experts who are familiar with its curious phenomena) has a certain sense of unreality connected with it. He delighted in the reflex stimulus of the excitement he produced in others by working on their feelings. A powerful preacher is open to the same sense of enjoyment — an awful, tremulous, goose-flesh sort of state, but still enjoyment — that a great tragedian feels when he curdles the blood of his audience.

Mr. Stoker was noted for the vividness of his descriptions of the future which was in store for the great bulk of his fellow-townsmen and fellow-worldsmen. He had three sermons on this subject, known to all the country round as the *sweating* sermon, the *fainting* sermon, and the *convulsion-fit* sermon, from the various effects said to have been produced by them when delivered before large audiences. It might be

supposed that his reputation as a terrorist would have interfered with his attempts to ingratiate himself with his young favorites. But the tragedian who is fearful as Richard or as Iago finds that no hindrance to his success in the part of Romeo. Indeed, women rather take to terrible people; prize-fighters, pirates, highwaymen, rebel generals, Grand Turks, and Bluebeards generally have a fascination for the sex; your virgin has a natural instinct to saddle your lion. The fact, therefore, that the young girl had sat under his tremendous pulpittings, through the sweating sermon, the fainting sermon, and the convulsion-fit sermon, did not secure her against the influence of his milder approaches.

Myrtle was naturally surprised at receiving a visit from him; but she was in just that unbalanced state in which almost any impression is welcome. He showed so much interest, first in her health, then in her thoughts and feelings, always following her lead in the conversation, that before he left her she felt as if she had made a great discovery; namely, that this man, so formidable behind the guns of his wooden bastion, was a most tender-hearted and sympathizing person when he came out of it unarmed. How delightful he was as he sat talking in the twilight in low and tender tones, with respectful pauses of listening, in which he looked as if he too had just made a discovery,—of an angel, to wit, to whom he could not help unbosoming his tenderest emotions, as to a being from another sphere!

It was a new experience to Myrtle. She was all ready for the spiritual manipulations of an expert. The excitability which had been showing itself in spasms and strange paroxysms had been transferred to those nervous centres, whatever they may be, cerebral or ganglionic, which are concerned in the emotional movements of the religious nature. It was taking her at an unfair disadvantage, no doubt. In the old communion, some priest might have wrought upon her while in this condi-

tion, and we might have had at this very moment among us another Saint Theresa or Jacqueline Pascal. She found but a dangerous substitute in the spiritual companionship of a saint like the Rev. Joseph Bellamy Stoker.

People think the confessional is unknown in our Protestant churches. It is a great mistake. The principal change is, that there is no screen between the penitent and the father confessor. The minister knew his rights, and very soon asserted them. He gave Aunt Silence to understand that he could talk more at ease if he and his young disciple were left alone together. Cynthia Badlam did not like this arrangement. She was afraid to speak about it; but she glared at them aslant, with the look of a biting horse when his eyes follow one sideways until they are all white but one little vicious spark of pupil.

It was not very long before the Rev. Mr. Stoker had established pretty intimate relations with the household at The Poplars. He had reason to think, he assured Miss Silence, that Myrtle was in a state of mind which promised a complete transformation of her character. He used the phrases of his sect, of course, in talking with the elderly lady; but the language which he employed with the young girl was free from those mechanical expressions which would have been like to offend or disgust her.

As to his rougher formulæ, he knew better than to apply them to a creature of her fine texture. If he had been disposed to do so, her simple questions and answers to his inquiries would have made it difficult. But it was in her bright and beautiful eyes, in her handsome features, and her winning voice, that he found his chief obstacle. How could he look upon her face in its loveliness, and talk to her as if she must be under the wrath and curse of God for the mere fact of her existence? It seemed more natural, and it certainly was more entertaining, to question her in such a way as to find out what kind of a theology had grown up in her mind as the result of her training in the com-

plex scheme of his doctrinal school. And as he knew that the merest child, so soon as it begins to think at all, works out for itself some kind of a theory of human nature, he pretty soon began sounding Myrtle's thoughts on this matter.

What was her own idea, he would be pleased to know, about her condition as one born of a sinful race, and her liabilities on that account?

Myrtle smiled like a little heathen, as she was, according to the standard of her earlier teachings. That kind of talk used to worry her when she was a child, sometimes. Yes, she remembered its coming back to her in a dream she had, when — when — (She did not finish her sentence.) Did *he* think she hated every kind of goodness and loved every kind of evil? Did *he* think she was hateful to the Being who made her?

The minister looked straight into the bright, brave, tender eyes, and answered, "Nothing in heaven or on earth could help loving you, Myrtle!"

Pretty well for a beginning!

Myrtle saw nothing but pious fervor in this florid sentiment. But as she was honest and clear-sighted, she could not accept a statement which seemed so plainly in contradiction with his common teachings, without bringing his flattering assertion to the test of another question.

Did he suppose, she asked, that any persons could be Christians, who could not tell the day or the year of their change from children of darkness to children of light?

The shrewd clergyman, whose creed could be lax enough on occasion, had provided himself with authorities of all kinds to meet these awkward questions in casuistical divinity. He had hunted up recipes for spiritual neuralgia, spasms, indigestion, psora, hypochondriasis, just as doctors do for their bodily counterparts.

To be sure they could. Why, what did the great Richard Baxter say in his book on Infant Baptism? That at a meeting of many eminent Christians,

some of them very famous ministers, when it was desired that every one should give an account of the time and manner of his conversion, there was but one of them all could do it. And as for himself, Mr. Baxter said, he could not remember the day or the year when he began to be sincere, as he called it. Why, did n't President Wheelock say to a young man who consulted him, that some persons might be true Christians without suspecting it?

All this was so very different from the uncompromising way in which religious doctrines used to be presented to the young girl from the pulpit, that it naturally opened her heart and warmed her affections. Remember, if she needs excuse, that the defeated instincts of a strong nature were rushing in upon her, clamorous for their rights, and that she was not yet mature enough to understand and manage them. The paths of love and religion are at the fork of a road which every maiden travels. If some young hand does not open the turnpike gate of the first, she is pretty sure to try the other, which has no toll-bar. It is also very commonly noticed that these two paths, after diverging awhile, run into each other. True love leads many wandering souls into the better way. Nor is it rare to see those who started in company for the gates of pearl seated together on the banks that border the avenue to that other portal, gathering the roses for which it is so famous.

It was with the most curious interest that the minister listened to the various heresies into which her reflections had led her. Somehow or other they did not sound so dangerous coming from her lips as when they were uttered by the coarser people of the less rigorous denominations, or preached in the sermons of heretical clergymen. He found it impossible to think of her in connection with those denunciations of sinners for which his discourses had been noted. Some of the sharp old church-members began to complain that his exhortations were losing their

pungency. The truth was, he was preaching for Myrtle Hazard. He was getting bewitched and driven beside himself by the intoxication of his relations with her.

All this time she was utterly unconscious of any charm that she was exercising, or of being herself subject to any personal fascination. She loved to read the books of ecstatic contemplation which he furnished her. She loved to sing the languishing hymns which he selected for her. She loved to listen to his devotional rhapsodies, hardly knowing sometimes whether she were in the body or out of the body, while he lifted her upon the wings of his passion-kindled rhetoric. The time came when she had learned to listen for his step, when her eyes glistened at meeting him, when the words he uttered were treasured as from something more than a common mortal, and the book he had touched was like a saintly relic. It never suggested itself to her for an instant that this was anything more than such a friendship as Mercy might have cultivated with Great-Heart. She gave her confidence simply because she was very young and innocent. The green tendrils of the growing vine must wind round something.

The seasons had been changing their scenery while the events we have told were occurring, and the loveliest days of autumn were now shining. To those who know the "Indian summer" of our Northern States, it is needless to describe the influence it exerts on the senses and the soul. The stillness of the landscape in that beautiful time is as if the planet were *sleeping*, like a top, before it begins to rock with the storms of autumn. All natures seem to find themselves more truly in its light; love grows more tender, religion more spiritual, memory sees farther back into the past, grief revisits its mossy marbles, the poet harvests the ripe thoughts which he will tie in sheaves of verses by his winter fireside.

The minister had got into the way of taking frequent walks with Myrtle, whose health had seemed to require the

open air, and who was fast regaining her natural look. Under the canopy of the scarlet, orange, and crimson leaved maples, of the purple and violet clad oaks, of the birches in their robes of sunshine, and the beeches in their clinging drapery of sober brown, they walked together while he discoursed of the joys of heaven, the sweet communion of kindred souls, the ineffable bliss of a world where love would be immortal and beauty should never know decay. And while she listened, the strange light of the leaves irradiated the youthful figure of Myrtle, as when the stained window let in its colors on Madeline, the rose-bloom and the amethyst and the glory.

"Yes! we shall be angels together," exclaimed the Rev. Mr. Stoker. "Our souls were made for immortal union. I know it; I feel it in every throb of my heart. Even in this world you are as an angel to me, lifting me into the heaven where I shall meet you again, or it will not be heaven. O, if on earth our communion could have been such as it must be hereafter! O Myrtle, Myrtle!"

He stretched out his hands as if to clasp hers between them in the rapture of his devotion. Was it the light reflected from the glossy leaves of the poison sumach which overhung the path that made his cheek look so pale? Was he going to kneel to her?

Myrtle turned her dark eyes on him with a simple wonder that saw an excess of saintly ardor in these demonstrations, and drew back from it.

"I think of heaven always as the place where I shall meet my mother," she said calmly.

These words recalled the man to himself for a moment, and he was silent. Presently he seated himself on a stone. His lips were tremulous as he said, in a low tone, "Sit down by me, Myrtle."

"No," she answered, with something which chilled him in her voice, "we will not stay here any longer; it is time to go home."

"Full time!" muttered Cynthia Bad-

lam, whose watchful eyes had been upon them, peering through a screen of yellow leaves, that turned her face pale as if with deadly passion.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE SLIPPERS.

MISS CYNTHIA BADLAM was in the habit of occasionally visiting the Widow Hopkins. Some said — but then people will talk, especially in the country, where they have not much else to do, except in haying-time. She had always known the widow, long before Mr. Gridley came there to board, or any other special event in her family. No matter what people said.

Miss Badlam called to see Mrs. Hopkins, then, and the two had a long talk together, of which only a portion is on record. Here are such fragments as have been preserved.

“What would I do about it? Why, I’d put a stop to such carry’n’s on, mighty quick, if I had to tie the girl to the bedpost, and have a bulldog that would take the seat out of any pair of black pantaloons that come within forty rod of her, — *that’s* what I’d do about it! He undertook to be mighty sweet with our Susan one while, but ever sence he ’s been talkin’ religion with Myrtle Hazard he ’s let us alone. Do as I did when he asked our Susan to come to his study, — stick close to your girl and you ’ll put a stop to all this business. He won’t make love to two at once, unless they ’re both pretty young, I ’ll warrant. Follow her round, Miss Cynthia, and keep your eyes on her.”

“I have watched her like a cat, Mrs. Hopkins, but I can’t follow her everywhere, — she won’t stand what Susan Posey ’ll stand. There ’s no use *our* talking to her, — we ’ve done with that at our house. You never know what that Indian blood of hers will make her do. She ’s too high-strung for us to bit and bridle. I don’t want to see her name in the paper again, alongside of —” (Her voice died away, and she

paused.) “I ’d rather have her fished dead out of the river, or find her where she found her uncle Malachi!”

“You don’t think, Miss Cynthia, that the man means to inveigle the girl with the notion of marryin’ her by and by, after poor Mrs. Stoker ’s dead and gone?”

“The Lord in heaven forbid!” exclaimed Miss Cynthia, throwing up her hands. “A child of fifteen years old, if she is a woman to look at!”

“It’s too bad, — it’s too bad to think of, Miss Cynthia; and there’s that poor woman dyin’ by inches, and Miss Bathsheby settin’ with her day and night, — she has n’t got a bit of her father in her, it’s all her mother, — and that man, instead of bein’ with her to comfort her as any man ought to be with his wife, — *in sickness and in health*, that’s what he promised. I ’m sure when my poor husband was sick . . . To think of that man goin’ about to *talk religion* to all the prettiest girls he can find in the parish, and his wife at home like to leave him so soon, — it’s a shame, — so it is, come now! Miss Cynthia, there ’s one of the best men and one of the learnedest men that ever lived that’s a real friend of Myrtle Hazard, and a better friend to her than she knows of, — for ever sence he brought her home, he feels jest like a father to her, — and that man is Mr. Gridley, that lives in this house. It’s him I ’ll speak to about the minister’s carry’n’s on. He knows about his talking sweet to our Susan, and he ’ll put things to rights! He ’s a master hand when he does once take hold of anything, I tell you that! Jest get him to shet up them books of his, and take hold of anybody’s troubles, and you ’ll see how he ’ll straighten ’em out.”

There was a pattering of little feet on the stairs, and the two small twins, “Sossy” and “Minthy,” in the home dialect, came hand in hand into the room, Miss Susan leaving them at the threshold, not wishing to interrupt the two ladies, and being much interested also in listening to Mr. Gifted Hopkins, who was reading some of his

last poems to her, with great delight to both of them.

The good woman rose to take them from Susan, and guide their uncertain steps. "My babies, I call 'em, Miss Cynthy. Ain't they nice children? Come to go to bed, little dears? Only a few minutes, Miss Cynthy."

She took them into the bedroom on the same floor, where they slept, and, leaving the door open, began undressing them. Cynthia turned her rocking-chair round so as to face the open door. She looked on while the little creatures were being undressed; she heard the few words they lisped as their infant prayer; she saw them laid in their beds, and heard their pretty good-night.

A lone woman to whom all the sweet cares of maternity have been denied cannot look upon a sight like this without feeling the void in her own heart where a mother's affection should have nestled. Cynthia sat perfectly still, without rocking, and watched kind Mrs. Hopkins at her *quasi* parental task. A tear stole down her rigid face as she saw the rounded limbs of the children bared in their white beauty, and their little heads laid on the pillow. They were sleeping quietly when Mrs. Hopkins left the room for a moment on some errand of her own. Cynthia rose softly from her chair, stole swiftly to the bedside, and printed a long, burning kiss on each of their foreheads.

When Mrs. Hopkins came back, she found the maiden lady sitting in her place just as she left her, but rocking in her chair and sobbing as one in sudden pangs of grief.

"It *is* a great trouble, Miss Cynthy," she said, — "a great trouble to have such a child as Myrtle to think of and to care for. If she was like our Susan Posey, now! — but we must do the best we can; and if Mr. Gridley once sets himself to it, you may depend upon it he 'll make it all come right. I would n't take on about it if I was you. You let me speak to our Mr. Gridley. We all have our troubles. It is n't everybody that can ride to heaven in a C-spring shay, as my poor husband used to say;

and life's a road that's got a good many thank-you-ma'ams to go bumpin' over, says he."

Miss Badlam acquiesced in the philosophical reflections of the late Mr. Ammi Hopkins, and left it to his widow to carry out her own suggestion in reference to consulting Master Gridley. The good woman took the first opportunity she had to introduce the matter, a little diffusely, as is often the way of widows who keep boarders.

"There's something going on I don't like, Mr. Gridley. They tell me that Minister Stoker is following round after Myrtle Hazard, talking religion at her jest about the same way he'd have liked to with our Susan, I calculate. If he wants to talk religion to me or Silence Withers, — well, no, I don't feel sure about Silence, — she ain't as young as she used to be, but then ag'in she ain't so fur gone as some, and she's got money, — but if he wants to talk religion with me, he may come and welcome. But as for Myrtle Hazard, she's been sick, and it's left her a little flighty by what they say, and to have a minister round her all the time ravin' about the next world as if he had a latch-key to the front door of it, is no way to make her come to herself again. I've seen more than one young girl sent off to the asylum by that sort of work, when, if I'd only had 'em, I'd have made 'em sweep the stairs, and mix the puddin's, and tend the babies, and milk the cow, and keep 'em too busy all day to be thinkin' about themselves, and have 'em dress up nice evenin's and see some young folks and have a good time, and go to meetin' Sundays, and then have done with the minister, unless it was old Father Pemberton. He knows forty times as much about heaven as that Stoker man does, or ever's like to, — why don't they run after him, I should like to know? Ministers are men, come now; and I don't want to say anything against women, Mr. Gridley, but women are women, that's the fact of it, and half of 'em are hystericky when they're young; and I've heard old Dr. Hurlbut say

many a time that he had to lay in an extra stock of valerian and assafoetida whenever there was a young minister round, — for there 's plenty of religious ravin', says he, that 's nothin' but hysterics."

[Mr. Froude thinks that was the trouble with Bloody Queen Mary, but the old physician did not get the idea from him.]

"Well, and what do you propose to do about the Rev. Joseph Bellamy Stoker and his young proselyte, Miss Myrtle Hazard?" said Mr. Gridley, when Mrs. Hopkins at last gave him a chance to speak.

"Mr. Gridley," — Mrs. Hopkins looked full upon him as she spoke, — "people used to say that you was a good man and a great man and one of the learnedest men alive, but that you did n't know much nor care for much except books. I know you used to live pretty much to yourself when you first came to board in this house. But you 've been very good to my son; . . . and if Gifted lives till you . . . till you are in . . . your grave, . . . he will write a poem — I know he will — that will tell your goodness to babes unborn."

[Here Master Gridley groaned, and repeated to himself silently,

*"Scindentur vestes, gemmæ frangentur et aurum,
Carmina quona tribuent fama perennis erit."*

All this inwardly, and without interrupting the worthy woman's talk.]

"And if ever Gifted makes a book, — don't say anything about it, Mr. Gridley, for goodness' sake, for he would n't have anybody know it, only I can't help thinking that some time or other he will print a book, — and if he does, I know whose name he 'll put at the head of it, — 'Dedicated to B. G., with the gratitude and respect —' There, now, I had n't any business to say a word about it, and it's only jest in case he does, you know. I'm sure you deserve it all. You've helped him with the best of advice. And you've been kind to me when I was in trouble. And you've been like a grandfather" [Master Gridley winced, — why could n't

the woman have said *father*? — that *grand* struck his ear like a spade going into the gravel] "to those babes, poor little souls! left on my door-step like a couple of breakfast rolls, — only you know it's the baker left *them*. I believe in you, Mr. Gridley, as I believe in my Maker and in Father Pemberton, — but, poor man! he's old, and you won't be old these twenty years yet."

[Master Gridley shook his head as if to say that was n't so, but felt comforted and refreshed.]

"You've got to help Myrtle Hazard again. You brought her home when she came so nigh drowning. You got the old doctor to go and see her when she came so nigh being bewitched with the magnetism and nonsense, whatever they call it, and the young doctor was so nigh bein' crazy, too. I know, for Nurse Byloe told me all about it. And now Myrtle's gettin' run away with by that pesky Minister Stoker. Cynthia Badlam was here yesterday crying and sobbing as if her heart would break about it. For my part, I did n't think Cynthia cared so much for the girl as all that, but I saw her takin' on dreadfully with my own eyes. That man's like a hen-hawk among the chickens, — first he picks up one, and then he picks up another. I should like to know if nobody but young folks has souls to be saved, and specially young women!"

"Tell me all you know about Myrtle Hazard and Joseph Bellamy Stoker," said Master Gridley.

Thereupon that good lady related all that Miss Badlam had imparted to her, of which the reader knows the worst, being the interview of which the keen spinster had been a witness, having followed them for the express purpose of knowing, in her own phrase, what the minister was up to.

It is not to be supposed that Myrtle had forgotten the discreet kindness of Master Gridley in bringing her back and making the best of her adventure. He, on his part, had acquired a kind of right to consider himself her adviser, and had begun to take a pleasure in the thought that he, the worn-out and use-

less old pedant, as he had been in the way of considering himself, might perhaps do something even more important than his previous achievement to save this young girl from the dangers that surrounded her. He loved his classics and his old books; he took an interest, too, in the newspapers and periodicals that brought the fermenting thought and the electric life of the great world into his lonely study; but these things just about him were getting strong hold on him, and most of all the fortunes of this beautiful young woman. How strange! For a whole generation he had lived in no nearer relation to his fellow-creatures than that of a half-fossilized teacher; and all at once he found himself face to face with the very most intense form of life, the counsellor of threatened innocence, the champion of imperilled loveliness. What business was it of his? growled the lower nature, of which he had said in "Thoughts on the Universe,"—"*Every man leads or is led by something that goes on four legs.*"

Then he remembered the grand line of the African freedman, that makes all human interests everybody's business, and had a sudden sense of dilatation and evolution, as it were, in all his dimensions, as if he were a head taller, and a foot bigger round the chest, and took in an extra gallon of air at every breath. Then—you who have written a book that holds your heart-leaves between its pages will understand the movement—he took down "Thoughts on the Universe" for a refreshing draught from his own wellspring. He opened as chance ordered it, and his eyes fell on the following passage:—

"The true American formula was well phrased by the late Samuel Patch, the Western Empedocles, 'Some things can be done as well as others.' A homely utterance, but it has virtue to overthrow all dynasties and hierarchies. These were all built up on the Old-World dogma that some things can NOT be done as well as others."

"There, now!" he said, talking to himself in his usual way, "is n't that

good? It always seems to me that I find something to the point when I open that book. 'Some things can be done as well as others,' can they? Suppose I should try what I can do by visiting Miss Myrtle Hazard? I think I may say I am old and incombustible enough to be trusted. She does not seem to be a safe neighbor to very inflammable bodies!"

The Fire-hang-bird was in her nest, the little hanging chamber, when Master Byles Gridley called at The Poplars to see her. Miss Cynthia, who received him, saw fit to carry him somewhat abruptly up to Myrtle's room. She welcomed him very cordially, but colored as she did so,—his visit was a surprise. She was at work on a piece of embroidery. Her first instinctive movement was to thrust it out of sight with the thought of concealment; but she checked this, and before the blush of detection had reached her cheek, the blush of ingenuous shame for her weakness had caught and passed it, and was in full possession. She sat with her worsted pattern held bravely in sight, and her cheek as bright as its liveliest crimson.

"Miss Cynthia has shown me up to the boudoir," he said, "or I should not have ventured into the *adyta* of this ancient temple. A work of art, is it, Miss Myrtle Hazard?"

"Only a pair of slippers, Mr. Gridley,—for my pastor."

"Oh! oh! That is well. A good old man. I have a great regard for the Rev. Eliphalet Pemberton. I wish all ministers were as good and simple and pure-hearted as the Rev. Eliphalet Pemberton. And I wish all the young people thought as much about their elders as you do, Miss Myrtle Hazard. We that are old love little acts of kindness. You gave me more pleasure than you knew of, my dear, when you worked that handsome cushion for me. The old minister will be greatly pleased,—poor old man!"

"But, Mr. Gridley, I must not let you think these are for Father Pemberton. They are for — Mr. — Stoker."

"The Rev. Joseph Bellamy Stoker ! He is not an old man, the Rev. Joseph Bellamy Stoker. He may perhaps be a widower before a great while. — Does he know that you are working those slippers for him ?"

"Dear me ! no, Mr. Gridley. I meant them for a surprise to him. He has been so kind to me, and understands me so much better than I thought anybody did. He is so different from what I thought ; he makes religion so perfectly simple, it seems as if everybody would agree with him, if they could only hear him talk."

"Greatly interested in the souls of his people, is n't he ?"

"Too much, almost, I am afraid. He says he has been too hard in his sermons sometimes, but it was for fear he should not impress his hearers enough."

"Don't you think he worries himself about the souls of young women rather more than for those of old ones, Myrtle ?"

There was something in the tone of this question that helped its slightly sarcastic expression. Myrtle's jealousy for her minister's sincerity was roused.

"How can you ask that, Mr. Gridley ? I am sure I wish you or anybody could have heard him talk as I have. There is no age in souls, he says ; and I am sure that it would do anybody good to hear him, old or young."

"No age in souls, — no age in souls. Souls of forty as young as souls of fifteen ; that's it." Master Gridley did not say this loud. But he did speak as follows : "I am glad to hear what you say of the Rev. Joseph Bellamy Stoker's love of being useful to people of all ages. You have had comfort in his companionship, and there are others who might be very glad to profit by it. I know a very excellent person who has had trials, and is greatly interested in religious conversation. Do you think he would be willing to let this friend of mine share in the privileges of spiritual intercourse which you enjoy ?"

There was but one answer possible. Of course he would.

"I hope it is so, my dear young lady. But listen to me one moment. I love you, my dear child, do you know, as if I were your own — grandfather." (There was moral heroism in that word.) "I love you as if you were of my own blood ; and so long as you trust me, and suffer me, I mean to keep watch against all dangers that threaten you in mind, body, or estate. You may wonder at me, you may sometimes doubt me ; but until you say you distrust me, when any trouble comes near you, you will find me there. Now, my dear child, you ought to know that the Rev. Joseph Bellamy Stoker has the reputation of being too fond of prosecuting religious inquiries with young and handsome women."

Myrtle's eyes fell, — a new suspicion seemed to have suggested itself.

"He wanted to get up a spiritual intimacy with our Susan Posey, — a very pretty girl, as you know."

Myrtle tossed her head almost imperceptibly, and bit her lip.

"I suppose there are a dozen young people that have been talked about with him. He preaches cruel sermons in his pulpit, cruel as death, and cold-blooded enough to freeze any mother's blood if Nature did not tell her he lied, and then smooths it all over with the first good-looking young woman he can get to listen to him."

Myrtle had dropped the slipper she was working on.

"Tell me, my dear, would you be willing to give up meeting this man alone, and gratify my friend, and avoid all occasion of reproach ?"

"Of course I would," said Myrtle, her eyes flashing, for her doubts, her shame, her pride, were all excited. "Who is your friend, Mr. Gridley ?"

"An excellent woman, — Mrs. Hopkins. You know her, Gifted Hopkins's mother, with whom I am residing. Shall the minister be given to understand that you will see him hereafter in her company ?"

Myrtle came pretty near a turn of her old nervous perturbations. "As you say," she answered. "Is there

nobody that I can trust, or is everybody hunting me like a bird?" She hid her face in her hands.

"You can trust me, my dear," said Byles Gridley. "Take your needle, my child, and work at your pattern,—it will come out a rose by and by. Life is like that, Myrtle, one stitch at a time, taken patiently, and the pattern

will come out all right like the embroidery. You can trust me. Good by, my dear."

"Let her finish the slippers," the old man said to himself as he trudged home, "and make 'em big enough for Father Pemberton. He shall have his feet in 'em yet, or my name is n't Byles Gridley!"

HISTORY OF THE SEWING-MACHINE.

IN Cornhill, Boston, thirty years ago, there was a shop for the manufacture and repair of nautical instruments and philosophical apparatus, kept by Ari Davis. Mr. Davis was a very ingenious mechanic, who had invented a successful dovetailing machine, much spoken of at the time, when inventions were not as numerous as they are now. Being thus a noted man in his calling, he gave way to the foible of affecting an oddity of dress and deportment. It pleased him to say extravagant and nonsensical things, and to go about singing, and to attract attention by unusual garments. Nevertheless, being a really skilful mechanic, he was frequently consulted by the inventors and improvers of machinery, to whom he sometimes gave a valuable suggestion.

In the year 1839, two men in Boston—one a mechanic, and the other a capitalist—were striving to produce a knitting-machine, which proved to be a task beyond their strength. When the inventor was at his wit's end, his capitalist brought the machine to the shop of Ari Davis, to see if that eccentric genius could suggest the solution of the difficulty, and make the machine work. The shop, resolving itself into a committee of the whole, gathered about the knitting-machine and its proprietor, and were listening to an explanation of its principle, when Davis, in his wild, extravagant way, broke in with these

words: "What are you bothering yourselves with a knitting-machine for? Why don't you make a sewing-machine?"

"I wish I could," said the capitalist; "but it can't be done."

"O, yes, it can," said Davis; "I can make a sewing-machine myself."

"Well," said the other, "you do it, Davis, and I'll insure you an independent fortune."

There the conversation dropped, and it was never resumed. The boastful remark of the master of the shop was considered merely one of his sallies of affected extravagance, as it really was; and the response of the capitalist to it was uttered without a thought of producing an effect. Nor did it produce any effect upon the person to whom it was addressed. Davis never attempted to construct a sewing-machine.

Among the workmen who stood by and listened to this conversation was a young man from the country, a new hand, named Elias Howe, then twenty years old. The person whom we have named the capitalist, a well-dressed and fine-looking man, somewhat consequential in his manners, was an imposing figure in the eyes of this youth, new to city ways; and he was much impressed with the emphatic assurance that a fortune was in store for the man who should invent a sewing-machine. He

was the more struck with it, because he had already amused himself with inventing some slight improvements, and recently he had caught from Davis the habit of meditating new devices. The spirit of invention, as all mechanics know, is exceedingly contagious. One man in a shop who invents something that proves successful will give the mania to half his companions, and the very apprentices will be tinkering over a device after their day's work is done. There were other reasons, also, why a conversation so trifling and accidental should have strongly impressed itself upon the mind of this particular youth. Before that day, the idea of sewing by the aid of a machine had never occurred to him.

ELIAS HOWE, the inventor of the sewing-machine, was born in 1819, at Spencer, in Massachusetts, where his father was a farmer and miller. There was a grist-mill, a saw-mill, and a shingle-machine on the place; but all of them together, with the aid of the farm, yielded but a slender revenue for a man blessed with eight children. It was a custom in that neighborhood, as in New England generally, forty years ago, for families to carry on some kind of manufacture at which children could assist. At six years of age, Elias Howe worked with his brothers and sisters at sticking the wire teeth into strips of leather for "cards," used in the manufacture of cotton. As soon as he was old enough, he assisted upon the farm and in the mills, attending the district school in the winter months. He is now of opinion, that it was the rude and simple mills belonging to his father which gave his mind its bent toward machinery; but he cannot remember that this bent was very decided, nor that he watched the operation of the mills with much attention to the mechanical principles involved. He was a careless, play-loving boy, and the first eleven years of his life passed without an event worth recording. At eleven he went to "live out" with a farmer of the neighborhood, intending to remain until he was twenty-one. A kind of inherited lameness ren-

dered the hard work of a farmer's boy distressing to him, and, after trying it for a year, he returned to his father's house, and resumed his place in the mills, where he continued until he was sixteen.

One of his young friends, returning from Lowell about this time, gave him such a pleasing description of that famous town, that he was on fire to go thither. In 1835, with his parents' reluctant consent, he went to Lowell, and obtained a learner's place in a large manufactory of cotton machinery, where he remained until the crash of 1837 closed the mills of Lowell, and sent him adrift, a seeker after work. He went to Cambridge, under the shadow of venerable Harvard. He found employment there in a large machine-shop, and was set at work upon the new hemp-carding machinery invented by Professor Treadwell. His cousin, Nathaniel P. Banks, since Speaker of the House of Representatives and Major-General, worked in the same shop and boarded in the same house with him. After working a few months at Cambridge, Elias Howe found employment more congenial in Boston, at the shop of Ari Davis, where the conversation occurred which we have just related.

Judging merely by appearances, no one would have pitched upon *him* as the person likely to make one of the revolutionizing inventions of the age. Undersized, curly-headed, and exceedingly fond of his joke, he was at twenty more a boy than a man. Nor was he very proficient in his trade, nor inclined to put forth extra exertion. Steady labor was always irksome to him, and frequently, owing to the constitutional weakness to which we have alluded, it was painful. He was not the person to seize an idea with avidity, and work it out with the passionate devotion of a Watt or a Goodyear. The only immediate effect upon him of the conversation in the shop of Mr. Davis was to induce a habit of reflecting upon the art of sewing, watching the process as performed by hand, and wondering whether it was within the

compass of the mechanic arts to do it by machinery. His uppermost thought, in those years, was, What a waste of power to employ the ponderous human arm, and all the intricate machinery of the fingers, in performing an operation so simple, and for which a robin's strength would suffice! Why not draw twelve threads through at once, or fifty? And sometimes, while visiting a shop where army and navy clothing was made, he would look at the heaps of unsewed garments, all cut alike, all requiring the same stitch, the same number of stitches, and the same kind of seam, and say to himself, "What a pity this cannot be done by machinery! It is the very work for a machine to do." Such thoughts, however, only flitted through his mind now and then: he was still far from any serious attempt to construct a machine for sewing up the blue trousers.

At twenty-one, being still a journeyman machinist, earning nine dollars a week, he married; and, in time, children came with inconvenient frequency. Nine dollars is a fixed quantity, or, rather, it was *then*; and the addition of three little mouths to be fed from it, and three little backs to be clothed by it, converted the vivacious father into a thoughtful and plodding citizen. His day's labor at this time, when he was upon heavy work, was so fatiguing to him, that, on reaching his home, he would sometimes be too exhausted to eat, and he would go to bed, longing, as we have heard him say, "to lie in bed for ever and ever." It was the pressure of poverty and this extreme fatigue that caused him, about the year 1843, to set about the work of inventing the machine which, he had heard four years before, would be "an independent fortune" to the inventor. Then it was that he caught the inventor's mania, which gives its victims no rest and no peace till they have accomplished the work to which they have abandoned themselves.

He wasted many months on a false scent. When he began to experiment, his only thought was to invent a ma-

chine which should do what he saw his wife doing when she sewed. He took it for granted that sewing must be *that*, and his first device was a needle pointed at both ends, with the eye in the middle, that should work up and down through the cloth, and carry the thread through it at each thrust. Hundreds of hours, by night and day, he brooded over this conception, and cut many a basket of chips in the endeavor to make something that would work such a needle so as to form the common stitch. He could not do it. One day, in 1844, the thought flashed upon him, Is it necessary that a machine should imitate the performance of the hand? May there not be *another* stitch? This was the crisis of the invention. The idea of using two threads, and forming a stitch by the aid of a shuttle and a curved needle with the eye near the point, soon occurred to him, and he felt that he had invented a sewing-machine. It was in the month of October, 1844, that he was able to convince *himself*, by a rough model of wood and wire, that such a machine as he had projected would sew.

At this time he had ceased to be a journeyman mechanic. His father had removed to Cambridge to establish a machine for cutting palm-leaf into strips for hats,—a machine invented by a brother of the elder Howe. Father and son were living in the same house, into the garret of which the son had put a lathe and a few machinist's tools, and was doing a little work on his own account. His ardor in the work of invention robbed him, however, of many hours that might have been employed, his friends thought, to better advantage by the father of a family. He was extremely poor, and his father had lost his palm-leaf machine by a fire. With an invention in his head that has since given him more than two hundred thousand dollars in a single year, and which is now yielding a profit to more than one firm of a thousand dollars a day, he could scarcely provide for his little family the necessities of life. Nor could his in-

vention be tested, except by making a machine of steel and iron, with the exactness and finish of a clock. At the present time, with a machine before him for a model, a good mechanic could not, with his ordinary tools, construct a sewing-machine in less than two months, nor at a less expense than three hundred dollars. Elias Howe had only his model in his head, and he had not money enough to pay for the raw material requisite for one machine.

There was living then at Cambridge a young friend and schoolmate of the inventor, named George Fisher, a coal and wood merchant, who had recently inherited some property, and was not disinclined to speculate with some of it. The two friends had been in the habit of conversing together upon the project of the sewing-machine. When the inventor had reached his final conception, in the fall of 1844, he succeeded in convincing George Fisher of its feasibility, which led to a partnership between them for bringing the invention into use. The terms of this partnership were these: George Fisher was to receive into his house Elias Howe and his family, board them while Elias was making the machine, give up his garret for a workshop, and provide money for material and tools to the extent of five hundred dollars; in return for which he was to become the proprietor of one half the patent, if the machine proved to be worth patenting. Early in December, 1844, Elias Howe moved into the house of George Fisher, set up his shop in the garret, gathered materials about him, and went to work. It was a very small, low garret, but it sufficed for one zealous, brooding workman, who did not wish for gossiping visitors.

It is strange how the great things come about in this world. This George Fisher, by whose timely aid such an inestimable boon was conferred upon womankind, was led into the enterprise as much by good nature as by expectation of profit, and it was his easy acquisition of his money that made it easy for him to risk it. So far as we

know, neither of the partners indulged in any dream of benevolence. Howe wanted to invent a sewing-machine to deliver himself from that painful daily toil, and Fisher was inclined to aid an old friend, and not disinclined to own a share in a valuable patent. The greatest doers of good have usually proceeded in the same homely spirit. Thus Shakespeare wrote, thus Columbus sailed, thus Watt invented, thus Newton discovered. It seems, too, that George Fisher was Elias Howe's only convert. "I believe," testified Fisher in one of the great sewing-machine suits, "I was the only one of his neighbors and friends in Cambridge that had any confidence in the success of the invention. He was generally looked upon as very visionary in undertaking anything of the kind, and I was thought very foolish in assisting him." It is the old story.

All the winter of 1844-45 Mr. Howe worked at his machine. His conception of what he intended to produce was so clear and complete, that he was little delayed by failures, but worked on with almost as much certainty and steadiness as though he had a model before him. In April he sewed a seam by his machine. By the middle of May, 1845, he had completed his work. In July, he sewed by his machine all the seams of two suits of woollen clothes, one suit for Mr. Fisher and the other for himself, the sewing of both of which outlasted the cloth. This first of all sewing-machines, after crossing the ocean many times, and figuring as a dumb but irrefutable witness in many a court, may still be seen at Mr. Howe's office in Broadway, where, within these few weeks, it has sewed seams in cloth at the rate of three hundred stitches a minute. It is agreed by all disinterested persons (Professor Renwick among others) who have examined this machine, that Elias Howe, in making it, carried the invention of the sewing-machine farther on towards its complete and final utility, than any other inventor has ever brought a first-rate invention at the first trial. It is a

little thing, that first machine, which goes into a box of the capacity of about a cubic foot and a half. Every contrivance in it has been since improved, and new devices have been added ; but no successful sewing-machine has ever been made, of all the seven hundred thousand now in existence, which does not contain some of the essential devices of this first attempt. We make this assertion without hesitation or reserve, because it is, we believe, the one point upon which all the great makers are agreed. Judicial decisions have repeatedly affirmed it.

Like all the other great inventors, Mr. Howe found that, when he had completed his machine, his difficulties had but begun. After he had brought the machine to the point of making a few stitches, he went to Boston one day to get a tailor to come to Cambridge and arrange some cloth for sewing, and give his opinion as to the quality of the work done by the machine. The comrades of the man to whom he first applied dissuaded him from going, alleging that a sewing-machine, if it worked well, must necessarily reduce the whole fraternity of tailors to beggary ; and this proved to be the unchangeable conviction of the tailors for the next ten years. It is probable that the machines first made would have been destroyed by violence, but for another fixed opinion of the tailors, which was, that no machine could be made that would really answer the purpose. It seems strange now, that the tailors of Boston could have persisted so long in such an opinion ; for Mr. Howe, a few weeks after he had finished his first model, gave them an opportunity to see what it could do. He placed his little engine in one of the rooms of the Quincy Hall Clothing Manufactory, and, seating himself before it, offered to sew up any seam that might be brought to him. One unbelieving tailor after another brought a garment, and saw its long seams sewed perfectly, at the rate of two hundred and fifty stitches a minute ; which was about seven times as fast as the work could be done by hand. For two weeks he

sat there daily, and sewed up seams for all who chose to bring them to him. He amused himself, at intervals, in executing rows of ornamental stitching, and he showed the strength of the machine by sewing the thick plaited skirts of frock-coats to the bodies. At last, he challenged five of the swiftest seamstresses in the establishment to sew a race with the machine. Ten seams of equal length were prepared for sewing, five of which were laid by the machine, and the other five given to the girls. The gentleman who held the watch, and who was to decide the wager, testified, upon oath, that the five girls were the fastest sewers that could be found, and that they sewed "as fast as they could, —much faster than they were in the habit of sewing,"—faster than they could have kept on for one hour. Nevertheless, Mr. Howe finished his five seams a little sooner than the girls finished their five ; and the umpire, who was himself a tailor, has sworn, that "the work done on the machine was the neatest and strongest."

Upon reading testimony like this, we wonder that manufacturers did not instantly set Mr. Howe at work making sewing-machines. Not one was ordered. Not a tailor encouraged him by word or deed. Some objected that the machine did not make the whole garment. Others dreaded to encounter the fierce opposition of the journeymen. Others really thought it would beggar all hand sewers, and refrained from using it on principle. Others admitted the utility of the machine and the excellence of the work done by it ; but, said they, "We are doing well as we are, and fear to make such a change." The great cost of the machine was a most serious obstacle to its introduction. A year or two since, Mr. Howe caused a copy of his first machine to be made for exhibition in his window, and it cost him two hundred and fifty dollars. In 1845 he could not have furnished his machine for less than three hundred dollars, and a large clothier or shirt-maker would have required thirty or forty of them.

The inventor was not disheartened by the result of the introduction of the machine. The next thing was to get the invention patented, and Mr. Howe again shut himself up in George Fisher's garret for three or four months, and made another machine for deposit in the Patent-Office. In the spring of 1846, there being no prospect of revenue from the invention, he engaged as "engineer" upon one of the railroads terminating at Boston, and "drove" a locomotive daily for some weeks; but the labor proved too much for his strength, and he was compelled to give it up. Late in the summer, the model and the documents being ready for the Patent-Office, the two associates treated themselves to a journey to Washington, where the wonderful machine was exhibited at a fair, with no results except to amuse the crowd. September 10, 1846, the patent was issued, and soon after the young men returned to Cambridge.

George Fisher was now totally discouraged. He had maintained the inventor and his family for many months; he had provided the money for the tools and material for two machines; he had paid the expense of getting the patent, and of the journey to Washington; he had advanced in all about two thousand dollars; and he saw not the remotest probability of the invention becoming profitable. Elias Howe moved back to his father's house, and George Fisher considered his advances in the light of a dead loss. "I had lost confidence," he has since testified, "in the machine's ever paying anything."

But mothers and inventors do not give up their offspring so. America having rejected the invention, Mr. Howe resolved to offer it to England. In October, 1846, his brother, Amasa B. Howe, with the assistance of their father, took passage in the steerage of a sailing packet, and conveyed one of the machines to London. An Englishman was the first manufacturer who had faith enough in the American sewing-machine to invest money in it. In Cheapside, Amasa Howe came upon

the shop of William Thomas, who employed, according to his own account, five thousand persons in the manufacture of corsets, umbrellas, valises, carpet-bags, and shoes. William Thomas examined and approved the machine. Necessity, as Poor Richard remarks, cannot make a good bargain; but the bargain which it made on this occasion, through the agency of Amasa B. Howe, was signally bad. He sold to Mr. Thomas, for two hundred and fifty pounds sterling, the machine he had brought with him, and the right to use as many others in his own business as he desired. There was also a verbal understanding that Mr. Thomas was to patent the invention in England, and, if the machine came into use there, he was to pay the inventor three pounds on every machine sold. That was an excellent day's work for William Thomas of Cheapside. The verbal part of the bargain has never been carried out. He patented the invention; and ever since the machines began to be used, all sewing-machines made in England, or imported into England, have paid tribute to him at the rate of ten pounds or less for each machine. Elias Howe is of opinion that the investment of that two hundred and fifty pounds has yielded a profit of one million dollars. Mr. Thomas further proposed to engage the inventor to adapt the machine to the work upon corsets, offering him the munificent stipend of three pounds a week, and to defray the expense of workshop, tools, and material.

Amasa B. Howe returned to Cambridge with this offer. America being still insensible to the charms of the new invention, and the two hundred and fifty pounds having been immediately absorbed by the long-accumulating necessities of the family, and there being no prospect of advantageous employment at home, Elias Howe accepted the offer, and both brothers set sail for London, February 5, 1847. They went in the steerage, and cooked their own provisions. William Thomas provided a shop and its requisites, and even advanced money for the passage to Eng-

land of the inventor's family, who joined him soon, — wife and three children. After eight months of labor, the inventor succeeded in adapting his machine to the purposes of the stay-maker ; and when this was done, the stay-maker apparently desired to get rid of the inventor. He required him to do the miscellaneous repairs, and took the tone with him which the ignorant purse-holder, in all lands, is accustomed to hold in his dealings with those to whom he pays wages. The Yankee, of course, resented this behavior, and William Thomas discharged Elias Howe from his employment.

To be a poor stranger with a sick wife and three children in America, is to be in a purgatory that is provided with a practicable door into paradise. To be such a person in London, is to be in a hell without visible outlet.

Since undertaking to write this little history of the sewing-machine, we have gone over about thirty thousand pages of printed testimony taken in the numerous suits to which sewing-machine patents have given rise. Of all these pages, the most interesting are those from which we can gather the history of Elias Howe during the next few months. From a chance acquaintance, named Charles Inglis, a coach-maker, who proved to be a true friend, he hired a small room for a work-shop, in which, after borrowing a few tools, he began to construct his fourth sewing-machine. Long before it was finished, he saw that he must reduce his expenses or leave his machine unfinished. From three rooms he removed his family to one, and that a small one, in the cheapest quarter of Surrey. Nor did that economy suffice ; and he resolved to send his family home while he could, and trust to the machine in hand for the means to follow them.

"Before his wife left London," testifies Mr. Inglis, "he had frequently borrowed money from me in sums of five pounds, and requested me to get him credit for provisions. On the evening of Mrs. Howe's departure, the night was very wet and stormy, and, her health

being delicate, she was unable to walk to the ship. He had no money to pay the cab-hire, and he borrowed a few shillings from me to pay it, which he repaid by pledging some of his clothing. Some linen came home from his washerwoman for his wife and children on the day of her departure. She could not take it with her on account of not having money to pay the woman." After the departure of his family, the solitary inventor was still more severely pinched. "He has borrowed a shilling from me," says Mr. Inglis, "for the purpose of buying beans, which I saw him cook and eat in his own room." After three or four months of labor, the machine was finished. It was worth fifty pounds. The only customer he could find for it was a workingman of his acquaintance, who offered five pounds for it, if he could have time to pay it in. The inventor was obliged to accept this offer. The purchaser gave his note for the five pounds, which Charles Inglis succeeded in selling to another mechanic for four pounds. To pay his debts and his expenses home, Mr. Howe pawned his precious first machine and his letters-patent. "He drew a hand-cart, with his baggage on it, to the ship, to save the expense of cartage ;" and again he took passage in the steerage, along with his English friend, Charles Inglis. His brother Amasa had long before returned to America.

In April, 1849, Elias Howe landed in New York, after an absence of two years from the country, with half a crown in his pocket. Four years had nearly elapsed since the completion of his first machine, and this small piece of silver was the net result of his labors upon that invention. He and his friend went to one of the cheapest emigrant boarding-houses, and Elias Howe sought employment in the machine-shops, which, luckily, he found without delay. The news reached him soon that his wife was dying of consumption, but he had not the money for a journey to Cambridge. In a few days, however, he received ten dollars from his

father, and he was thus enabled to reach his wife's bedside, and receive her last breath. He had no clothes except those he daily wore, and he was obliged to borrow a suit from his brother-in-law in which to appear at the funeral. It was remarked by his old friends, that his natural gayety of disposition was quite quenched by the severity of his recent trials. He was extremely down-cast and worn. He looked like a man just out after a long and agonizing sickness. Soon came intelligence that the ship in which he had embarked all his household goods had been wrecked off Cape Cod, and was a total loss.

But now he was among friends, who hastened to relieve his immediate necessities, and who took care of his children. He was soon at work; not, indeed, at his beloved machine, but at work which his friends considered much more rational. He was again a journeyman machinist at weekly wages.

As nature never bestows two eminent gifts upon the same individual, the man who makes a great invention is seldom the man who prevails upon the public to use it. Every Watt needs his Boulton. Neither George Fisher nor Elias Howe possessed the executive force requisite for so difficult a piece of work as the introduction of a machine which then cost two or three hundred dollars to make, and upon which a purchaser had to take lessons as upon the piano, and which the whole body of tailors regarded with dread, aversion, or contempt. It was reserved, therefore, for other men to educate the people into availing themselves of this exquisite labor-saving-apparatus.

Upon his return home, after his residence in London, Elias Howe discovered, much to his surprise, that the sewing-machine had become celebrated, though its inventor appeared forgotten. Several ingenious mechanics, who had only heard or read of a machine for sewing, and others who had seen the Howe machine, had turned their attention to inventing in the same direction, or to improving upon Mr. Howe's devices. We have before us three hand-

bills, which show that in 1849 a sewing-machine was carried about in Western New York, and exhibited as a curiosity, at a charge of twelve and a half cents for admission. At Ithaca the following bill was posted about in May, 1849, a few weeks after the inventor's return from Europe:—

A GREAT
CURIOSITY!!

The
YANKEE SEWING-MACHINE

is now

EXHIBITING

AT THIS PLACE

FROM

S A. M. to 5 P. M.

The public were informed by other bills, that this wonderful machine could make a pair of pantaloons in forty minutes, and do the work of six hands. The people of Ithaca, it appears, attended the exhibition in great numbers, and many ladies carried home specimens of the sewing, which they preserved as curiosities. But this was not all. Some machinists and others in Boston and elsewhere were making sewing-machines in a rude, imperfect manner, several of which had been sold to manufacturers, and were in daily operation.

The inventor, upon inspecting these crude products, saw that they all contained the devices which he had first combined and patented. Poor as he was, he was not disposed to submit to this infringement, and he began forthwith to prepare for war against the infringers. When he entered upon this litigation, he was a journeyman machinist; his machine and his letters-patent were in pawn three thousand miles away, and the patience, if not the purses, of his friends was exhausted. When the contest ended, a leading branch of the national industry was tributary to him. The first step was to get back from England that first machine, and the document issued from the Patent-

Office. In the course of the summer of 1849 he contrived to raise the hundred dollars requisite for their deliverance; and the Hon. Anson Burlingame, who was going to London, kindly undertook to hunt them up in the wilderness of Surrey. He found them, and sent them home in the autumn of the same year. The inventor wrote polite letters to the infringers, warning them to desist, and offering to sell them licenses to continue. All but one of them, it appears, were disposed to acknowledge his rights and to accept his proposal. That one induced the others to resist, and nothing remained but a resort to the courts. Assisted by his father, the inventor began a suit; but he was soon made aware that justice is a commodity much beyond the means of a journeyman mechanic. He tried to reawaken the faith of George Fisher, and induce him to furnish the sinews of war; but George Fisher had had enough of the sewing-machine: he would sell his half of the patent for what it had cost him; but he would advance no more money. Mr. Howe then looked about for some one who would buy George Fisher's share. He found three men who agreed to do this, — and tried to do it, but could not raise the money.

The person to whom he was finally indebted for the means of securing his rights was George W. Bliss of Massachusetts, who was prevailed upon to buy Mr. Fisher's share of the patent, and to advance the money needful for carrying on the suits. He did this only as a speculation. He thought there might be something in this new notion of sewing by machinery, and, if there was, the machine must become universal, and yield large revenues. This might be; he even thought it probable; still, so weak was his faith, that he consented to embark in the enterprise only on condition of his being secured against loss by a mortgage on the farm of the inventor's father. This generous parent — who is still living in Cambridge — came once more to the rescue, and thus secured his son's fortune. The suits went on; but, as they went

on at the usual pace of patent cases, the inventor had abundant leisure to push his invention out of doors.

Towards the close of 1850 we find him in New York, superintending the construction of fourteen sewing-machines at a shop in Gold Street, adjoining which he had a small office, furnished with a five-dollar desk and two fifty-cent chairs. One of those machines was exhibited at the fair in Castle Garden in October, 1851, where, for the space of two weeks, it sewed gaiters, pantaloons, and other work. Several of them were sold to a boot-maker in Worcester, who used them for sewing boot-legs with perfect success. Two or three others were daily operated in Broadway, to the satisfaction of the purchasers. We can say, therefore, of Elias Howe, that besides inventing the sewing-machine, and besides making the first machine with his own hands, he brought his invention to the point of its successful employment in manufacture.

While he was thus engaged, events occurred which seriously threatened to rob him of all the benefit of his invention. The infringers of his patent were not men of large means nor of extraordinary energy, and they had no "case" whatever. There was the machine which Elias Howe had made in 1845, there were his letters-patent, and all the sewing-machines then known to be in existence were essentially the same as his. But in August, 1850, a man became involved with the infringers who was of very different mettle from those steady-going Yankees, and capable of carrying on a much more vigorous warfare than they. This was that Isaac Merritt Singer who has since so often astonished the Fifth Avenue, and is now amusing Paris, by the oddity and splendor of his equipages. He was then a poor and baffled adventurer. He had been an actor and manager of a theatre, and had tried his hand at various enterprises, none of which had been very successful. In 1850, he invented (as he has since sworn) a carving-machine, and, having obtained an

order for one from Boston, he made it, and took it himself to Boston. In the shop in which he placed his carving-machine he saw, for the first time, several sewing-machines, brought there for repairs. Orson C. Phelps, the proprietor of the shop (Mr. Singer says), showed him one of these machines, and said to him that, if it could be improved so as to render it capable of doing a greater variety of work, "it would be a good thing"; and if Mr. Singer could accomplish this, he could get more money from sewing than from carving machines. Whereupon Mr. Singer contemplated the apparatus, and at night meditated upon it, with so much success, that he was able in the morning to exhibit a drawing of an improved machine. This sketch (so he swears) contained three original devices, which to this day form part of the sewing-machine made by the Singer Company. The sketch being approved, the next thing was to construct a model. Mr. Singer having no money, the purchaser of his carving-machine agreed to advance fifty dollars for the purpose; upon which Mr. Singer flew at the work like a tiger.

"I worked," he says, "day and night, sleeping but three or four hours out of the twenty-four, and eating generally but once a day, as I knew I must get a machine made for forty dollars, or not get it at all. The machine was completed the night of the eleventh day from the day it was commenced. About nine o'clock that evening we got the parts of the machine together, and commenced trying it. The first attempt to sew was unsuccessful, and the workmen, who were tired out with almost unremitting work, left me one by one, intimating that it was a failure. I continued trying the machine, with Zieber" (who furnished the forty dollars) "to hold the lamp for me, but, in the nervous condition to which I had been reduced by incessant work and anxiety, was unsuccessful in getting the machine to sew tight stitches. About midnight I started with Zieber to the hotel where I boarded. Upon the way we sat down

on a pile of boards, and Zieber asked me if I had noticed that the loose loops of thread on the upper side of the cloth came from the needle. It then flashed upon me that I had forgotten to adjust the tension upon the needle thread. Zieber and I went back to the shop. I adjusted the tension, tried the machine, and sewed five stitches perfectly, when the thread broke. The perfection of those stitches satisfied me that the machine was a success, and I stopped work, went to the hotel, and had a sound sleep. By three o'clock the next day I had the machine finished, and started with it to New York, where I employed Mr. Charles M. Keller to get out a patent for it."

Such was the introduction to the sewing-machine of the man whose energy and audacity forced the machine upon an unbelieving public. He borrowed a little money, and, forming a partnership with his Boston patron and the machinist in whose shop he had made his model, began the manufacture of the machines. Great and numerous were the difficulties which arose in his path, but one by one he overcame them all. He advertised, he travelled, he sent out agents, he procured the insertion of articles in the newspapers, he exhibited the machine at fairs in town and country. Several times he was upon the point of failure, but in the nick of time something always happened to save him, and year after year he advanced toward an assured success. We well remember his early efforts, when he had only the back part of a small store in Broadway, and a little shop over a railroad depot; and we remember also the general incredulity with regard to the value of the machine with which his name was identified. Even after hearing him explain it at great length, we were very far from expecting to see him, one day, riding to the Central Park in a French *diligence*, drawn by five horses, paid for by the sewing-machine. Still less did we anticipate that, within twelve years, the Singer Company would be selling a thousand sewing-machines a week,

at a profit of a thousand dollars a day. He was the true pioneer of the mere business of selling the machines, and made it easier for all his subsequent competitors.

Mr. Singer had not been long in the business before he was reminded by Elias Howe that he was infringing his patent of 1846. The adventurer threw all his energy and his growing means into the contest against the original inventor. The great object of the infringing interest was to discover an earlier inventor than Elias Howe. For this purpose, the patent records of England, France, and the United States were most diligently searched; encyclopædias were examined, and an attempt was even made to show that the Chinese had possessed a sewing-machine for ages. Nothing, however, was discovered that would have made a plausible defence, until Mr. Singer joined the infringers. He ascertained that a New York mechanic, named Walter Hunt, who had a small machine-shop up a narrow alley in Abingdon Square, had made, or tried to make, a sewing-machine as early as 1832. Walter Hunt was found. He *had* attempted to invent a sewing-machine in 1832; and, what was more important, he had hit upon the shuttle as the means of forming the stitch. He said, too, that he had made a machine which did sew a little, but very imperfectly, and, after wearying himself with fruitless experiments, he had thrown it aside. Parts of this machine, after a great deal of trouble, were actually found among a quantity of rubbish in the garret of a house in Gold Street. Here was a discovery! Could Mr. Hunt take these parts, all rusty and broken, into his shop, and complete the machine as originally made, so that it would sew? He thought he could. Urged on by the indefatigable Singer, supplied by him with money, and stimulated by the prospect of fortune, Walter Hunt tried hard and long to put his machine together; and when he found that he could not, he employed an ingenious inventor to aid him in the work. But their united ingenuity was unequal to

the performance of an impossibility: the machine could not be got to sew a seam. The fragments found in the garret did, indeed, demonstrate that in 1832 Walter Hunt had been upon the track of the invention; but they also proved that he had given up the chase in despair, long before coming up with the game.

And this the courts have uniformly held. In the year 1854, after a long trial, Judge Sprague, of Massachusetts, decided that "the plaintiff's patent is valid, and the defendant's machine is an infringement." The plaintiff was Elias Howe; the real infringer, I. M. Singer. Judge Sprague further observed, that "there is no evidence in this case, that leaves a shadow of doubt that, for all the benefit conferred upon the public by the introduction of a sewing-machine, the public are indebted to Mr. Howe."

This decision was made when nine years had elapsed since the completion of the first machine, and when eight years of the term of the first patent had expired. The patent, however, even then, was so little productive, that the inventor, embarrassed as he was, was able upon the death of his partner, Mr. Bliss, to buy his share of it. He thus became, for the first time, the sole proprietor of his patent; and this occurred just when it was about to yield a princely revenue. From a few hundreds a year, his income rapidly increased, until it went beyond two hundred thousand dollars. He has received in all, up to the present time, about seventeen hundred thousand dollars. By the time the extension of the patent expires, September 10, 1867, the amount will not fall far short of the round two millions. As Mr. Howe has devoted twenty-seven years of his life to the invention and development of the sewing-machine, the public have compensated him at the rate of seventy-five thousand dollars a year. It has cost him, however, immense sums to defend his rights, and he is now very far from being the richest of the sewing-machine kings. He has the inconvenient reputation of being worth four millions, which is exact-

ly ten times the value of his present estate.

So much for the inventor. In speaking of the *improvers* of the sewing-machine, we know not how to be cautious enough; for scarcely anything can be said on that branch of the subject which some one has not an interest to deny. We the other day looked over the testimony taken in one of the suits which Messrs. Grover and Baker have had to sustain in defence of their well-known "stitch." The testimony in that single case fills two immense volumes, containing three thousand five hundred and seventy-five pages. At the Wheeler and Wilson establishment in Broadway, there is a library of similar volumes, resembling in appearance a quantity of London and Paris Directories. The Singer Company are equally blessed with sewing-machine literature, and Mr. Howe has chests full of it. We learn from these volumes, that there is no useful device connected with the apparatus, the invention of which is not claimed by more than one person. And no wonder. If to-day the ingenious reader could invent the slightest real improvement to the sewing-machine, so real that a machine having it would possess an obvious advantage over all machines that had it not, and he should sell the right to use that improvement at so low a rate as fifty cents for each machine, he would find himself in the enjoyment of an income of one hundred thousand dollars per annum. The consequence is, that the number of patents already issued in the United States for sewing-machines, and improvements in sewing-machines, is about nine hundred! Perhaps thirty of these patents are valuable, but the great improvements are not more than ten in number, and most of those were made in the infancy of the machine.

By general consent of the able men who are now conducting the sewing-machine business (including Elias Howe), the highest place in the list of improvers is assigned to ALLEN B. WILSON. This most ingenious gentleman completed a practical sewing-

machine early in 1849, without ever having seen one, and without having any knowledge of the devices of Elias Howe, who was then buried alive in London. Mr. Wilson, at the time, was a very young journeyman cabinet-maker, living in Pittsfield, Massachusetts. After that desperate contest with difficulty which inventors usually experience, he procured a patent for his machine, improved it, and formed a connection with a young carriage-maker of his acquaintance, Nathaniel Wheeler, who had some capital; and thus was founded the great and famous house of Wheeler and Wilson, who are now making sewing-machines at the rate of about fifty-three thousand a year. These gentlemen were honest enough in opposing the claim of Elias Howe, since Mr. Wilson knew himself to be an original inventor, and he employed devices not to be found in Mr. Howe's machine. Instead of a shuttle, he used a "rotating hook,"—a device as ingenious as any in mechanism. The "four-motion feed," too, was another of Mr. Wilson's masterly inventions, sufficient of itself to stamp him an inventor of genius. Nothing, therefore, was more natural than that Messrs. Wheeler and Wilson should regard Mr. Howe's charge of infringement with astonishment and indignation, and join in the contest against him.

Messrs. Grover and Baker were early in the field. William O. Grover was a Boston tailor, whose attention was directed to the sewing-machine soon after Mr. Howe's return from Europe. It was he who, after numberless trials, invented the exquisite devices by which the famous "Grover and Baker stitch" is formed,—a stitch which for some purposes is of unequalled utility.

When, by the decision of the courts, all the makers had become tributary to Elias Howe, paying him a certain sum for each machine made, then a most violent warfare broke out among the leading houses,—Singer and Company, Wheeler and Wilson, Grover and Baker,—each accusing the others of infringement. At Albany, in 1856, these

causes were to be tried, and parties concerned saw before them a good three months' work in court. By a lucky chance, one member of this happy family had not entirely lost his temper, and was still in some degree capable of using his intellect. It occurred to this wise head, that, no matter who invented first, or who second, there were then assembled at Albany the men who, among them, held patents which controlled the whole business of making sewing-machines; and that it would be infinitely better for them to combine and control, than to contend with and devour one another. They all came into this opinion; and thus was formed the "Combination," of which such terrible things are uttered by the surreptitious makers of sewing-machines. Elias Howe, who is the best-tempered man in the world, and only too easy in matters pecuniary, had the complaisance to join this confederation, only insisting that at least twenty-four licenses should be issued by it, so as to prevent the manufacture from sinking into a monopoly. By the terms of this agreement, Mr. Howe was to receive five dollars upon every machine sold in the United States, and one dollar upon each one exported. The other parties agreed to sell licenses to use their various devices, or any of them, at the rate of fifteen dollars for each machine; but no license was to be granted without the consent of all the parties. It was further agreed, that part of the license fees received should be reserved as a fund for the prosecution of infringers. This agreement remained unchanged until the renewal of Mr. Howe's patent in 1860, when his fee was reduced from five dollars to one dollar, and that of the Combination from fifteen dollars to seven. That is to say, every sewing-machine honestly made pays Elias Howe one dollar; and every sewing-machine made, which includes any device or devices the patent for which is held by any other member of the Combination, pays seven dollars to the Combination. Of this seven dollars, Mr. Howe receives his one, and the other six goes into the fund

for the defence of the patents against infringers.

For example, take the Wilcox and Gibbs machine, the only one, as far as we know, which was not invented by a Yankee, or in Yankee land. Twelve years ago, Mr. James E. A. Gibbs, a Virginia farmer, saw in the *Scientific American* a picture of a sewing-machine. Being a man of a decided turn for mechanics, he examined the drawing with great attention; but, as it exhibited only the upper part of the machine, he could form no idea of the contrivance underneath by which the stitch was formed. The working of the apparatus was, however, very plain, down to the moment when the needle perforates the cloth; and he fell into the habit of musing upon the course of events after the point of the needle was lost to view. The result of his cogitations, aided by infinite whittling, was the ingenious little revolving hook which constitutes the peculiarity of the Wilcox and Gibbs machine. But that machine, besides employing Mr. Gibbs's invention, uses the feeding apparatus of Allen B. Wilson, and the eye-pointed needle of Elias Howe. It is therefore tributary to the Combination, and pays it seven dollars for each machine. A similar history could be related of the "Florence," the "Weed," the "Elliptic," the "Empire," and others. All these machines are worth examination by those who are curious in mechanical devices. The "Florence," for example, (so called because it is made in Florence, Massachusetts,) has a beautiful contrivance, by means of which the operator can sew backwards as well as forwards. The shuttle of this machine is so constructed as to make its own "tension"; or, in other words, the shuttle holds the thread as tightly or as loosely as the seam requires. Without presuming to give an opinion with regard to the comparative utility of the various machines, we may say, that we were exceedingly struck with the elegance and ingenuity of the "Florence."

The business of making and selling

sewing-machines, which was not fairly started before 1856, has attained a truly wonderful development. Twenty-seven firms or companies have been engaged in it at one time, a few of which have lately withdrawn, leaving about twenty still in the business. One of these has twenty-four stores of its own, in the large cities of the world, besides a much larger number of local agents. Another boasts that there are thirty-nine cities on this planet where its machines can be bought at all times. We can ourselves bear witness, that, in such cities as Cincinnati, St. Louis, and Chicago, each of the well-known makers has a spacious and elegant establishment, with all the appurtenances to which we are accustomed in New York. In Australia, one of our New York companies, at least, has an establishment of its own.

Gentlemen best acquainted with the business compute that the whole number of sewing-machines made in the United States up to the close of the year 1866 was about seven hundred and fifty thousand. During the quarter ending December 10, 1866, the number of machines made by licensed companies, as reported by them to Elias Howe, was 52,219! This is above the rate of two hundred thousand per annum. Mr. Howe is of opinion that about half as many more are produced by unlicensed makers, including the Yankees who, driven from the United States by the Combination, have set up their factories on the other side of the Canada line. If his conjecture is correct, we are now producing the astounding and almost incredible number of one thousand sewing-machines every working-day, at an average cost to the purchaser of sixty dollars each. The world, however, is a very large place, and America still supplies it with most of its sewing-machines. When we visit single establishments in New England which employ five hundred machines, when we learn that the shirt-makers of one city, Troy, are now running more than three thousand of them, and when we consider that there are in the United States

six millions of families, most of whom mean to have a sewing-machine when they can afford it, we can believe that even so many as a thousand a day may be absorbed. About one fifth of all the machines made in the United States are exported to foreign countries. Wheeler and Wilson, Grover and Baker, Singer and Company, Wilcox and Gibbs, the Florence, and others, are familiar names in St. Petersburg, Paris, London, Berlin, Vienna, Madrid, Melbourne, Mexico, Rio Janeiro, Havana, Valparaiso, Vancouver's Island, and wherever else in the world many stitches are taken. Foreigners can no more make a Yankee sewing-machine than they can make a Yankee clock. They have not the machinery—as curious as the machine itself—by which each part of the apparatus is made at the minimum of expense, and with perfect certainty of excellence. To found a sewing-machine manufactory in Europe which could compete with those of America would involve an expenditure of two millions of dollars, and the expatriation of several of our American foremen. It is only upon a great scale that the machines can be made well or profitably.

By means of the various improvements and attachments, the sewing-machine now performs nearly all that the needle ever did. It seams, hems, tucks, binds, stitches, quilts, gathers, fells, braids, embroiders, and makes button-holes. It is used in the manufacture of every garment worn by man, woman, or child. Firemen's caps, the engine-hose which firemen use, sole-leather trunks, harness, carriage curtains and linings, buffalo-robos, horse-blankets, horse-collars, powder-flasks, mail-bags, sails, awnings, whips, saddles, corsets, hats, caps, valises, pocket-books, trusses, suspenders, are among the articles made by its assistance; but it is employed, quite as usefully, in making kid gloves, parasols, and the most delicate articles of ladies' attire. Some of our readers, perhaps, witnessed the show, the other day in New York, of the shoes, gaiters, and ladies' boots

made for the Paris Exhibition. They were of all degrees of delicacy, from the stout Balmoral to the boot of kid, satin, or velvet; and every kind of stitch had been employed in their manufacture. Some of the stitches were so fine that they could not be distinctly seen without a magnifying-glass, and some were as coarse and strong as those of men's boots. The special wonder of this display was that *every* stitch in every one of those beautiful shoes was executed by the machine. Mr. E. C. Burt, who made this splendid contribution to the Exhibition, assured us, and will assure the universe in general at Paris, that all this variety of elegant and durable work was performed on the "Howe Sewing-Machine." Upon ordinary boots and shoes, the machine has long been employed; but it is only recently that any one has attempted to apply it to the manufacture of those dainty things which ladies wear upon their feet when they go forth, armed *cap-a-pie*, for conquest. A similar change has occurred in other branches of manufacture. As operators have increased in skill, and as the special capabilities of the different machines have been better understood, finer kinds of work have been done upon them than used to be thought possible. Some young ladies have developed a kind of genius for the sewing-machine. The apparatus has fascinated them; they execute marvels upon it, as Gottschalk does upon the piano. One of the most recent applications of the machine is to the sewing of straw hats and bonnets. A Yankee in Connecticut has invented attachments by which the finest braids are sewn into bonnets of any form.

Attempts have been made to estimate the value, in money, of the sewing-machine to the people of the United States. Professor Renwick, who has made the machine a particular study, expressed the opinion seven years ago, on oath, that the saving in labor then amounted to nineteen millions of dollars per annum. Messrs. Wheeler and

Wilson have published an estimate which indicates that the total value of the labor performed by the sewing-machine, in 1863, was three hundred and forty-two millions of dollars. A good hand-sewer averages thirty-five stitches per minute; the fastest machines on some kinds of work perform three thousand a minute. There are in a good shirt 20,620 stitches; what a saving to do them at machine speed! We glean from the volumes of testimony before us a few similar facts. The stitching of a man's hat by hand requires fifteen minutes; by machine, one minute. One girl can do the sewing by machine of as many boys' caps as ten men can do by hand. In fine clothing for men, the saving is, of course, not so great. Messrs. Brooks Brothers of New York say that the making of a first-rate overcoat by hand requires six days' steady sewing; by machine, three days. In the general work of a tailor, the machine saves a journeyman about four hours in twelve. Carriage-trimmers testify that one machine and three hands are equivalent to eleven hands. In the truss and bandage business, which is one of very great extent and importance, one machine is equal to ten women. In the manufacture of bags for flour, salt, and meal, of which the city of New York produces two millions of dollars' worth per annum, a machine does the work of nine girls. In mere hemming, on a machine fitted expressly for the purpose, one machine does the work of fifty girls.

Yet where is the woman who can say that her sewing is less a tax upon her time and strength than it was before the sewing-machine came in? But this is not the machine's fault; it is the fault of human nature. As soon as lovely woman discovers that she can set ten stitches in the time that one used to require, a fury seizes her to put ten times as many stitches in every garment as she formerly did. Tailors and seamstresses, not content with sewing the seams of garments, must needs cover them with figures executed by "stitching." And thus it is that

man never is, but always to be, blest. If with one part of his brain he invents a labor-saving apparatus, the other lobes immediately create as much new labor as the apparatus saves. But it is this chase of Desire after Ability which keeps the world moving, and tends always to equalize the lot of men. The sewing-machine is one of the means by which the industrious laborer is as well clad as any millionaire need be, and by which working-girls are enabled safely to gratify their woman's instinct of decoration.

Elias Howe can justly claim that it was his invention which enabled the United States to put and keep a million men in the field during the war. Those countless garments, tents, haversacks, cartridge-boxes, shoes, blankets, sails,—how could they have been produced without the sewing-machine? One day during the war, at three o'clock in the afternoon, an order from the War Department reached New York by telegraph for fifty thousand sand-bags, such as are used in field-works. By two o'clock the next afternoon, the bags had been made, packed, shipped, and started southward.

Mr. Howe might well have excused himself from personal service in the field. He did not, however. Having raised and equipped a regiment in Connecticut, and presented every officer in it with a horse, he was elected its colonel; but being the most unwarlike of men, and totally ignorant of military affairs, he had the good sense to decline this honor, and enlisted in the regiment as a private, and served in that capacity until his health failed. Nothing prevented his serving to the end, but the certainty that he could not support the exposure and fatigue. By way of amusing himself in camp near Baltimore, he volunteered to be the postmaster of his regiment, and rode to Baltimore and back every day with the mail. He was sitting in a car, one day, in Baltimore, when he overheard two individuals of a coppery cast of character discoursing upon the conduct of the war.

"Yes, sir," said one of these gentlemen, "the whole thing was got up for the purpose of giving fat contracts to the — Abolitionists. There's old Howe, the sewing-machine man, worth his millions; they have actually given *him* the contract for carrying the mail to the army."

"You don't say so!" said the other, aghast.

To which his friend replied, "It's a fact; I saw Howe myself riding in one of the mail-carts yesterday."

Mr. Howe chuckled, and said nothing. Thus, and in no other way, did half the calumnies of the war originate,—those relating to General Butler, for example.

In the early days of the sewing-machine, it was not supposed that it would ever come into general use in families. The great cost of the machine, and the supposed difficulty of learning to use it, were considered fatal obstacles to its general introduction into households. The price has now been reduced to fifty-five dollars for the cheapest good machines, and it has been found that an intelligent woman can learn to sew with it in an hour. An average seamstress becomes proficient in the use of it in a month. For some time past, therefore, the great object of the celebrated makers is to produce the best family machine. This is the point of rivalry among them.

A lady who leaves her home, after a breakfast consultation with her husband, and goes forth to select a family sewing-machine, has undertaken an expedition which promises nothing but pleasure; but it does not perform its promise. The sewing-machine establishments in Broadway are numerous and splendid. She pauses before a magnificent marble store, with windows formed of single panes of plate-glass; in one of which are sewing-machines, brilliant with polished steel, silver plate, and rosewood, and in the other are beautiful garments covered with miraculous stitching, executed by those pretty parlor ornaments. Yielding to these

allurements, she enters a grand saloon, a hundred feet long, extending back to another street, and covered with Wilton carpet, of better quality, probably, than that which she treads in her own parlor. Perhaps the walls and ceilings are frescoed; and, if they are not, they are richly papered and painted. Sewing-machines in long rows, not too close together for convenient moving about, agreeably dot the whole surface of the apartment, as far as the eye can penetrate the gloom of the distance. Along the wall, at the farther end of the room, she will discover, by and by, a row of enclosed desks, like those of a bank, each desk being a small apartment, as elegant and commodious as taste and money can make it. These are for the dignitaries of the Company, — the president, the treasurer, the cashier, the general agent, the advertising clerk. Here and there a young lady may be seen “operating” one of the machines in a graceful attitude, and with such perfect ease as to dispel the fears of a purchaser most distrustful of her powers. The rapid and yet not noisy click of the machines is cheering, and seems the appropriate music of the place. And this grand hall is only one of many apartments. The basement, and the cellar below the basement, each as large as the store, are occupied as depositories, repairing-shops, packing-rooms; while in the story above the store may be found superb rooms, wherein ladies who have bought a machine receive instruction in the art of using it, attending daily, if they choose, until they have become proficient in hemming, sewing, braiding, making button-holes, and in all the other varieties of needle-work.

The clerk who advances to wait upon the lady soon learns her errand, and discovers her ignorance. Indeed, she frankly avows her ignorance. She has come out, she artlessly says, in pursuit of knowledge. She desires to ascertain which is the best sewing-machine in existence for family use. Long practice has taught an intelligent and ambitious young man how to deal

with cases of this kind. He does, in his inmost soul, *believe* that the sewing-machines made by the company he serves are the very best in the world, *especially* for family use. But he feels the delicacy of his situation. “Of course, madam, we are interested parties, and it would be no more than natural that we should represent our machines to be the best in the market. But it is no part of the policy of our company to disparage those made by our neighbors. We are on friendly terms with them, and we are ready to admit that some of them do make machines which for some purposes are excellent. But when it comes to machines for *family* use, which is our specialty, why then, madam, we cannot hesitate. Upon *that* point there can be but one opinion. Nevertheless, we do not ask ladies to believe what we say; we *show* them what our machine does, and let it speak for itself.” Conciliated by such modesty and candor, the lady watches with pleasure and admiration while one dexterous young lady runs up a seam, and another hems a sheet, and another does a little quilting, and another makes a button-hole in half a minute. The lady herself takes a seat at a machine, and is astonished to find herself sewing at a rattling pace, “without any previous instruction.”

She is convinced. She is perfectly satisfied. She sympathizes with the tender compassion expressed by the clerk for the great number of ladies who have been deluded into buying other machines, which, after distracting a household for many months, are now discarded and consigned to the garret. “You see, madam, advertising can force a machine on the market; but, in the long run, real merit overcomes all opposition.” She assents with her whole soul to this proposition. It accords with what she has observed of human life. She has even made the remark herself.

The impulse is strong within her to buy one of these peerless machines on the spot, and she has not the slightest

doubt that she shall do so in the course of the day. But it was agreed between her husband and herself, that she should examine all before purchasing; and so, in obedience to a stern sense of duty, she resolves to go through the form—the mere form—of looking at other machines. She feels that she must be able to *say* that she has fulfilled her compact.

In another spacious and elegant saloon, another accomplished clerk claims for another machine precisely the same excellences, which other young ladies proceed to exhibit. If she ventures timidly to intimate that she has been looking at a machine elsewhere, the accomplished clerk knows well how to proceed. He discourses at large upon the merits of all the machines. He exhibits all the varieties of needles employed in them, and expatiates upon the very complicated machinery used to propel those needles. “Your own common sense must tell you, madam, that the simpler a piece of mechanism is, the less liable it is to get out of order, and the more easily it is worked by an inexperienced person. Now, madam, our machine contains eleven pieces less than any other in the market, and your own common sense must tell you that every piece added to a machine makes it more complicated, and more easily disarranged. Don’t misunderstand me, madam; I do not say that the machine you examined on the other side of the street was not a very good one, in its day; but some people, you know, when they have a pretty good thing, are satisfied, and don’t keep up with the times. However, we never speak ill of our neighbors. We simply show what our machine is, and what it can do.

Your own common sense must decide.”

And so he goes on, until the lady shudders to think what a narrow escape she has had from falling a victim to the wiles of the brilliant young man who first entertained her. By the time she has gone the rounds of the ten or twelve sewing-machine establishments in Broadway between Canal Street and Union Square, she is in a state of mind to buy a wheelbarrow in order to end the agonizing struggle.

In truth, ladies, there is no such thing as an absolutely and universally *best* sewing-machine. Each has its special merits, which make it the best for some purposes. No machine exists which will sew equally well the sole-leather for a trunk and the cambric of a chemisette. The machine that is best for a family of young children may not be the best for a family of grown daughters, who go to balls and want new cloaks every winter. The machine that is best for a farmer’s wife may not be the best for a fine lady of the city; but though not the best, it is so good that she could hardly be made to believe there could be a better. We find, accordingly, that every lady believes firmly in the sewing-machine which she is so fortunate as to possess.

It is but just to add, that all the well-known makers have seized the truth, that the only way in which a business permanently great can be created, is by serving the public with systematic and scrupulous fidelity. Nothing can exceed the care taken by them all that no machine shall leave the factory which shall not be, as long as it lasts, an advertisement for the company whose name it bears.

HEART AND HEARTH.

WE sat and watched the hearth-fire blaze,
My friend and I together;
The crickets sang of harvest-days,
The wood of summer weather.

It told of shade, of storm and sun,
Its native oakland story;
To him it only spake of one
Who turned all gloom to glory.

The cricket carolled still of noon,
Bright with the sun's caresses;
To him it called a form like June,
Aflush with golden tresses.

Within the flame a spirit seemed
To soar and sway and falter,
While in his heart a presence beamed
More steadfast on its altar.

The embers, in their ashen bed,
Looked out with transient flashes;
He only saw sweet eyes that shed
Their rays through twilight lashes.

O'er stubbled fields the autumn wailed,
In low and mournful closes;
He only heard a song that sailed
O'er charmed realms of roses.

His eyes, once lit with battle-ire,
Aflame with warrior science,
Forgot their fierce, controlling fire,
Their flashes of defiance;

But with a dreamy love-light blest,
More luminous grew and tender,
As if the image in his breast
Had lit them with its splendor.

The voice that once his ardor proved,
Along the roaring column,
Now to mysterious measures moved,
Subdued, serenely solemn.

He named her,—and the soft words came
In musical completeness,
As if the breathing of that name
Had touched his lips with sweetness.

We grow like what we contemplate, —
And all his face was laden
With light, as it would emulate
The brightness of the maiden.

The moon, full blown to lily-white,
Looked in, with love-lorn pallor;
She knew his frame forgot its might,
His will forgot its valor.

She kissed his brow and smoothed his hair,
Like a consoling mother,
And whispered, "I too only wear
The brightness of another.

"Like Ruth, I walk his broad domain,
And wait his lordly gesture;
I glean his light, but reach in vain
To touch his princely vesture."

With many a sympathetic guest,
The air hung, star-beleaguered,
When lo! to her who filled his breast,
Pale Dian stood transfigured.

She smiled on her Endymion,
And charmed his dreamy vision,
And all his soul new glory won
Before the sweet transition.

The vision fled, — my friend was gone,
And left me idly gazing;
But in the hearth-light I was shown
A future altar blazing.

THE GENIUS OF DICKENS.

NOTWITHSTANDING the prominence given to the idea and sentiment of humanity in the works of the leading English poets and romancers of the time, it is doubtful if a genuine flesh-and-blood sympathy with human beings is a characteristic of contemporary literature. Liberality of opinion, and a democratic disdain of class distinctions, are in the fashion; but that cosmopolitan acceptance and ge-

nial delineation of the varieties of human nature, which we find in the Tory Sir Walter, are not specially observable in the works of literary liberals. Their liberalism is didactic rather than dramatic. Tennyson is a man of ideas and ideals, and introduces us only to the "first society" of the intellect and imagination. Browning has the dramatic power without the dramatic feeling; and what sympathies he

has are directed to persons and themes which excite the antipathies of average readers. In both we are conscious of a certain intellectual superciliousness, a dainty withdrawal from the common and vulgar in human life, an implied appeal to the higher class of cultivated minds alone. They seem to think the human race so fine a thing in itself, that most of the individuals who compose it ought to be ashamed of themselves for not being capable of loftier virtues or more impressive depravities. They love, in fact, their notions of the possibilities of humanity, rather than humanity itself. Like nature, as complained of by the painter, real human beings are apt to "put them out." Among novelists, Thackeray is tolerant, but then his toleration is essentially contemptuous of its objects; Kingsley, with all his vehement pretences to comprehension, only succeeds in individualizing his pet theories of men and women, and makes coxcombs even of his bullies; and George Eliot, who in general compass of intellect excels all contemporary romancers, and whose nicety and force of characterization are, in her own walk, so admirable, still appears to consider humanity with profound pity rather than confident hope, and leaves on the minds of her readers an impression of sadness which her large charity is powerless to overcome. It is curious that Carlyle, the most illiberal of modern writers, a man who loses no occasion to vent his scorn on whole races and nations, and who considers all the philanthropic opinions, enterprises, and tendencies of the age to be but signs of a prevailing infectious cant, should still possess more dramatic sympathy and insight, more appreciation of humble, homely worth, and more solid power of characterization, than the great body of the liberal thinkers who look upon his misanthropic generalities with disgust or horror.

Alone among his contemporaries, Charles Dickens seems to possess that instinctive sympathy with whatever is human and humane which is the fundamental condition of genial and varied

characterization. In impersonated abstractions of humanity which satisfy our ideal of human nature, he may be exceeded; in individualities which make us in love with our kind, he is unapproached. Tennyson has written one poem, "Enoch Arden," in which his beautiful genius has dealt with humble life; but though the sentiment is fine, and the diction austere and simple, the characters and the scenes are as remote from actual existence as any of those in the "Idyls of the King." If Enoch Arden be compared with Peggotty, in "David Copperfield," the difference between the two methods of characterization becomes at once evident. So intense and real is Dickens's conception, so strong his hold on the noble elements in Peggotty's being, that he can venture to represent him in all the uncouthness of his person, his language, and his surroundings. Through his strange, confused, ungrammatical, "vulgar" speech shines the soul of the man; and this makes his jargon as dignified as the periods of Burke. If Tennyson had attempted a similar feat in "Enoch Arden," the result would have been an ignominious failure.

The nature of a writer determines the character of his creations. Though the terms "subjective" and "objective" now play a prominent part in criticism, and are good to indicate loose distinctions between classes of minds, it is important to remember that all creative minds are subjective,—that the subjective includes everything in nature and human life, which such minds vitally perceive, absorb into their own being, and literally make their own. In the case of Dickens, gifted though he be with wonderfully acute powers of external observation, this is obviously the fact, for no writer stamps the character of his genius on everything he writes more plainly than he. It is impossible to mistake his style, his method, his sentiment, his humor, his characters. His observing power, when extended beyond the range of his sympathies, becomes "objective," it is

true, but ceases to be creative. In his genuine productions he not only embodies all that he knows, but communicates all that he is. The reality of his personages comes from the vividness of his conceptions, and not from any photographic quality in his method of representation. Observation affords him materials; but he always modifies these materials, and often works them up into the most fantastic shapes. Individuals, incidents, scenery, the very pavement of his streets, the very bricks of his houses, the very furniture of his apartments, are all haunted by Dickens's spirit. To read one of his romances is to see everything through the author's eyes; the most familiar objects take an air of strangeness when surveyed through such a medium; and the interest excited by the view has always in it a kind of fascination. We may dissent, criticise, protest, but still his clutch on our attention is never relaxed.

The weird imagination which thus penetrates his books is, however, but a single element of his nature, and indeed would not exercise so great a charm over so many classes of readers, were it not connected with such warmth of heart, keenness of observation, richness of humor, and controlling common-sense. In the foundation of his character, Dickens agrees with the majority of well-meaning mankind. He has no paradoxes in morality to push, no scientific view of human nature to sustain, no philosophy of society to illustrate, no mission to accomplish. His general opinions are those of a man of sound sense and wholesome sensibility; his general attitude towards the world is that of one who sympathizes and enjoys; his test of worth is amiability; his cure for every form of mental and moral disease is the old one of work. Nobody ever thinks of going to his writings for light on such moral problems as are opened in *Hamlet* and *Faust*. Intellectually, he seems incapable of generalization. Judged by his feelings and perceptions, no writer of his time seems so broad;

judged by his philosophical comprehension of laws, few seem so narrow. The whole system of English jurisprudence, the whole machinery of civil administration, the most clearly demonstrated principles of political economy, appear worthless or mischievous to his eyes, when his attention is concentrated on cases where they bear hard on individuals. He looks on such matters as humane men of ungeneralizing minds ordinarily do, though he gives to their complaints a voice which is heard wherever the English language penetrates. It would be in vain to search his writings for a single example in which he views a subject affecting the welfare of society in all its relations. The moment his sense is shocked and his sensibilities stirred, his reflective reason almost ceases to act, but his humor, his imagination, his conscience are all in motion. The systematic study of anything appears abhorrent to his feelings; and even in such a matter as the training of youth in the grammar of languages he has some of Susan Nipper's own indignation at "them Blimbers." So entirely is he absorbed by the perception of the moment, that often in the same book we have characters exhibiting exactly opposite traits, who are equally satirized. Thus in "*Bleak House*," Mrs. Jellaby is a philanthropist who subordinates the care of her family to the welfare of *Borrioboola-Gha*; but in that romance we also have Mr. Vholes, who is not less ridiculed and condemned for subordinating the welfare of the public to the support of "his three daughters at home, and his venerable father in the Vale of Taunton"; and there is just as much reason why reformers should laugh at Mr. Vholes, as that conservatives should shake their sides over Mrs. Jellaby. The truth is, that no organizations and no persons can stand this method of judging of them by their weak points, and the detection of weak points is of the very life of humorous perception.

And this limitation of Dickens's intellect is also a limitation of his

power of characterization. Because his genius personifies everything it touches, we must not, on that account, accept all its products as persons. There are scores of people in his novels who are "hit off," rather than delineated, and are discriminated from the mere names of persons in didactic satire only by that strong individualizing tendency in his mind which makes him give consciousness even to inanimate things, and which one critic goes so far as to call "literary Fetichism." The professional guests at Mr. Merdle's dinner-parties, in "Little Dorrit," the Veneerings and their associates, in "Our Mutual Friend," the company that gathers in Sir Leicester Dedlock's country-seat, in "Bleak House," are three among twenty instances which must readily occur to every reader. In these he individualizes the tone of the society he satirizes, rather than attempts to portray its individual members. This habit of sketchy characterization, in which the character is only shown by some external peculiarity or vice of opinion, and his interior life is entirely overlooked, is the ordinary mode in which Dickens's satirical talent is displayed, and it overloads his books with impersonated sarcasms. All these, however, may be deducted from his stories, and still leave him richer in solid characterizations than any half-dozen of his contemporaries combined.

Indeed, when Dickens resolutely sets to work to embody an imagined nature, he ever makes it self-subsistent and inwardly as well as outwardly known. His joy in some of these creations is so great, he floods them with such an abounding wealth of life, he makes them so intensely real to his own mind, and treats them so much like companions of his heart's hilarious hours, that the very excess of his characterizing power has led some critics to deny to him its possession. He so surcharges his characters with vitality that they seem like persons who have taken something to drink; and, as they burst into the more decorous society delineated by other English novelists, there

is a cry raised for the critical police. This exaggeration, however, is not caricature, for caricature never gives the impression of reality; and even in our age of historic doubts we have yet to learn of the sceptical Betsey Prig who had the audacity to doubt the existence and reality of Tony Weller, of John Willet, of Mr. Squeers, of Richard Swiveller, of Edward Cuttle, of Sarah Gamp, of Wilkins Micawber, of Mr. Boffin, or any other of Dickens's quaint specimens of human nature which he has overcharged with humorous vitality. Dickens caricatures only when his special object is to satirize; and the characters which illustrate his satirical genius we have already admitted to have no real natures. In his true province of characterization, he is certainly peculiar, for his personages are not only original but originals. As a general thing, he does not develop his characters, but conceives them in their entirety at once, and the situations and incidents in which they successively appear simply furnish occasions for their expression. Their appearance, opinions, manners, and even their phrases, he makes identical with their natures. He gives a queer application to the transcendental principle that "the soul does the body make," and supplies an external peculiarity for every inward trait. Beings which have no existence out of his own mind, he yet sees them in their bodily shape and motions as clearly as he sees his familiar acquaintances. Their unconscious actions are recorded with the accuracy of a witness who testifies under oath. He was evidently near Miss Brass when that grim spinster was questioned as to the plot in which she and her brother had been engaged, and noticed that, before she answered, she "took two or three pinches of snuff, and, having by this time very little left, travelled round and round the box with her forefinger and thumb, scraping up another." Most observers of Mr. Squeers's habits when drunk would have been satisfied with stating that he went to bed with his

boots on; but Dickens adds, — "and with his umbrella under his arm." When Uriah Heep is present, we are not only constantly reminded that he is "umble," but we are forced to note "the snaky undulation pervading his frame from his chin to his boots," "his shadowless red eyes, which look as if they had scorched their lashes off," and the frequency with which he grinds "the palms of his hands against each other, as if to squeeze them warm and dry, besides often wiping them, in a stealthy way, with a pocket-handkerchief." Indeed, so close and minute, as well as vivid, is Dickens's method of delineation, that it is impossible *not* to perceive and realize his creations. The critic who decries them as caricatures must be conscious, all the time, that they are more real to him than the carefully drawn characters he praises in other novelists of the time. Besides, they have a strange attraction to the mind, and are objects of love or hatred, like actual men and women. A large number of excellently drawn persons in modern fiction are uninteresting or commonplace in themselves, and hardly reward the labor expended on their delineation. In reading Anthony Trollope, for instance, one feels that here is an author who will never fail for subjects as long as the kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland contains thirty millions of people, "mostly bores," and as long as he has his mental daguerreotype machine in order. But the poetical, the humorous, the tragic, or the pathetic element is never absent in Dickens's characterization, to make his delineations captivating to the heart and imagination, and give the reader a sense of having escaped from whatever in the actual world is dull and wearisome. A free abounding life also animates his pages; and the subtle scepticism as to the worth of existence itself, which infects Thackeray's narratives, and makes us close his most entertaining novels with a jaded feeling, is entirely absent from those of Dickens.

The plots of his romances, though

frequently improbable in themselves, always seem probable in relation to the characters they are devised to bring vividly out. In the *Pickwick Papers*, the work which excels all its successors in riotous animal spirits, and in the power to communicate the sense of enjoyment, there is no plot, properly speaking, but only a succession of incidents. In "*Oliver Twist*" and "*Barnaby Rudge*" there is a strong infusion of the melodramatic element, which also appears less prominently in "*The Old Curiosity Shop*," "*Nicholas Nickleby*," and "*Martin Chuzzlewit*." The height of his power as story-teller was reached in "*David Copperfield*," which is perhaps the best of his works in all respects, though "*Dombey and Son*" is written with more sustained *verve*. The plot of "*Great Expectations*" is the most cunningly devised of all, to stimulate and to baffle curiosity; while that of "*A Tale of Two Cities*" is the most tragically impressive; but neither equals "*David Copperfield*" in both interest and charm. "*Hard Times*" is essentially a satire, and the stories of "*Bleak House*," "*Little Dorrit*," and "*Our Mutual Friend*," though they give occasion for the display of brilliant powers of narrative, description, and characterization, are somewhat lumberingly constructed. In all these successive books we observe a constantly increasing disposition to combine seriousness, both of moral and artistic purpose, with his whimsical, or comical, or pathetic incidents; his style grows more and more elaborate, more and more strewn with curious felicities of phrase, without losing much of its elasticity and ease; and if we miss something of the intoxicating animal spirits which gladden us in the *Pickwick Papers*, the loss is more than made up by the superior solidity and depth which thought and experience have given even to his humorous vein. The impression left by all his books is not only humane but humanizing. He is a philanthropist, both positively and negatively. He makes us interested in the most ignorant, credulous, foolish,

or grotesque personages, simply by the goodness of heart he puts into them; and he makes us dislike the proudest, highest, most cultivated, and most beautiful, provided they are tainted with selfish indifference to their kind. His imagination so delights in lovely embodiments of disinterestedness, that we are sometimes tempted to class him with philanthropic sentimentalists, idly fondling images of excellence impossible of realization; but we read a few pages on, and find him the intrepid practical assailant of everything in life which he considers mean, base, exclusive, illiberal, unjust, and inhuman.

The humor, the pathos, the power of weird description, the power of tragic representation, in Dickens, seem but the efforts of one faculty of imagination, as it is directed by different sentiments, and acts on different materials. His superabundant humor, though quotable in sentences, depends for its full appreciation on a knowledge of the personages whence it comes and the incidents which call it forth. But it also has something odd, droll, unexpected, and incalculable in itself, which always marks it as the product of one peculiar and creative mind. When Mrs. Crupp, David Copperfield's laundress, is asked by that young gentleman how she knows that love is the cause of his restlessness and bad spirits, she, slightly boozy with David's brandy, solemnly replies, "Mr. Copperfull, I'm a mother myself." Venus, the artist in bones and amateur in skeletons, who lends such ghastly drollery to so many scenes in "Our Mutual Friend," says to the impertinent boy who chaffs him: "Don't sauce *me* in the vicious pride of your youth; don't hit *me*, because you see I'm down. You've no idea how small you'd come out, if I had the *articulating* of you." When Jerry Cruncher, suspected by Mr. Lorry of having passed his nights in digging up bodies for the doctors, is asked by his employer what he has been besides a messenger, he conceives the luminous idea of replying, "Agricultooral character." Mr. Swiveller, informed by the

Marchioness that Miss Brass calls him a funny fellow, does not consider the description derogatory to his dignity, because, he says, "Old King Cole was himself a merry old soul, if we may put any faith in the pages of history." Mr. Vincent Crummles, wishing to do justice to the dramatic powers of Miss Henrietta Petowker, of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, closes his eulogy with the climax, "She's the only sylph I ever saw who could stand upon one leg, and play the tambourine on her knee, *like* a sylph." Mr. Wemmick, when he invites Pip to dine with him, remarks: "You don't object to an aged parent, I hope. Because I have got an aged parent at my place." Mr. Wegg charges Mr. Boffin more for reading poetry to him than he does prose, for "when a person comes to grind off poetry, night after night, it is but right he should expect to be paid for its weakening effect on his mind." The "young man of the name of Guppy," in his memorable proposal of marriage to Esther Summerson, mentions as one of the advantages she would receive from the alliance, that his mother "is eminently calculated to be a mother-in-law." Mr. Dennis, the hangman, when desirous of propitiating the sentimental and scraggy Miss Miggs, addresses her by the endearing appellation of "My sugar stick." The Augustus of Miss Pecksniff runs off on the morning of his intended marriage with that meek maiden, and, as soon as he is safe on board ship, writes to her: "Ere this reaches you, the undersigned will be — if not a corpse — on the way to Van Diemen's Land. Send not in pursuit! I never will be taken alive!" And the immense humor of bringing a man of Mr. Boffin's mind and experience into contact with such a book as Gibbon's "Decline and Fall" could only have occurred to Dickens. The blank wonder of such a guileless soul in listening to the recital of the crimes of the Roman Emperors is delicious. "Wegg takes it easy," he says, contemptively, "but, upon my soul, to an old bird like myself, these are scarers!"

Among Dickens's characters there are few which he seems to delight in more than those in which goodness of heart is combined with imperfection of intellect or expression. His books swarm with persons representing every degree of mental defect and obstruction, from craziness like Miss Flite's to inexpressibility like Captain Cuttle's. Among these "that innocentest creeter Toots" is one of the most richly ludicrous. From the time we first meet him at Dr. Blimber's, "keeping a ring in his waistcoat-pocket to put on his little finger by stealth when the pupils went out walking," and devoting his energies in school hours to writing "long letters to himself from persons of distinction, addressed 'P. Toots, Esquire, Brighton, Sussex,' and preserving them in his desk with great care," he is the most lovable of all specimens of arrested development. There is something infantile even in his attempts to be "fast," such as his high times with Feeder, B. A., when, in the latter's room, with the doors locked, they crammed their noses with snuff, endured surprising torments of sneezing with the constancy of martyrs, and, drinking table beer at intervals, "felt all the glories of dissipation." Nothing could better show Dickens's perception of the humor which lies in the incongruous, than his giving this innocent, whose brain stutters as well as his tongue, a prize-fighter like "the Chicken" for a companion, and a champion of his rival, like Captain Cuttle, for a confidant. His confessions to the Captain of his love for Florence Dombey are delicious specimens of the combination of intellectual impotence with the tender passion. "The hollow crowd," he says, "when they see me with the Chicken, and characters of distinction like that, suppose me to be happy; but I'm wretched." "If you could see my legs when I take my boots off, you'd form some idea of what unrequited affection is." "If, by the sacrifice of all my property, I could get transmigrated into Miss Dombey's

dog — I — I really think I should never leave off wagging my tail." The struggle between his jealousy and his good-will, when he sees Walter after the latter's shipwreck, at last ends in the fear that he "must have got very wet," and the hope that he "didn't take any cold." The marriage of this affectionate weakling to such a tart, swift, and efficient personage as Susan Nipper is itself a stroke of humorous genius.

Charles Townshend said of the Duc de Nivernais, who came over from France as a sort of envoy, that he was "the preliminaries of a man sent over to arrange the preliminaries of a peace." Dickens has great skill in drawing such persons. His Cousin Phenix is "the preliminaries of a man"; and so are Mr. Sparkler, Mr. Guppy, Mr. Snagsby, and a score of others that might be named. He is equally felicitous in representing the preliminaries of a woman, and of varying the character while he preserves the type. Indeed, his sharpness of mental sight enables him to fix and embody almost every variety of average mind, from the rapid, quick-witted, ever-alert Inspector Bucket of the Detective, whose brain is in perpetual motion, all the way down to old John Willet, who has but a flicker of intelligence, who lives on one notion for nearly as long a period as it takes him to acquire it, and who, after seven years of cogitation on the fact that his son Joe has "lost his arm among the Salwanners where the war is," dies at last with the edifying announcement that he is himself "going to the Salwanners." It is hopeless to attempt to give instances, on account of the very abundance of the illustrations, though we may say that, low down in the mental scale, "Mr. F.'s Aunt," who has such a desire to have Arthur Clenman brought "for'ard" in order that she may "chuck him out o' winder," is a specimen of inscrutable imbecility calculated to awaken the profoundest reflections.

In regard to Dickens's serious char-

acterization, and his dealings with the deeper passions, a distinguished French critic, M. Taine, has sneered at his respect for the proprieties, and contrasted his timidity with the boldness of Balzac and George Sand, especially in the analysis and representation of the passion of love. It is true that Dickens is excluded, like other English novelists, from the full exhibition of the allurements which lead to the aberrations of this passion; but what critic but a French one could have emphasized this deference for decorum, as if it shut him out altogether from the field of strong emotions? It does not exclude him from the minutest internal scrutiny and complete representation of the great body of the generous and the malignant passions. No Frenchman, even, could say that he was not sufficiently frank, exact, particular, and thorough in his exhibitions of pride, envy, fear, vanity, malice, hatred, duplicity, jealousy, avarice, revenge, wrath, and remorse. He has threaded the intricacies of these, with the penetration of a psychologist, while he has combined their action and varied their expression according to the modifications they receive from individual character. He has not won the reputation of being the most genial, pathetic, and humane of contemporary novelists by declining to describe some of the most tragic scenes that romancer ever imagined, and to represent some of the most hateful forms of humanity which romancer ever drew. Fagin, Noah Claypole, Ralph Nickleby, Arthur Grime, Quilp, Dombey, Carker, Pecksniff, Jonas Chuzzlewit, Uriah Heep, Grandfather Smallweed, Rigaud, Rogue Riderhood, Bradley Headstone, the ghastly and gushing Mrs. Skewton, the weird and relentless Miss Havisham, could never have been shaped by a man who had not closely studied the fiercest, harshest, meanest, and basest passions of human nature, or who hesitated to follow intrepidly out their full logical effects on character and conduct. Often grotesque in his tragedy, he is never wanting in intensity and vivid-

ness. The chapter in "Oliver Twist" entitled "The Jew's last Night alive," the description of Jonas Chuzzlewit's flight and arrest after his murder of Tigg, and the account of Bradley Headstone's feelings and reflections after his murderous assault on Eugene, are a few among many specimens of that minute and exact inspection of criminal spirits with which he so frequently both appalls and fascinates his reader. His antipathy to malignant natures contrasts strangely with the air of scientific indifference with which Balzac regards them; but it seems to give him even more power to penetrate into their souls. He is there as a biased observer, detesting what he depicts; but his insight seems to be sharpened by his abhorrence. They are altogether out of the pale of his instinctive sympathies, but yet he is drawn to them by a kind of attraction like that which sustains the detective on the track of the felon. If he errs at all, he errs in making them sometimes too repulsive for the purposes of art.

In the representation of love, Dickens is masterly only in exhibiting its affectionate side, and in this no contemporary, English or French, approaches him. His favorite heroines, Agnes Wickfield, Lucie Manette, Florence Dombey, Esther Summerson, Little Dorrit, Lizzie Hexam, are models of self-devoted, all-enduring, all-sacrificing affection, in respect both to sentiment and principle. Illustrating as they do the heroism of tenderness, the most beautiful and pathetic scenes in his works draw from them their inspiration. It may be that they are too perfect to be altogether real; it may be that, as specimens of genuine characterization, they are inferior to Dora Spenlow, or little Miss Wren, or Bella Wilfer, in whom affection is connected with some kind of infirmity; but still, so intensely are they conceived, so unbounded is their wealth of love, that their reality, if questioned by the head, is accepted undoubtingly by the heart. Every home they enter is made the better for such ideal visitants, and the fact

that they are domesticated by so many thousands of firesides shows that they are not the mere airy nothings of sentimentalizing benevolence, but have in them the substance of humanity, and the attractive force of individual life. The love of such beings, if not the grand passion of the heroines of George Sand, is purifying as well as pure, and places their delineator among benefactors. Filial love, in its tenderest idealization, is what they primarily represent, but from this flow all gentle, kindly, generous, compassionate, and grateful emotions. Their pathetic beauty melts the insensibility of the most hardened cynic. Florence at the death-bed of little Paul Dombey, or flying from her father to the shelter of the Little Midshipman, or returning to him in his day of ruin and despair; — Esther Summerson, when for the first time she is enfolded in a mother's embrace, or when, at the end of her long pursuit in the track of Lady Dedlock's flight, she passes to the gate of the burial ground, stoops down, lifts the heavy head, "puts the long, dank hair aside," and sees her mother cold and dead; — Lucie Manette in that wonderful scene in Dufarge's garret, where she recalls her father to conscious life; — Little Dorrit in all the touching incidents which bring out the delicacy and depth of her sheltering affection for the broken prisoner of the Marshalsea; — these are but a few among many instances of that searching pathos of Dickens which irresistibly affects the great body of his readers, and even forces unwilling tears from hostile critics.

Why, then, it may be asked, is Dickens not to be ranked with the greatest masters of characterization? The objection as to his exaggerated manner in representing, we have found to be superficial, as his exaggeration rather increases than diminishes our sense of

the reality of his personages; the real objection is to his matter. Great characterization consists in the creation and representation of great natures; and the natures which Dickens creates may be original, strange, wild, criminal, humorous, lovable, pathetic, or good, but they are never great. The material of which they are composed is the common stuff of humanity, even when it is worked up into uncommon forms. His individualizing imagination can give personality to everything coming within the range of his thoughts, sentiments, and perceptions; but that range does not include the realm of ideas, or the conflict and complication of passions in persons of large intellects as well as strong sensibility. The element of thought is comparatively lacking in his creations. Captain Cuttle is as vividly depicted as Falstaff, but the Captain would be a bore as a constant companion, while we can conceive of Falstaff as everlastingly fertile in new mental combinations, and as never losing his power to stimulate and amuse. Esther Summerson is, like Imogen, an individualized ideal of womanhood; but Esther's mind never passes beyond a certain homely sense, while Imogen is the perfection of imagination and intelligence as well as of tenderness, and we feel that, though she should live a thousand years, she would never exhaust her capacity of thinking, any more than her capacity of loving. But if Dickens's genius never goes beyond a certain limit of observation, nor rises above a certain level of thought, it has still peopled the imagination, and touched and gladdened the hearts, of so many thousands of readers, that it seems ungenerous to subject him to tests he does not court, and ungrateful to note the shortcomings of a power which in itself is so joyous, humane, and beneficent.

GERMANY IN NEW YORK.

AMONG the features that impart a character so cosmopolitan to New York, a very prominent one is the large German element pervading that city and its suburbs and neighboring towns. "Which is the German quarter of New York?" I have heard strangers ask, as they noticed the decidedly Teutonic aspect of many passers to and fro in the crowded thoroughfares. It would not be easy to say. Taking the suburbs first, it will be found that much of Brooklyn proper, more of Williamsburg, no inconsiderable portion of Jersey City, and about two thirds of Hoboken, are occupied either by naturalized citizens of German birth, or by native-born Americans of immediate German descent. In the city, there is not a business street in which the infusion of Germany is not manifested by the names upon the sign-boards and door-posts. Whether you dwell to the eastward of Broadway or to the westward, it is much the same thing,—in six cases out of ten the nearest tobacconist, as well as the nearest tailor, is sure to be a German. Should you happen to inquire of a New-Yorker where such or such an article is to be procured, he will tell you, as likely as not, "O, anywhere, almost,—the Dutchman at the next corner grocery will be sure to have it." Don't call the grocer a "Dutchman" to his face, though, supposing you should enter his comprehensive mart to make your purchase. Few things excite a German's ire more than to call him a Dutchman. Pacific in his disposition as the Teuton usually is, I have witnessed more than one ugly row in the public places he frequents, because some person has applied this expression to him, either unguardedly or with wilful intent to exasperate. The objection is to be attributed, I fancy, rather to the fact that the term is frequently used in this country in a

disparaging sense, than to any aversion really entertained by the German mind to the industrious native of the land where dikes are as much a necessity as Dutch herrings.

Perhaps, if the preference is to be given to any principal street of New York as channelling *the* German quarter, the Bowery may be so set down. That very heterogeneous and perplexing jumble of things foreign and domestic may be likened to an immense chain of German sausages, interlinked here and there with material properly American. All along the Bowery, the principal German theatres and lager-bier "gardens" are interspersed at short intervals, and it is in this quarter chiefly that the aspirant for legislative honors or for city office lays his traps to catch the wary German vote.

In sketching German life in New York, it would be outside the question to refer to that comparatively small class of Germans who, from wealth and family connections, hold a high position in society. The representative German is usually a manufacturer of some kind, greater or smaller, or a mechanic,—very commonly a grocer, or a brewer of lager-bier. Sometimes he is a lithographer, a layer-out of maps, or an artist in one branch or another. Finishing photographs in oil or in water-colors is an occupation very common among New York Germans. Legions of them are dispersed as waiters through the hotels and restaurants of the city. A great many—and these chiefly of the Hebrew persuasion—find occupation as dealers in clothing, jewelry, and miscellaneous articles, while others drive a lucrative business as pawnbrokers or "mock-auctioneers." New York is indebted for its vegetable markets to the Germans, who were the first to educate the suburban soil for the growth of kitchen stuff, and who have still almost a monopoly of the market-garden business in the neigh-

borhood of the city. In the lower strata it will be found that many of the peripatetic glaziers who wander about the streets with the doleful chant, "Glass t' put een!" are Germans, as also are most of the wretched rag-pickers who trudge along the gutters with bag and hook, diving every now and then into the ash-barrels, with the hope of fishing up some pearl from the depths of those receptacles. Germans who are heavy bankers or stock-brokers, or engaged in commerce and manufacture generally, upon a large scale, soon become absorbed into the "upper-ten" element of New York society. Abandoning all the manners and customs of the fatherland to the smaller operators and the dealers in retail, they give little or no color to the native society with which they become incorporated. There is, indeed, a passion in the upper circles of New York for the dance called the "German," a term applied by extension to any ball or party at which it forms a leading feature in the exercises of the evening. In this sense the influence of the "German" upon the society of New York in its higher phases must be admitted; but I question if the introduction of the dance referred to is due to the absorbed Teutonic millionaire.

Of the middling and poorer class of Germans, New York and its suburbs contain about one hundred and fifty thousand, and it is to the characteristic social and political traits of these that I shall chiefly refer in this paper.

The traditional love of the German for the land of his birth—taking this in a geographical sense, and as distinct from associations—must surely be little more than an idea. Germans who have been prosperous in this country very seldom return to the fatherland, let them sing lustily as they may about it over their *Rheinwein* or their lager-bier. They carry their country along with them when they emigrate, just as they carry their cherished household gods. A patch from the banks of the Rhine, the Oder, or the Main can be found anywhere in the heart of New York, or

in the country for ten miles around it. This burly and honest person who keeps a restaurant, or *salon*, in Broadway, on the German plan, flitted hither a dozen years ago from the borders of the Black Forest. He loved that romantic district and its traditions so well that he brought them away with him in his capacious heart, and set them up in his back yard, which thenceforward became a *Garten Wirthschaft*,—a sort of Occidental "Gulistan" of sausage and lager-bier. There the traits of his boyhood's home are represented by small pine-trees, arranged in tubs full of earth. But if the presence of these is not sufficient to keep fond memory wide awake, then he employs a scenic artist to decorate the walls of the yard with views representing sombre stretches of pine-land, lighted up fitfully with wild gushes of water manufactured out of indigo and flake-white. Sometimes a wild boar appears in the foreground, slaking its thirst at a cascade of these refreshing pigments; and this imparts truth and character to the scene, besides being suggestive of Westphalia ham and *Weissbier*, both of which are to be had in the establishment. A castle frowns over all, from a lofty pinnacle of rock. To bring the pleasant *Garten Wirthschaft* of his native land yet more vividly before him, the portly vintner sets along the walls numerous earthen pots with climbing plants in them; and should these imbecile exotics display any lack of energy in scaling the masonry, then a requisition is again made upon the scenic artist, who, beginning with his magic pencil where the trailer struck work, continues it *ad libitum*, carrying its leaves and tendrils in mellow distemper over any given area of wall-surface. Small tables are ranged about the yard, and hither crowds of Germans resort in the summer time, to feast upon *ragoûts* of occult material, washed down with gallons of the ruddy malt liquor. In places of this kind, as, indeed, in most of the upper-class eating-houses of New York, the waiters are almost exclusively Germans. It is a specialty with Ger-

mans to attend in restaurants, and excellent waiters they for the most part make. Many of them have received fair educations, and not a few are excellent linguists, speaking two or three languages besides their own. They pick up English very soon after their arrival in this country. The first phrase in our language which every German waiter learns is, "All right!" This he uses with great complacency, though not always in the right place. "Waiter, these eggs are boiled quite hard." "All right!" "Waiter, I ordered veal cutlet, and you 've brought me *Wiener-sniischel*." "All right!" This phrase he never drops, though he learns in time to make proper application of it. He seldom has that indescribable air of politeness peculiar to French waiters. Sometimes, indeed, the German waiter is open to the charge of surliness; but this, in most cases, applies only to newcomers, who have not yet mastered the first rudiments of the English language, and, diffident about committing themselves to its intricacies, are driven to taciturnity and apparent moroseness.

More characteristic yet than the Broadway restaurants conducted on German principles are the smaller ones scattered everywhere throughout the city,—queer, dingy, rattle-trap dining-houses in which families of Teuton race—men, women, and children—appear to pass a great deal of their time. Take one as a specimen of the class. It is a small wooden house, standing in a row of similar cheap structures, close by one of the main horse-car avenues of the city. The street door opens right into the principal apartment, which is a room sadly out of perspective, owing to the settling of the timbers. The floor is covered with fresh sawdust. Rings of stale beer are observable on the small walnut tables, and the place reeks with the fumes of strong tobacco. The bar, which is also a counter for the exposition—as the term now goes—of a wonderful amount and variety of pungent viands, looks like a breastwork thrown up by a regiment of gourmands to oppose the march of famine. It is

piled with joints and manufactured meats adapted to the strong German stomach;—enormous fat hams, not thoroughly boiled, for the German prefers his pig underdone; rounds of cold corned beef, jostled by cold roast legs and loins of veal; pyramids of sausages of every known size and shape, and several cognate articles of manufactured swine-meat, of which it would be too much for the present writer to remember the names; baskets full of those queer, twisted, briny cakes which go variously, I believe, by the names of *Pretzel* and *Wunder*; sardine-boxes piled upon each other quite in the Pelion-upon-Ossa way; huge glass jars of pickled oysters, flanked by huge earthen jars of caviare. Raw onions in heaps give a tone to the combined odors of all these; and through this confusion of smells come powerful whiffs of the Limburger and Sweitzer cheeses, without which the *menu* of no German restaurant would be considered complete. Conspicuously posted upon the walls are the *Weinlisten*, from which documents you gather that white wine is to be had at from one dollar and a quarter to three dollars per bottle, and red wine at from one dollar to four. The inevitable keg of lager-bier lies upon its slanting trestles, behind one end of the counter. Opening from this room there is a smaller one, lower by a step, and beyond that, up a step, is the real snuggerly of the concern, which, in winter, suggests the joys of summer to the *habitués* of the retreat. This is a room of irregular shape, running almost to an acute angle at its farther end, and in this angle, by fencing off a few cubic yards of space with an ornamental iron railing, is formed a little delta of perennial verdure, roofed with glass. A fountain, presided over by an aquarian boy of cast-iron, painted white, plays in the centre of the little oasis. Numbers of gold-fishes are swimming in the basin of the fountain, which is tastefully bordered with rosy sea-shells. The water-plants in this plot are very pulpy and vigorous, and the ivy pursues its

reptile course, with some weakness of purpose, among the intricacies of the vegetation. To give perspective and grandeur to the whole, the inevitable scenic artist has painted the walls with mountain scenery, his conceptions generally being of a mixed character, comprising such anomalies as Swiss châteaux shaded by tropical palms. Photographs from cartoons by Kaulbach hang upon the walls. On a bracket in one corner there is a bust of Schiller, faced by one of Shakespeare in the angle opposite. Schiller is ever present to the German mind. The first monument erected in Central Park was that placed there by Germans to the memory of the poet, — a massive head in cast-iron, gazing thoughtfully from its pedestal at the swans that navigate the lake.

The amount of business done in many such rickety, unpromising places as the one just described is sometimes really astonishing. There is no lack of steady patronage during the daytime, when diners come dropping in, by twos and threes, to make havoc of the spiced victuals and fresh-tapped lager-bier. But at night, when the German theatres and other places of entertainment have disgorged their multitudes, then the carver of the cold pig has to gird himself up for his work, and the youth who "the spigot wields" in front of the trestled kegs is driven to his best pace in filling out the *Seidel* of creamy malt. The company in these resorts at night is a very mixed one. The legal and medical professions — in German — are fully represented. Tradesmen and small brokers of every grade abound, many of them bringing their wives and children with them. Yon good-looking man, with heavy amber mustache and closely-cropped head, is an extensive dealer in birds and rare animals of all sorts, and is reputed to have amassed a fortune in the business. Should you have occasion for a rhinoceros, a boa-constrictor, or a harpy eagle from Surinam, (these are mere luxuries, of course, and I am only supposing a case,) you can obtain them to

order from that enterprising German with the meerschaum face and amber mouth-piece. He has agents in all parts of the world, and may be dreaming, as he sits there in his own cloud of smoke, about expected advices from across the seas, of a giraffe, or a gorilla, bespoken for some spirited showman. Observe that person who looks so like a Russian boyar in his long green caftan heavily trimmed with fur, and cap to match, — a man with a marked stoop in the shoulders, and wearing blue spectacles upon his nose. That is a well-known — nay, renowned — musical composer, and conductor of concerts organized upon the monster principle. Musicians of more humble pretensions are also mingled with the throng. That small, pale-faced man, holding to his heart a brass ophicleide wrapped in green baize, and somewhat taller than himself, is currently believed to drink from forty to sixty glasses of lager-bier every day the year round, except holidays, — when he drinks more. Men with fiddle-cases abound, and there sits a man with both a fiddle-case and a wife. See what a fine, wholesome appetite the lady has. She calls for caviare, and when it comes she chops up with it a large slice of raw onion, and, having added to the whole a squeeze of lemon-juice and a liberal dusting of black pepper, spreads the savory mess upon thickly-buttered brown bread, and attacks it with zest. Her companion prefers the spicy sausage, to a roll of which, about four inches in diameter, he addresses himself emphatically. "Deep as the rolling Zuyder Zee" are the draughts of creamy beer indulged in by the hearty couple. But beer is not the only liquor ordered by the customers. Many bottles of Rhine-wine are circulating at the tables, and there is a fair consumption of *Kirschwasser*, *Kornschnapps*, arrack, and the various other strong waters more or less in use among the Germans.

On a far greater scale than the beer-houses just described are the German places of entertainment where music is provided for the gratification of the

customers. The largest of these halls — some of which are capable of accommodating from two to three thousand people at a time — are situated in the Bowery. Many are roofed with glass, and fitted with fixed tables, which extend, in rows, from end to end of the room. Common wooden benches, instead of chairs, are provided for the customers. From the afternoon until a late hour at night, musicians ply their art industriously in a gallery high overhead. The players remove the instruments from their lips only to exchange them for mugs of lager-bier. In the intervals of the music they light their pipes or cigars, and sit gravely studying the scores before them, as if they smoked in quavers and crotchets, and drank whenever they had forty bars' rest. It is common to see a table in these places occupied by one family, the smallest baby belonging to which comes in for its share of lager-bier. The tall glasses, like lamp-chimneys, that stand before some of the customers, contain *Weissbier*, a large glass being necessary to allow for the quantity of froth arising from that light and acid kind of malt liquor. Numerous waiters — many of them mere boys — weave themselves in and out through the crowd, with half a dozen mugs of lager in each hand, and a couple of the lamp-chimney arrangements full of *Weissbier* tottering atop of all. Small Teutonic girls, with their yellow hair strained back to a painful degree of tightness by semicircular combs, patrol the alleys with little trays before them, offering assorted *bon-bons* for sale. In the side-alleys games of various kinds are carried on. There is invariably a shooting-gallery of some twelve yards in length, where the bold marksman from the Hartz Mountains, perhaps, pops little shuttle-cock bolts from a spring gun at a grotesque figure made of painted wood, which, on being hit in the "bull's-eye," whisks round on a pivot, and jerks a lovely woman of painted wood into its place. The walls in some of these resorts are decorated with cartoons of wondrous conception.

I remember one terrible battle-piece, about forty feet long by twelve high, in which that small but redoubtable chieftain, General Sigel, who was the favorite leader of the American Germans in the early days of the war, figured to much advantage. He was represented as careering upon a frantic steed over a battle-field thickly strewn with the bodies of dying Confederates and of dead, waving over his head a falchion of romantic length. Fritz, the waiter, who served under him in Germany, in '48, will recommend to you some particular *ragoût* of acid flavor because it was a favorite dish of Sigel's, and there was a compound beverage named after him in one place that I recall.

Theatrical entertainments used to be a feature of many of these great beer-saloons, but the law no longer allows performances of the kind to be mixed up with lager, although music and dominos are not considered as incompatible with beverages to any desired extent. In the saloons there are often aviaries stocked with a great variety of birds. Some of those little enclosures already described are fitted up with curious models, representing mountains and châteaux and cottages, the real rocks covered with real moss. There is always a fountain among these, the water from which turns the wheel of a little mill, and keeps in motion a number of small wooden figures, engaged in various occupations, agricultural and domestic. Crowded as these immense halls are at night, it is very seldom that any disturbance occurs in them. Two or three policemen, in citizen's garb, are on hand in each, indeed, but their services are not often called into requisition. Here and there loud talking may be heard at the tables, for the Germans are very disputatious, and lager-bier, notwithstanding all that has been affirmed to the contrary, is intoxicating in its effects. But the excitement produced by it seems to be of a mild and innocuous character. Gambrinus, the patron saint of Bavarian beer, is but a drowsy duplicate of Bacchus, after all; nor does the festive goat, whose gam-

bols on the sign-boards of the beer-houses are supposed to typify the playfulness of the Teuton in a state of malt, appear to be exactly the right animal in the right place.

It is notable how much the German's idea of domestic felicity is disconnected with his own roof and threshold. He works assiduously at his calling from daylight until early afternoon, looking upon his dwelling as a workshop only, and fleeing from it with his wife and children at every available opportunity, to take his ease in the *Garten Wirthschaft*, which is really his home. Some of the poorest among the artisans drudge laboriously every day in the week, looking forward to Sunday, especially in summer, as a carnival time when it is right and proper that a good part of the six days' earnings should be invested in libations to Gambrinus. In a little shop hard by where I am writing, there has sat for years, day after day all the weeks round, a gruff old German shoemaker, browed and bearded like a satyr. His workshop measures about ten feet by six. The sleeping arrangement for himself and family, at the farther end of it, is a pitch-dark closet, not much larger than an ordinary cupboard. Rough-grained though he seems to be, he must have his bit of verdure nevertheless; and there it is,—a sickly geranium, pinning at the window in its earthen pot. On Sundays he and his wife spruce themselves up a little, and, having packed a basket with the everlasting sausages and Swiss cheese, away they go with their two small children, until they bring up at some holiday grove outside the city, where speculators have set up their altars for the sale of the refreshing beer. And this is the regular Sunday *délassement*, at New York, of thousands like my old satyr who pulls at waxed ends, and hammers upon shoe soles, in the little shop yonder, for sixty or seventy hours of every week, the year round.

The favorite summer resorts for Germans of every degree are situated on the Jersey side of the Hudson River,

away back of Hoboken, north and west. There is no law upon that happy shore against the sale of liquors on Sunday, and hence the preference. To the large breweries that tower up throughout that section of the country, saloons are usually attached, most of them provided with billiard-tables, and having large gardens on the premises, in which swings and "merry-go-rounds" for the young folks are fitted up. For the convenience of dancing parties there is generally a piano in the saloon. The Teutonic vintner is eccentric about his piano. I was acquainted with one stridulous instrument of the kind which was "contrived a double debt to pay," one end of it having been converted into a trestle for the irrepressible keg of lager-bier. The old machine was cracked in its upper register, and husky in its lower, as though it had taken its tone from the drowsing liquor of the place. Another, upon which I came in the arbor of a small wayside hostelry, was painted green, to harmonize with the verdure in which it was embowered, and from nails driven into its body and legs were suspended gay placards, setting forth the names of the liquors to be had at the bar. One of these, I remember, was "Brandismash." In the public groves and gardens there is generally a large platform for such dancers as prefer taking their waltzes *al fresco*, and the waltzing of the Germans generally—more particularly that of the German women—is very graceful and artistic in its way. Large parties usually bring musicians with them, and it is pleasant to hear the strains of those bands from grove to grove on that pleasant Jersey plateau in the fine summer days. Along the roads and lanes of this district groups of German cavaliers are to be met with every fine Sunday during the season, and often in the evenings of week days. These are for the most part young men occupied as clerks in the large wholesale establishments belonging to German merchants in the city. The horses ridden are generally very respectable-looking nags of the livery-taking class, well

groomed and caparisoned. Many of these dashing equestrians are got up in a tremendous sporting array, with velvet hunting-caps, high varnished boots, and silver-plated spurs. Sometimes, as they jog along in close column, they break out into harmonized German song, causing the pedestrian to wonder what the occasion can be, until a turn of the road brings him in view of the troop, as it bears down upon him half enveloped in a cloud of ruddy Jersey dust. When these fast young Teutons pull up at the breweries for refreshment, the Rhine-wine sparkles on the board, for they are bound to make a day of it, and have the best of everything.

And if this is the way in which the majority of New York Germans, great and small, spend their Sundays, it may be asked, "What religion do they mostly profess?" That I cannot undertake to say. Rationalism seems to prevail among them to a great extent. Rhine-wine is the religion of those who can afford to pay for wine, and lager-bier of those who can't. Music has much to do with the theology of both classes. All the German places of entertainment — theatres proper excepted — are in full operation on Sundays, and drive an immense business. Sunday-evening concerts, where the music is chiefly of the operatic, or "profane," character, have always been a leading feature here. With some of these — as with the concerts that used to be given at the great Lion Brewery, near the northern end of Central Park, and at Jones's Wood — there is interference, from time to time, on the part of the police. When this happens great is the indignation among the Germans. Public meetings are held to denounce the magistracy, and resolutions passed for bringing the matter to legal test; and, as opinion seems to be generally in favor of letting the well-behaved, if beery, Germans go their own way, things mostly return to their former state after a while, and the horn-blower and the fiddler cease to have their day of rest. New York owes everything to

its German element for music so excellent, in a general as well as in a special way, as to win the applause even of Europeans visiting the city. With two or three exceptions, the conductors of all the theatrical orchestras in New York are Germans. The monster concerts are always under the direction of Germans, and nineteen out of every twenty of the performers in them are of the Teutonic race. If you hear a good solo player in one of the orchestras, and inquire as to his name, you are almost sure to find that it is a German one. Sometimes the solo player comes accredited in the programme of the evening with a tremendous flourish of recommendation after his name. Witness the following smashing line about a famous performer on the French horn. I dare not tackle it with my pen, and therefore clip it from the printed document and paste it in.

"Herr WACK (Grossherzoglich hessen-darmstädtischer Hofmusikus)."

The military bands are all made up of Germans, and in the ball-rooms it is the same thing. The great musical association called the Liederkrantz was organized twenty years ago, and from it sprang the Arion Society, now equally famous with the parent one for its vocal and instrumental performances. There are numerous choral societies among the Germans of the city, besides. The most impressive dirge it has ever been my fortune to hear was that one chanted by nine hundred Germans on the steps of the City Hall, when the remains of President Lincoln were borne into the hall, on the 24th of April, 1865. This grand choir was composed of singers chosen from the principal musical organizations of the city.

The humor characteristic of the German race is of a very grotesque and peculiar kind. Like the strong spiced viands on which they batten, it is more pungent than delicate. The caviare and onion of the buxom dame lately mentioned might be something akin to it. This weird, exaggerated type of humor is the staple of the comic illustrated

papers published at Berlin and elsewhere in Germany; and just like the caricatures in *Kladderadatsch* or in *Fliegende Blätter* are the strange characters and processions got up by the Germans of New York at their carnival,—a feast held by the various musical associations of the city in February of each year. This famous *buffo* anniversary was instituted so long ago as the sixth century, and its origin is traceable to the Saturnalia of ancient Rome. Every German of any social standing in his community is bound to have among his chattels a masking costume of some kind or other, and the more absurd it is the better. It is a high time for the costumers, that time of the grand February carnival. The decorators and banner-painters drive a lively business then, and even the poets—poor fellows!—are in requisition, battering their large German brains into chowder in their efforts to reel off odes and mottoes and comic effusions appropriate to the occasion. In the extraordinary ceremonies arranged to do honor to Prince Carnival, the Arion and Liederkranz organizations take a leading part, the masked ball given by them being on a scale of great magnitude and expense. An Arion ball at the Academy of Music, in carnival time, is a thing to be remembered. Many of the *tableaux vivants* have reference to the politics of the day, numbering among their characters such personages as Brother Jonathan and Uncle Sam, both of them translated into German with great freedom. President Johnson figures on a platform with “four-and-twenty tailors, all in a row,” each of them doing his best to aid in the reconstruction of certain damaged garments representing States. Horrible practical jokes are played, such as pitching a man over from the upper tier of boxes to the floor, and thus creating a panic among the revellers, until the manslaughter is found to have been perpetrated in effigy only. Glee-clubs make the night hideous with their imitations of the natural frog-concerts on the Jersey Flats,

and there is usually a brass band in attendance, organized on the principle of every musician playing his own tune, and playing that as much *out* of tune as is consistent with the spirit of the occasion. Surprises are the order of the night, a succession of grotesque combinations and diabolical characters making their appearance when least expected, and in wonderful variety of form and color. There is a good deal of comic art observable throughout all these arrangements; but it is sadly destitute of refinement, its principal elements being coarse ribaldry and clumsy fool’s play. Besides these entertainments given by the two leading societies, similar ones, though on a smaller scale, are provided by the minor organizations. The Harmonia does its fooling in wild, if not picturesque array. Likewise do those burly Rhine-winners, the Colonia from Cologne, and the Mayencers from Mayence; nor are the Mozart Verein, the Männer Chor, the Turn Verein, and no end of other societies which it is unnecessary to enumerate here, slow in giving their countenance to the tumultuous doings by which carnival week is marked.

Physical culture is one of the objects chiefly aimed at by all the organizations, musical and otherwise, to which I have referred; and in this, as in some other things, Young America would do well to follow the example of Germany in New York. It is by the Turn Verein chiefly that the important branch of education in question is thoroughly attended to and insisted upon. Jones’s Wood, an extensive piece of ground on the East River about three miles from the city, is the spot usually selected by these associated athletes for holding their *Turnfest*,—a festival given annually some time in the fall of the year. The Turner *Zöglinge*, consisting of some three or four hundred boys who are being educated according to the system of the Turners, forms a very interesting feature of the procession on these occasions. These Turnfests are picnics on a large scale, the members of the combined societies bringing any

amount of provender and beverages with them. The scene is brightened by the presence of many fair damsels belonging to the families of the bold acrobats. Gymnastic feats, of course, are first on the programme of the day, and the artistic manner in which some of these are performed would reflect credit on many a professional of the tan-floored ring. No better evidence of the benefits resulting from a systematic training of the muscles need be looked for than the ruddy, healthful appearance of the young men and boys who figure in these performances. There is always some excellent music, vocal as well as instrumental, in attendance, and the afternoon passes merrily away with dances and a variety of curious German games. But there is a political as well as a physical motive at work among these Turners. In 1865 a convention of Turner organizations was held in Washington representing in all no fewer than fifty-nine associations. This movement resulted in the combination known as the North American Turner Union, with New York as its headquarters, and the officers of the New York Turn Verein as its leading spirits. The following extract from the minutes of the convention shows that a desire for wholesome political reform had much to do with the movement in question.

"The Turner Bund considers that, in dealing with public affairs in this country in the manner as in most cases it is done, there are great obstacles in the way of true liberty, and the Union declares it to be the duty of each and every association to instruct its members in reference to the various political questions, and to make, as far as they are concerned, every effort against every kind of political corruption.

"It is further declared, that it will be impossible for the Turner Union to reach its object if the various Turner associations do not take measures to inaugurate an earnest political agitation, and thus do their part in removing the political corruption and partisanship which hitherto have induced many

of the German societies to exclude the discussion of political questions.

"The Union calls attention to this subject the more as these questions can be agitated without committing the Turners to the usual system of wire-pulling; for it cannot be pretended that a decided position in reference to politics can be injurious to the system of organization and association among the Germans, though a few associations might consequently have to be subjected to a process of purification, which can only be beneficial as far as the whole is concerned. The statutes of the Union make it the duty of each member to be or become a citizen of the United States, and it is, therefore, considered exceedingly proper that a corporation of equal citizens should not neglect to do their duty as such."

Proficiency in the use of fire-arms is another branch to which the Germans devote much attention, and they hold *Schützenfeste* in the neighborhood of New York every year, at which prizes are awarded to the best marksmen. In the sporting branch of gunnery but little can be said in favor of the Teutonic fowler, who is generally a poacher and pot-hunter of the most arrant type. The remarkable scarcity of song-birds and small birds in general about the environs of New York has been attributed — and with justice, so far as my observation goes — to the German gunners, who act on the principle that all is game that comes to their bags. Numbers of skylarks were imported from Europe and set at liberty on Long Island, in the neighborhood of Brooklyn, a few years ago, and they appeared to be thriving for a while. Gradually they disappeared, however, and there is more than a suspicion afloat that the remains of these ill-fated foreigners had *post-mortem* honors paid to them in company with fancy pig-meats and Swiss cheese. Often, upon an autumnal afternoon, as you cross over by ferry-boat to the Long Island or the Jersey shore, you will fall in with some German butcher from the city, who is going forth deliberately, with gun and dogs, to levy

war upon Cock Robin and his friends of the wood-sides and hedges. This character is usually rigged out in true *Jäger* fashion, with an enormous game-bag, all fringed and tasselled, slung over his shoulder, and a double-barrelled gun of foreign manufacture, with a carved stock, upon his arm. His dogs are seldom of the regular sporting breeds. Sometimes he is accompanied by a large Newfoundlander, sadly out of proportion to the small game in view; but a dwarfed, bandy-legged variety of beagle, with a very long back, appears to be the animal most favored by the German sportsman as his companion and assistant in the chase. See him on his return, late in the evening, and he is making a great display with a few robins and thrushes, and, mayhap, a squirrel or two, hanging to the loops of his game-bag. Central Park is the only refuge now for the birds about New York, and many a wistful eye have I seen turned upon them by the Germans who sometimes take their afternoon relaxation in that pleasant resort.

In his politics the German of New York is largely influenced by lager-bier. The excise law passed by the Legisla-

ture in the spring of 1866 was a great source of trouble to him, as it forbade the sale of lager or any other liquor on Sundays, in the cities of New York and Brooklyn, and "the demesnes that there adjacent lie." The constitutionality of this law was denied by certain enterprising vintners, and the matter was referred to the Court of Appeals. Pending judgment, the law was not enforced during the summer; but its effects were apparent in the immense majority of German votes gained by the Democratic party in New York and Brooklyn last fall. Just now, at the opening of the new year, the constitutionality of the law has been affirmed by the Court of Appeals, and the watchwords, "Liberty and Lager-Bier!" are vibrating upon the air in guttural German accents.

Viewing the subject at large, a community like that of New York cannot but derive much benefit from the healthful combination of brain and muscle characteristic of its German element. The greatest benefits, however, will not be fully realized until the absorption of that element has given its tinge to the generations to come.

KATHARINE MORNE.

PART VII.

CHAPTER XX.

THE days that followed! Mr. Dudley had Paul; Rose and Lily, their lovers; I, but my dead!—the marble image of my cherished mistress, my charge, my second mother, my nearest friend,—in the season she loved best, the sweet summer of the year,—in the Indian summer of her sweet life, departed! My own life had for years been so built upon hers, that every hour that struck reminded me of some pleasure to be foregone,—some pleasant duty

no more to be discharged. Especially when I began to awake to the blind sense of some great trouble upon me, in the mornings, my first impulse always was to rise and dress, and hasten to take refuge with her, who would be certain to charm one half of it away, and to teach me how to turn the other into only a solemn blessing; and then, when my recollection returned to me, it would overwhelm me, as with her pall.

While I remained where everything spoke of her, it could not but be so. A fortnight after her funeral, I felt that

I could bear it no longer; and there seemed to be no reason why I should. My companionship was broken off,—my occupation gone. My employer sent me no more commands. I thought that he must now prefer a regular secretary; at any rate, I could serve him no longer after his daughters left him; and it would be painfully embarrassing for him to be forced to offer me my dismissal. Though his children were touchingly attentive to me, I thought I might be only in their way.

Mr. Dudley I scarcely saw, except at meal-times, when he looked very ill; but I spoke to the girls. They were very sorry, but very kind. They would not hear a word, however, of a final parting. I needed a change, they said, and no wonder. I was welcome to go to Mrs. Physick's, and to stay till I had regained something of my natural tone of health and spirits; but I must certainly come back at least for the month before their wedding; and they should be sadly disappointed if I did not return to them long before that, and, for the sake of old times, share with them and Paul the few remaining weeks that they now should ever be together as one family.

We went together through all the rooms where we had lived in company. In company still, we visited all Miss Dudley's favorite haunts. Paul started with us, but soon broke down, fell behind us, and was seen no more. We helped each other to recall the various incidents, the tasks and sports and jests, of the nine years that I had been with them,—nine wonderfully happy years I thought them now. We helped each other cry. Absorbed in my one great loss, I had forgotten till now how dear all the beautiful children—children now no more, but more than equals—had become to me. I never knew till now how dear I was to them.

"It is like losing something that was still left to us of dear Aunt Lizzy, to part with you!" sobbed Rose.

"And so it seems to me, to part with you."

"Katharine," said Lily, "how dreadful it is that, when our hearts have grown to yours with our growth, you should be bound to us by no tie of kindred too strong for you to break!"

"O, yes, Katharine!" rejoined Rose, a gleam of her old fancy making her smile through her tears, "spend the time of your absence profitably in finding out that you bear some unknown relationship to us, as near as you are dear. Be some vanished cousin-german, at the very least, or a forgotten aunt, or, better still, our poor, long-lost young mother, come to life."

If it had been still to do, I believe I should not have had the heart to present my resignation then, or until the last moment. Paul packed my books, and strapped my trunk, but was nowhere to be found when I would have said good by. The Temples considerably absented themselves that day till the evening. It fell to Mr. Dudley to put me into the barouche, which he did with a trembling hand and in silence.

Julia's and the Doctor's hearty welcome was, as usual, ready for me, and so was my chamber in *my* house; but the next days that I spent there were, in spite of my utmost endeavors after cheerfulness, among the saddest and most homesick that I have ever known.

About a week after my transit, the Doctor, at the dinner-table, remembered and handed me a letter, some days old, in Mr. Dudley's handwriting. Supposing it was upon some matter of business, and longing to see anything that came from Barberry Beach, I thoughtlessly asked leave to open it at once, and read:—

"BEVERLY, June 26, 18—.

"MY DEAR FRIEND, — (For life, I trust, even if a title ever to call you by a tenderer name be not in store for me,) since you forsook us, a twofold blank, a twofold hush, a double desolation, has settled down upon our house. Yet, while I have no right, neither have I any disposition, to complain of your

haste in leaving it, if leave it you must. The victim on the wheel is a coward or a fool, or both, if he entreats the executioner to pause between the blows. While still stunned by the loss of your best friend, I can best bear, perhaps, if I am doomed to bear, the loss of you.

Heavens! Was he losing his reason! I had the prudence to read no further then; but I suppose that even so much had stamped itself in consternation on my face; for Julia asked, "Is anything the matter?"

"Nothing that I can help, I am afraid," said I, evasively; "they are in great affliction."

She inquired no further.

Change upon change! Shock upon shock!—and this, in some respects, the most grievous one yet. It seemed to me as if the whirling of the world made me dizzy, and would turn my brain. My head soon ached, as any one might see. The hours crept on most slowly; but, before my usual bedtime, Julia begged me to take pity on myself and go to rest. Not much rest did I look for; but I thankfully accepted her proposal to go to my room, fastened my door, threw myself on my knees before God in prayer, and then, feeling as if still in that posture I could best meet the trial that He must send, I fearfully drew out the letter, opened it again, and read on:—

"But I entreat you not to pass sentence upon what I write of, before you have read the whole. Do not imagine that I lay before you any sudden fantasy of a mind overwhelmed by grief, and clinging in desperation to any floating spar or splinter of a wrecked home. My feeling towards you has been the steady growth of years, though its only *confidante* up to this time was she whose loss has left us both so desolate. May Heaven, in its mercy, send us both comfort! Might it be one another's!

"You were not many months under my roof before I recognized in you a woman capable of friendship as calm,

and free from vanity or calculation, as it was frank and kind. Therefore I early dared to be your friend. Out of the rich, deep soil of such a friendship as you showed me and mine, my love for you sprang up,—how soon I cannot tell,—but I think it struck its first root not long after the year in which you—so simply and naturally,—as if such self-devotion were instinctive with you—risked your own life to save my child's.

"I have lived in the world enough to show the world, I trust, nothing that it has no right to know; but you can judge as well as I whether my sister's penetration was likely to be foiled. If it had been, I had no secret that I wished to keep from her. She was no match-maker; but when she saw and heard the strength and steadfastness of what had become my love for you, she advised, nay, sometimes urged, me to do my best to secure you before any rival made his appearance to bear away the prize. I objected, that I was sure that you were not in love with me. She agreed, but added, 'She never will be, unless you make her so. If I know Katharine, she is as maidenly in mind and heart as in life. She is not in the habit of falling in love. She has received from nature, or in some way come by, the power to esteem, admire, or even to love if you will, what manifests itself to her as worthy, with only a disinterested affection, that does not seek to monopolize its object. She will never think of you as anything but a friend, a kind employer, or at most a father, until you authorize and beseech her to. She likes what I like. She loves what I love. She could love best what I love best. You never refuse me anything, Charles. Give me that younger sister. I could die an easy death if I might but bequeath her to you, and you to her, and the children to you both.'

"On other points I trusted her sagacity; but on this occasion, I feared that it was for once hoodwinked by her partiality for me. I put off following her counsel. There was too

much at stake. While I was silent, the most precious privileges of marriage were mine already,—the privilege to see and hear you daily, to protect you should you stand in need of a protector, and to watch over and provide for your comfort and happiness. My sister and my children had the great enjoyments of your companionship and care. All these certain goods to myself and them might be thrown away for nothing, by one moment of selfish rashness on my part. All these considerations lost their power when my Elizabeth lost her life.

"If you give me leave to say more in urging my suit, there is enough more to be said. Unless you give me leave, I have said too much already. But one thing more, of a different nature. My child,—let me say, if I may not say, My love, for then I will endeavor to school myself, God helping me, at some future time to love you as a daughter,—my child, do not accept me, *do* not accept any man, out of compassion! He who could desire so mad an act of self-immolation must be a monster of selfishness most unworthy of you,—utterly unworthy of the sacred name of husband! I am no monster to be gratified with maiden sacrifices. Believe that my spirit is as high as your own. I seek no pity but from God. Perhaps I could not bear it, even from you.

"It is said, I know, that the sensibilities are deadened with the death of youth. My own experience has tended rather to convince me that, whatever they may lose in quickness, they only gain in strength and depth. The heart is not always frosty so soon as the hair is hoary. Unless you can love me as I love you,—as heartily and devotedly as ever woman loved man, or man loved woman,—then send a kind refusal to one to whom your welfare is, or shall be, even dearer than yourself.

"Yours, in whatever way you would have him so,

"CHARLES DUDLEY.

"MISS MORNE."

In what a rare tumult of emotion he must have written, to express himself with so little of his usual calmness! Miss Dudley's death must have unhinged him even more than I feared. And now to have, instead of soothing, to grieve him further! To have nothing better for him, who offered me his best, than kind coldness or cold kindness! What a fate was mine!—to waste my first love unbeloved, then be so loved, unloving! O, why could not he love me "as a daughter" now! O that society, that religion, sanctioned an adoption, which might put me into Rose's or Lily's soon-to-be-vacant place! What child ever devoted herself to a parent with more entire filial reverence and affection than I could have done myself to him, henceforth? What child ever suffered more in being parted and estranged from her own family, than I was probably to suffer now? "*A kind refusal!*" Little doubt of that! How could I ever make it kind enough! If almost any other man had written that letter, I should have thought its excessive generosity affected,—merely the visible bait in the trap that was set to catch me. But in Mr. Dudley, love always took the form of loving to make its objects happy. Thus I mused as I read the letter; and then I came to the postscript:—

"P. S. I have observed that you never like to take a great step hurriedly. I not only acquiesce in—I even myself desire—some delay in your decision. For my own sake, I would not have you determine against me hastily, nor, for your own, too rashly promise to yoke your youth to my declining years."

A welcome reprieve! Now I need not write, at least, until my head was clearer. My mother's rule always was, "When in a difficulty, pray upon it; and, if you can, sleep upon it."

As, arising from my knees, I took up the envelope, which had fallen on the floor, to return the letter to it, it felt thick to my touch. There was some-

thing more in it! Nothing more from poor dear Mr. Dudley, I did hope, for poor dear Katy's sake! My trembling and unwilling fingers drew out a piece of note-paper stamped with Miss Dudley's cipher; and on it I read in Paul's sad scrambling hand.

"Scene, Library at Barberry Beach. Time, midnight. *Paulus, solus. Loquitur* :—

"COUSIN KATHARINE, — You have a good deal to answer for! Bernard and Arthur were in consternation, on their arrival this afternoon, at the state in which you left Rose and Lily. L. + R. — and therefore A. + B. — remain inconsolable.

"Further, my father was in like dismay at the condition in which he beheld me, when I presented myself to constitute his joy for the evening. I ditto at the ditto in which I found him. He wished that I had a mother. I thereupon dutifully made reprisals by wishing him a wife. He declared that he could love and cherish no wife but you; and I vowed that I could consent to honor and obey no other mother.

"Such being the case, or the cases, if you are not the most hard-hearted young gentlewoman in the Union, or, in other words, as hard-hearted as you appeared to be in leaving us at all, you will return at the earliest moment, even upon these hard terms, to take in hand

"Your affectionate and forsaken *what?*

"PAUL DUDLEY."

Paul must have been in higher spirits when he wrote that than I had seen him in since Miss Dudley died.

Something still showed through from the other side of the paper. I folded it the other way, and read in the graceful English characters most like Miss Dudley's:—

"DEAR KATHARINE, — You will agree with me that papa is not a man to be pressed, or to consent to be pressed, on any woman's acceptance;

but if you find it in your heart to return and make him happy again, I wish you to know beforehand, that there is at least one besides whose joy at your consent will be only less than his; and that will be

"Your fondly and trustfully attached

"LILY DUDLEY."

Rather proud, but for that none the less characteristic and hearty. On the next page still was, —

"DEAREST KATHARINE, — You used to laugh at me for thinking that I must always have everything just like Lily; but so far, you must own, it has always come to pass; and now, if Lily is to have the mother that she would love best, I know, by that omen, that the mother that I should love best will fall to the share of

"Your clinging sweet-brier,

"ROSE DUDLEY."

What could be more kind? What could be more cruel? What would be the end of it all? The end of it for the night was the best that could be; for, after wearing my restlessness completely out with thinking and fearing and, in spite of my headache, walking up and down the room till I was ready to drop with dizziness, I threw myself upon my bed, and fell into a very heavy sleep.

The sun shone high into my chamber as I awoke and started up with a strong impression on my mind, that Nelly had been there just before, smothering me with kisses, and vainly endeavoring to rouse me to listen to something which she repeated over and over: "O Katy, I have thought so much about you! I wanted so to have a chance to say to you, 'Do be careful how you marry! Of course you can't expect to have all the things together that you might fancy beforehand in your husband. You can't have perfection ever anywhere in this world. But let him be somebody whom you have known, not only long, but well, — some one that you won't

need to be always adapting yourself to, — somebody who is adapted to you already!"

In the excited and bewildered state in which I still was for some minutes, it seemed to me that I had received a message from the world beyond the grave; and I was absorbed in all the shrinking yearning towards, and all the yearning shrinking from, the apparition of my departed friend, which such an idea was adapted to excite. But as I arose and bathed my forehead with cold water, my memory cleared up, and brought back to me the simple fact, that Nelly used those expressions, or nearly those, in our last interview; though I had been at the moment too full of concern for her, and too empty, for life as I supposed, of any concern in matrimony, to pay much attention to them. Presented to me at this time, and in this manner, they gained new weight and power.

Moreover, there were coincidences in them which struck me forcibly. There was no other unmarried man of my acquaintance, except his son, whom I had known half so long *and* well as I had Mr. Dudley. And I never *had* been obliged to adapt myself to him. I had tried, of course, to avail myself of the great advantages which his household afforded me, to improve myself in courtesy and polish; but I had tried no more in his presence than in his absence. When, on what seemed fit occasions, I had uttered any opinions in his company, they had been my own, and uttered without any particular consideration whether they were likely to be his or not. In short, I had acted myself out before him, as before the rest of the world, modestly I trust, but independently; and I had never heard that he was displeased, but sometimes that he was pleased with my words or actions, when I had least thought of their affecting him in any way. He had much of Miss Dudley's close observation and discernment. Whatever I was, he must at any rate have seen what I was; and if he had been contented with that for years, he could

not be likely to call upon me now to change it. Wherefore I thought that, if I had only loved him, no need of self-adaptation on my part would have barred the altar.

Whether he was adapted to me or not was a question which I could not, to be sure, immediately answer in the affirmative; but, on the other hand, neither could I in the negative. The "sober handsomeness" of the old school, — equally removed from show and sordidness, — which he so much affected in house and grounds and equipage and living, seemed to me the very perfection of taste and elegance. If he praised an individual, a book, or a picture, I expected to be pleased when I met with him, her, or it, and was not often disappointed. Nelly had told me that I had a high spirit. I hated anything approaching to the mean-spirited in a man; but, on the other hand, any trait of selfish stubbornness or petty tyranny in him would, I suspected, always rouse my feelings into instinctive mutiny. Mr. Dudley had a strong will; but it was never put forth against others in trifles. There was a sweet, magnanimous royalty about him that was not apt to offer needless opposition, nor to meet with any. He could be stern; but it was in behalf of the weaker and the innocent, not against them. O, if I had but loved him! *If!* — What a happy woman his wife might be!

These reflections brought me to the fastening of my cuffs; the fastening of my cuffs brought me to the head of the stairs; and the stairs brought me down to Julia.

She was washing the breakfast-china, — all but mine. "Katy," exclaimed she, looking up from her dainty little white mop, "nine o'clock! I was frightened about you. I never knew you do so before. I'll forgive you for anything but being sick. Are you?"

"Only of the cares of this world," said I, smiling as cheerfully as I could.

"O, if that is all, we'll take a drive after your breakfast, and drive them away. I think Julep is cutting a tooth.

He must have an airing. You shall hold him, and I the reins, or *vice versa*. The Doctor has left me the new chaise and old horse on purpose."

"I should like it of all things, if you can excuse a dull companion; but I really have a good deal to think about."

"As for that, so have I. Rosanna left half of Julep's frocks out on the line, last night; and they were stolen. Now I must consider whether I had better buy him new ones, or cut over some of Philip's *blouses* for him, and put Phil into jackets, which he is coaxing hard for; so you need not be afraid of my being too chatty."

Julius, *alias* "Julep," was little Philip's year-old sole successor. He was a tranquil and tranquillizing little burden. We drove out, by my own choice, on the road which carried us the most out of the way of Barberry Beach and its inhabitants. That made me miss them still more. I had intended to use the leisure and stillness in studying the terms of my refusal. But in the clear, bright sunshine of midday, the thoughts often gain more clearness and light than by the midnight lamp. Instead of asking myself how I should refuse Mr. Dudley, I presently found myself asking why I should refuse Mr. Dudley; and thus with myself I communed:—

I. Why should I refuse Mr. Dudley?

Myself. Because I do not love him.

I. Then why do I not love him?

Myself. Why,—because the thing never came into my head.

I. Is that any reason why he should not put it in now?

Myself. Perhaps not; but then he is too old.

I. How old?

Myself. That is not known to myself; but he has grown-up children.

I. Don't I like them?

Myself. Yes, and love them almost as well as he does.

I. I cannot expect to have everything I might fancy united in one man. Am I young?

Myself. Not very; twenty-seven.

I. Would it be wrong to love Mr. Dudley?

Myself. No; he is a good and religious man. My best friend did—my best friends would—approve of it.

I. Would it be rash?

Myself. He has shown, in a rare degree, both the power and will to make the happiness of those who love him.

I. He is not miserly?

Myself. As liberal as judicious in expenditure.

I. Nor a spendthrift?

Myself. As moderate in the indulgence of his own tastes as liberal towards those of others.

I. Neither eccentric nor narrow?

Myself. His conduct is remarkable for uniform good taste and good judgment; his opinions are equally so for independence, candor, and charity.

I. His manners are not bad?

Myself. Nothing makes me so proud as, when polished strangers visit his house, to have him come in, and to see the impression his elegance makes upon them.

I. But there is no formality about him?

Myself. He is as simple, unstrained, and spontaneous as he is dignified and refined.

I. Is he, however, from any peculiarity in himself or in me, though pleasing to others, repellent to me?

Myself. Peculiarly otherwise.

I. Are his tastes and mine, in occupations and recreations, mutually distasteful, so that, whenever we joined in any business or pleasure, the enjoyment of one of us must be sacrificed to that of the other?

Myself. *Tout au contraire.*

I. Once more, to cut a long matter short, why don't I love him?

Myself. Why,—because I don't.

I. But why can't I?

Myself. Why,—because I can't.

I. I can't say that I make out much of a case for myself.

Myself. Well, if I must make a clean shrift,—I can hardly bring myself to say it even in my heart,—but the fact

is, that I was once in love with somebody else.

I. Am I in love with anybody else now?

Myself. Indeed I should hope not; but — I don't know.

I. Let me find out then; and if I am not, there is no imaginable reason why I should not try to love Mr. Dudley, and when I love him accept him.

Myself. How can I find out?

I. By going and seeing.

Myself. I will. Cost what it may, this question must be settled.

As soon as I reached home, I wrote a few lines to my old landlady, Mrs. Johnson, requesting her to inform me whether it would be convenient to her to receive me again for a day and night at Greenville. I took the note myself to the post-office, for the afternoon mail; for I dreaded the visit very much, and longed to have it over.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE next day but one I was in the cars, feeling as if I dragged "at each remove a lengthening chain." It never was any great trouble to me to take care of myself or my baggage on a journey; but I could not help thinking how a little conversation *like* Mr. Dudley's would have shortened the long way.

When I reached the end, how horribly natural it all seemed! Mrs. Johnson — with a few more combs and less hairs on her head than formerly, but only a few — bustled out to receive me, just as she did on my former arrival: "Miss Morne! My, I never! Who'd ha' thought! I've sent over for Jim to tea with you for the sake of old times. He's gin up the speritooal meetin' for 't; an' I expect him an' Emmy 'll be right along. You step right into the settin'-room, won't ye? an' take off yer bunnet."

"Thank you; I think I will go to my chamber first, if you please, Mrs. Johnson, and rid myself of a few cinders. I can find my own way, — that

is, if you intend my old room for me."

"Jest the same, — I cal'lated 't would kind o' be more home-like to ye, — jest as ye left it a'most. I 'll fetch ye up a light in half a second."

A thought and a prayer and a glance round the familiar, small, dull room, which I had left in so much emotion! How little, comparatively, I felt now! Was that because I was older? I had little time to answer the question. Voices were below, — a voice that I *rather* remembered.

"Well, aunt, haow 's your health?" (*Did* Jim use to say that?) "Where's Kate?"

"Up stairs, a-slickin' up."

"Haow?"

"Up stairs, a-takin' off her bunnet."

"Well, she's takin' off a lot o' time about it, ain't she? Her supper 'll be spoilt. Emmy, you run up an' help her. Muffins had ought to be ate hot," said the voice that *must be* Jim's, as kindly as ever, but louder than I recollected it.

I hastened down to the twilight "settin'-room," where, the last day that I had seen him, Jim had left me the snowballs and peonies. He was not there. Through the open door I saw him coming, however, from the kitchen, with the buttered toast in one hand and the teapot in the other, in front of his pursuing aunt, and talking so fast and so loud that at first her shrill remonstrances were drowned.

"Jim, look here! That tea ain't drawed yet! — you mind what I say! Give me back that 'ere pot, you sir, to set on the hob! My! What a family man you be!"

"Ain't I?" returned Jim with a grin, no whit disconcerted. "I'm always tellin' Emmy she don't half know her blessin's. Well now, Miss Morne, I want to know!" cried he, sliding the unctuous toast on the white cloth out of one hand, as with the other he caught mine and *pumped* it till the joints cracked like castanets. "If this is n't you! If this is n't natural and pleasant! She's been really growin' young-

er, — has n't she now, Emmy? — while some other folks has been growin' older, or more antiquated. Ahem!"

"Speak for yourself, sir," replied Emma, good-humoredly, making a feint of a box on the ear, which he made a feint of *dodging*. "Why, Katy, you 've lived among the grandees till you 've got to look like one yourself; but you 'll condescend to give me a kiss — won't you? — for the sake of old times. Jim, you better get that toast picked up before aunt comes back."

Jim complied with celerity, and, like "Mr. Tibbs," with prudent adroitness set the plate on the grease-spot he had made, but returned to the charge. "I declare, Katy, if you won't mind an old married man passin' the remark, or the observation, you do look like the flattered pawtrait of yourself! — Now don't she, Emmy?"

"Well, if you *won't* spare my feelings in my presence," retorted Emma, laughing, "I 'll get her to say what *you* look like."

"Like a rather paler man than I remembered him," said I, driven, metaphorically speaking, into a corner; "I am afraid he has been working too hard."

"*I'm* not," said Emma; "there 's no danger of *his* working at all too hard for the father of six hearty children, — except driving his team of hobbies. *I* say he looks like a mushroom, since he 's taken it into his head to go without meat. He 's got as plump and white as a devil's snuff-box."

"Well, now, just hear how she talks, — or converses," remonstrated Jim, "when I can prove — or demonstrate — that the native — or aboriginal — food of the human race — or species — before the Fall — or expulsion from the Garden of Eden — was —"

"Not half as nice as those muffins, I 'll warrant you," interrupted Emma. "Just give Katy one, will you? and aunt and me; and take one yourself, if you want; and hand around the butter; and make yourself useful."

"Well said, Emmy!" remarked Mrs. Johnson. "It 's well there 's one that

can manage him! I never see such a chatterbox in *my* born days. Let y'ur victuals stop y'ur mouth, 's a good rule for table manners; but I never see no hope o' learnin' it to him, sence he was ten year old, an' got beyond cuffin'."

As the evening began, it wore on, — only, on my part, more and more wearily. I was thankful to Emma when she said, I must be tired, and it was time to go home and see after the children, and hurried off her liege-lord expostulating and apologizing. When I could look at my watch, at last, I could hardly believe it was not midnight.

I lay down and passed the night, both waking and sleeping, confused with ideas that I was the little schoolmistress of more than nine years ago; that I could trust to my judgment of mankind with about as much safety as Titania could to hers, under the spell of Puck; and that something, which had been a vision of comely and most engaging manhood, had somehow vanished in a roar of groundless theories, fulminated, not always grammatically, in polysyllables punctuated by a pair of flying thumbs. This was partly because I was tired.

In the morning, I was aroused, as of old, by the song of the orioles in the tree, that pressed its boughs into the room through my open window. "Nay, not again! not again!" they said now. The cherries, that were so small, hard, and green when last I saw them, — or their fac-similes, — were now large and red. I gathered some, as Mrs. Johnson used to promise me I should. They were ripe and sweet. It was early; but I dressed with haste, as if that would hurry the hours away. After breakfast I walked out. The eventful hay-field I passed with utter indifference, except for shame at the unaccountable delusion which had distressed me so the last time that I hastened by it. The only object I beheld with any pleasure in the rural landscape was the railroad station, — not the most picturesque certainly even of

railroad stations. How I wished that I was that day to go home, or to go anywhere where it was not quite so dull! But I had been forced to promise that I would dine with Emma. I hoped that I should not see too much of Jim,—not for fear that I should like him too much, but for fear I should like him too little.

Why should I set down the table-talk at that dinner? Why hold up to ridicule a well-meaning, friendly man, who had shown me kindness, too, when few did so, and when his kindness was of value? A very well-meaning, friendly man he was; and Emma was happy with him; and if I saw now that I never could long have been so, why, he never said that I could. If he talked out of business hours, he worked in them. If his head was full of all sorts of wild *athies* and *isms*, so were her closets and cupboards, as she soon showed me, in spite of her saucy innuendoes, of all sorts of good things for herself and her children. She let him have his say, when it was not too troublesome; he let her have her way. While she was head of her household, it did not signify much whether or not he was preyed upon by an abstract idea that by phrenology, and by phrenology only, the character of a "help" could be ascertained. While he promptly and liberally paid her few doctor's bills, it did no harm for him in the bosom of his family to "prove—or demonstrate—electropahthy infallible, and allopahthy a humbug,—or a—illusion." And he might as well harangue about vegetarianism as anything else, she seemed to think, if it appeased his appetite, while he obediently minced the children's mutton. He had an active, eager, superficial mind, which he had faithfully striven to make the most of, with few and small advantages. If he was self-conceited, it was with a very harmless and good-humored self-conceit. It would have been unfair to compare him with the *crème de la crème* of Barberry Beach.

Notwithstanding, if persons or things

are queer, then queer they are; and what can one do about it? Jim *was* queer; and it was queerer still, that I should have stood so long in such helpless dread of his charms; and the perception of these two queernesses grew upon me more and more, all through that dinner and tea-time and evening, and accumulated in me to that degree that, when at last I took refuge in my chamber again, in spite of mortification,—in spite of regret for the regrets which had come so near saddening so many precious years of my youth gone by,—I dropped into a chair, and shook with laughter, until, to smother it from Mrs. Johnson's ears, I had to hide my face in my pillow.

When I had had my laugh out, however, I was ready to cry. I feared, in good earnest, that I was incapable of any real discernment, any true and steadfast love, and that even the preference which I began to suspect in myself for my lover was little better than a preference for ease, fortune, fashion, and Barberry Beach.

I cast my eyes around my blank chamber for comfort; and they fell on a letter, directed to me at Beverly in Mr. Dudley's handwriting,—at Greenville, in Dr. Physick's.—What had he written so soon again for? To say that he would not have me? Then, perhaps, I might begin to find that I cared only too much about him, as I first found it out about Jim, after I discovered that he could not have me. This was what Mr. Dudley wrote to say:—

"BEVERLY, June 30, 18—.

"MY DEAR FRIEND, — Though I am aware that what I am about to say will make no difference in the decision which I am so anxiously awaiting on your part, I trust that our concerns, as ours, will always possess an interest for you; and I do not wish to leave you to hear of them from any others but ourselves.

"The manufacturing firm of — and —, in whose hands is the bulk of my property, have failed. Their difficulties arise only out of the late crisis.

I am not, thank Heaven! implicated, even indirectly, in any dishonesty. The property of my children's mother was settled upon them, and provides reasonably for them; and when Barberry Beach is sold, I shall be, though never probably again a wealthy man, able to live with credit and comfort.

"In great haste, yours sincerely, and, if you will permit me to say so, devotedly,

"CHARLES DUDLEY.

"MISS MORNE."

At first I wrung my hands, as the letter dropped from them; then I sprang up and clapped them! For then I knew that I loved him! O, how I loved him! I knew it, because his adversity had a charm for me, such as belonged to no other man's prosperity;—because I longed now only to reach him, and share with him all that I had,—the home that my dear mother and I had worked for and won,—my careful savings from his generous wages,—my youthful strength! I knew it also, because, now that I could no longer be dazzled by his outward possessions, I saw clearly how rich and noble and precious he was in himself!

The thought of him sitting down alone in sordid lodgings, or even in tasteless rooms, such as those in which I had spent the day, went to my very heart; but the ideal situation made him look, by contrast with his circumstances, only the grander. Yet I now no longer regretted my humbler origin and homelier nurture, as creating any unfitness in our affiance; for I believed that, trained by them, I could better cope with his difficulties than many a woman more daintily and softly reared. Whether I was in love with him or not,—after my experience, I rather hoped I was not, for that, as poor Nelly had told me, would only make me "love what was lovely in him, and fancy or forget all the rest,"—whether I was *in love* or not, I felt that I was beginning to love him with my heart and taste and judgment all together, "as heartily and devotedly as ever woman loved

man or man loved woman";—and that was all he asked.

And then, as, after worship that was less prayer than thanksgiving, I lay down on that bed, beside which, when it last was mine, I cried, "God help me!" so often and so hopelessly, a veil, as it were, fell from my eyes; and I saw how God had helped me ever since that time, and I read at once the long riddle of my trials! He sent me the appointed grief of my sister's illness at such a period as to hide that of my crossed love from all eyes but His own. In blessing her as only she could be blessed,—in heaven,—He blessed me both for heaven and earth. He made her death-bed a magnet to draw Miss Dudley towards us to help me bear both the open and the secret sorrow, and took the secret sorrow quite away almost as soon as He took her. Even the great woe of her loss He made the means of bringing on the choicest blessing of my life. All this, and much more too,—far too much to recount,—had He wrought out for me; but in the long and weighty chain of these awful mercies, I held this hard and heavy one the first, and by no means the lightest or the smallest link,—that the Lord had *not* granted me the request of my inexperienced heart, and sent leanness into the soul of my maturer years.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE cars rushed off—I suppose—with me early the next morning. To me they seemed to crawl. But what a wondrously happy day it was! The sun, the trees, the wayside cottages, even the heats of midsummer and noontide, were so glorious and glorified! What a secret did I bear with me to make another—and such another, and so unfortunate—so happy! It was my last lonely journey,—how different from any before! In the journey of life, I was henceforth to have a companion; and what a companion had God chosen for me! How could I ever make my life a worthy thank-offering to offer up,

— I to whom so much was given? When should I see *him*? What should I say to him when I saw him? What would he say to me?

No one expected me. No one was waiting for me at the Beverly Station. It would not happen so again. But I was not tired, and my travelling-bag was light. I would walk with it in my hand, and take the churchyard in my way, and listen for some voices from my graves. I had not hitherto taken heart to visit Miss Dudley's tomb; but I knew where it stood, in a little bower of *arbor vitæ* entered by a close walk at each end, in the Dudley corner.

As I entered the bower, I started back, and made the stiff leaves rustle behind me. A gentleman, with his head bowed and his face hidden in his hands, was leaning on the tomb. He started likewise; our eyes and hands met across it; and he exclaimed, "See, she joins our hands in death as she joined them in dying, — as she would have joined them in life, but could not. Katharine, what Death hath joined, only Death shall put asunder!"

I did not say him nay; and I saw, under the fading sunset and the soft new moon, how the new deep lines of sudden age smoothed themselves away from his dear and noble face, and its youth came back again. He seemed, as I did to myself, to have too much to say to say anything more at first; but he came round to my side, took my light burden from my hand, as if even that was more than he would have me bear, and waited while I kissed the tomb, then drew my arm gently within his own, and walked with me away. Only as he reached the gate he spoke, in a low, awe-struck tone, — "I thought I was a desolate and poor man half an hour ago!" And then — I think, on the whole, I would rather not tell what he said or what I said for a little while after that, as we strolled together to and fro in the path beside the graveyard, under the young moon; but he did not ask me again whether I would have him or not, and I never told, till I told it to Bernard at the altar.

When, at length, we grew more composed, "Mr. Dudley," said I, "the text says, 'The Lord gave *and* the Lord hath taken away,' as if the two actions were quite distinct in point of time. But have you never noticed how God gives *when* He takes away, or immediately after, as mothers do to comfort their children when they must deprive them of what they love?"

"I have no doubt of it, dear, to those who are ready to receive what He sends, and as He sends; but you have some particular meaning?"

"O, I have met with instances of it over and over, in my own experience, and now in yours. In taking away your fortune, *by* taking it away, He took away the last barrier between you and me."

"Proud, Miss Katharine?" said he, looking very roguish.

"No, indeed! — nor afraid of what people would say; *that* never came into my head till this moment. But I did not understand my own heart; I was afraid, while you had so much besides yourself to offer, that it might be setting itself, not on you, but *yours*."

There was a singular mixture of fun and feeling in his expression as he replied, "Then I cannot keep you and Barberry Beach both, can I?"

"Why no! Can you?"

"If I cannot, I choose you. But since I wrote to you, Miss Clara Arden has heard of a good tenant for me, who would take good care of house and grounds, and pay a good rent for three years to come; and the children, especially Master Paul, who will be earning something soon, perhaps, now that he sees cause, beg so hard for a reprieve, that I think of granting it, subject of course to your veto."

"How very glad and thankful I should be, if we could ever earn it back again! You warned me not to pity you; but cannot I safely say I felt for you?"

"Yes, if I am not almost receiving sympathy under false pretences. You were questioning just now of the ways of Providence. Have *you* never felt that God, as some foreign surgeons are

said to do, neutralized the effects of one blow by another? The loss of the home that Elizabeth loved so dearly helped to reconcile me to her death, by showing me the suffering that it spared her; and her death helped to reconcile me to the loss of my home, because she could no longer feel it."

"And time and absence will soften all the associations of the place with her from pangs into pleasures, before we go back there, Mr. Dudley. O, why did she never enjoy what we enjoy?"

The haggard look came back upon his face as he answered, "She never suffered what I have suffered, — what one of us must suffer still! — No, such an answer is not for such an hour as this, my Katharine! Let me take it back and only say, that some of God's angels on earth are like His angels in heaven, not only in other things, but in this, that they neither marry nor are given in marriage; and the state that is good enough for the latter must be best for the former; though how it is so, is not for us to know." . . .

"I think I ought not to turn back again. It is growing late, and I am a little tired, Mr. Dudley."

"And must you always call me 'Mr. Dudley'?" pleaded he, as we bent our steps towards the Doctor's.

"Must I not?" returned I, laughing.

"If you would dislike too much to call me Charles. That seems to be the alternative."

"Am I not too young?"

"Indeed I hope not; for then I must be too old. How old am I?"

"That I never happened to hear."

"And never asked?"

"Certainly not."

"Why?"

"I did not think it a piece of information necessary to the discharge of the duties of the confidential secretary. I should not think you much over thirty to-night, if I did not remember what a tall boy Paul was nine years ago."

"Paul is twenty-three; and I am twenty-one years older than Paul. Is that too old?"

"Not if it does not make you uncomfortable, — not if people would not frighten people with their 'declining years.'"

"Ah! only wait until you are forty."

"I shall be only too happy to wait."

Thus merrily we parted; but Mr. Dudley called me back to say, "I may cheer the poor children with the news to-night?"

"Certainly; and, if you will be so good, give my fondest love to them, and say that their dear letters went straight to my heart, and will always stay in it."

"And when may they come and see you?"

"Whenever it suits them. They cannot come too early nor too often."

"Good night, and rest sweetly, dearest love."

"Good night, Mr. —"

"What!"

"Mr. Charles."

"That is rather better. I begin to have hopes of you. Till the last few weeks, I was never in all my life without some one to call me Charles; and it has made me feel like a boy at a strange school."

After that how could I ever demur again to calling him what he pleased when we were alone? And when we were not alone, I rather think "Mr. Dudley" still pleased him best, as it did me.

"Was not that Mr. Dudley's voice at the door?" asked Julia.

"Yes. He walked home with me."

"Could not he come in?"

"I don't believe I asked him. I dare say he will to-morrow."

Julia, like the admirable and exemplary parrot, thereupon "said nothing, but," as she afterwards told me, "did an uncommon deal of thinking."

At ten o'clock the next morning, the fat spotted coach-dog ran by the windows, looking like a huckleberry pudding on all-fours, and the barouche set down Lily, Rose, and Paul. They all seemed, in their different ways, full to overflowing of joy and tenderness, and welcomed me into their family most cordially and delightfully.

The little Princess Rosebud, with her romantic notions, was eager that her father should be married at once, so that I could come home and take a mother's place in superintending her own and her sister's wedding. But I always shrank from such hasty doings. As I said to Mr. Dudley, when he consulted me about our plans, we could be married after we were engaged; but we never could be *engaged* again after we were married. I think he sympathized with my feelings. At any rate, he fell in with my wishes, assured me that I should not be hurried, and was so kind as to add, that he considered me very well worth waiting for. In my secret heart I held that, if there *was* much "self-adapting" to be done by me, I had better — considering the not over-plastic nature of the material I had to work upon — find it out, and at least begin the work beforehand; but, from that time to this, I never could find out that there *was*.

For the rest of the summer, I spent the mornings for the most part with Rose and Lily, and helped them in every way that I could, — in preparing the house to be given up with the furniture, and in working on their *trousseaux*. (Miss Dudley had left legacies in ready money to all of us, so that there was no want of funds.) Their wedding took place about the end of September. It was small, on account of their late bereavement and other circumstances, but from the same causes all the more affecting and impressive; and they never looked so beautiful before, or the bridegrooms so striking and interesting.

They set off on short bridal tours, and Barberry Beach was given up. Mr. Dudley went to the Parsonage, which was to be his home until he should come to mine; and Paul to lodgings in Boston, where he had entered the office of an eminent lawyer.

That *breaking up* once fairly over, that autumn was a blessed season within and without. Mr. Dudley and I walked together, not by the mile, but by the hour, day after day, in the deli-

cious Indian summer of the year and of our loves, becoming better and better acquainted with one another, — becoming, if I may say so without self-flattery, dearer and dearer to one another. He had no long unpaid debts to trouble him. We had no cares, little company but each other's. We told each other much of our separate past histories, and traced together, as if in the very light of God's countenance, the steps by which, unthinking and unknowing as we were, He had led us on from our early trials towards one another.

We all of us naturally wish for unbroken prosperity; and the preachers sometimes preach at us as if we ought to pray for unbroken adversity. But I think that some of the richest and fullest human lives that I have known have had a large share both of sunshine and showers. I never should have known more than half of the beauty of my dear husband's character, at least, if the other half had not been brought out under bereavement and the loss of fortune. They spiritualized him, not into an ascetic, but into almost an angel, whose countenance beamed with the near approach of God, who had laid His hand upon him.

On Miss Dudley's birthday, — the anniversary of my dear bridegroom's first receiving me as a resident at Barberry Beach, — we were married, I need hardly say in Bernard Temple's beautiful little church; but for the satisfaction of my granddaughters, lest my daughters should have forgotten, I will add that I wore the lavender silk which Miss Dudley long ago gave me, and a shawl which she lately left me; so that I seemed to myself as if attired — as she would have wished me to be, I know — by her own loving hands.

Bernard and Rose, by secret arrangement with the gentleman who hired Barberry Beach, had had all the simple furniture of Mr. Dudley's small private study brought to my house; and I had placed it in a room of about the same size, exactly as it stood before. There I installed him the next morning

after the wedding. His lips really trembled with delighted and tender emotion; and, for the first time, then I saw how he had missed his home. I had resumed half of my house. Julia and the Doctor often talked of underletting part of it, but never before could find any lodgers to suit them. They remained my tenants, and we boarded with them.

Many persons have appeared to me to grow, as individuals, poor in the midst of, and by means of, what are called "their means"; because, I suppose, they make of them, not their means, but their end. As happened to Midas, gold takes with them the place of everything else. With it their manhood pines and their souls starve; without it they have nothing and are nothing. In the case of a few others, the metal *strikes in*. Mr. Dudley used it, when he had it, as a means to become rich in body, mind, and heart. He bought with it innocent and elegant enjoyments for his fortunate friends, and for himself, the gratitude and prayers of the unfortunate, health, culture, and a store of beautiful and blessed memories. It left him active, simple, full of resources in himself, easily pleased, and ready to give pleasure.

During the previous autumn it had occurred to me that, if he could only put together such information as in our walks he gave me about pretty natural objects, and anecdotes connected with them, in the style of his racy, picturesque, and witty conversation, they might make up a handbook acceptable to the many persons who were already waking up to an interest in such objects and subjects, but who were without time, or perhaps inclination, to study technical scientific works.

The idea caught his fancy. We spent the mornings of all the rest of the winter following our wedding in carrying it out. Side by side, in the little study, he wrote, and I painted illustrations. As often as the clock struck off an hour of our work-time, we took a short recess and a few turns up and down the room, compared progress, and ex-

changed suggestions. In the spring appeared "Wild-Flowers and Shells of New England, by Charles and Katharine Dudley."

How I started when I saw my own name on the title-page! It was one of my whims—if I had a few—to think that no woman's name looked well in print. I expostulated.

"I never found borrowed plumes becoming," said Mr. Dudley. "Besides, my accomplished love, if you are sure that no lustre can be added to your own illustrious name, you will not grudge casting a little on your sex."

I adapted myself.

The book happened to meet a want which had been felt, but not filled. It ran rapidly through several editions, and paid us well. The times grew better. The firm of ——— and ——— in great measure retrieved themselves. What with one thing and what with another, when the three years for which the place was let were at an end, we found ourselves in circumstances which, in the opinion of all concerned, fully justified our return to Barberry Beach.

I need not say how glad we all were; but I had one peculiar cause for rejoicing. My brother George now needed our mother's home more than I. His adopted father died a bankrupt in the *crash*, and he himself had never thriven. His wife's health was failing. She needed change of air, and he had no means to procure it for her. He wrote me a humble, broken-spirited letter, begging me to forgive and forget, and help him, if I could; and I was thankful to have it in my power to establish them in the apartments we were leaving, do for them what my mother would have wished to do, and make poor Georgiana's last days comfortable.

She was very grateful, grew fond of me, and on her death-bed owned to me, with many tears, how it was that George did not receive mamma's letter. Half in play, she opened mine in his counting-room before he saw it; and then—she was very young, and very much in love, and did not know us—she thought

we might be artful girls, trying to take advantage of poor mamma's situation to work upon her mind and get George's inheritance for ourselves. So she gummed my letter up again and burned my mother's, and made George believe for the time that we must have tried in vain to obtain such a letter from her, and only pretended we had sent one. It was a most shallow trick; and I wonder that he could have been taken in by it. Notwithstanding, it was a relief to have it explained, and to find that my only near relation had been weak rather than — worse. After she died, he became homesick for New York; and I was able, by adding the rent of the house to the little he could earn, to make him easy there.

One other *éclaircissement* took place before our return to Barberry Beach. My father's executor retired from business, and sent me a packet "Relating to the trust-property of Katharine Morne, spinster." From which packet I learned that the two yearly payments he had made me did not come from my father's stocks at all, but from an investment made by the executor of a certain sum received by him, for me, from my then guardian, Philemon Physick. Philemon Physick, being straight-way — in my husband's absence at the Parsonage — put to the question, and straightly dealt with, by both his wife and me, was driven to declare that he did "not suppose, now, there could be much harm in my knowing that the sum specified was a thank-offering from Mr. Dudley at the time of my saving Mrs. Arthur Temple's life, when she came so near dying of diphtheria."

"O Charles!" cried I, the next time he came in, after telling him of my discovery, "how could you withhold from me all these years the pleasure of thanking you?"

"You think Miss Morne *would* have thanked me, do you, Katharine Dudley?" said he, with a look of so much intelligence that I was compelled to smile, self-convicted, and to shake my head half at myself, half at him. "Well, whether she would have or not, I could

not help it. Grateful or ungrateful, how could I, after what you did, leave you liable to be thrown on the world at any moment, to struggle for a living with nothing but your own little empty hands? The *ruse* served me a good turn for the time; and when the time was past, I saw no need of bringing the matter up again."

In almost unmingled happiness we returned to the home which we left with so many mingled emotions; and there I have spent with him ten years of such peace and prosperity as fall to the lot of few under heaven, lulled to sleep, night after night, by the solemn voice of many waters like the deep breathing of eternity, and waking day after day to see the pure new sun arising from the baptism of the ocean, and summoning me to strive after an unworldliness and activity like his own.

Lily's cottage was ready for her before we returned to our own. She passes as much time there as her husband can spend with her; but he is now in Congress; and, as they are inseparable, she is obliged to be a great deal at Washington, where I am not surprised to hear that she is greatly and equally admired and respected. As we all, however, dread the influences of the place for her children, they are always left, when Congress is in session, with us or at the Parsonage. She has three, — Arthur, Rose, and Charles; and Rose, four, — Bernard, Lily, Paul, and Kate. They are all, as their parents' children might be expected to be, more or less pretty, clever, and good, and help to keep us young and merry. The twins make model mothers, but not of the kind who can spare no thought or feeling for the offspring of any other women. Rose is the Lady Bountiful of the parish and the town; and Lily, of one of the best of the national Soldiers' Hospitals.

The government seems to re-echo the words, — almost the last words of Miss Dudley, — "I can trust Paul!" Colonel Paul Dudley's regiment of volunteer cavalry is constantly called upon

when daring and difficult service is to be done, and has been thrice thanked in general orders. He did not tell us; but a brother-in-arms of his told Arthur that a brigadier-general's commission had been offered to Paul, but that he answered, "I understand my own business pretty well by this time, I flatter myself, but I don't pretend to that of my superiors; and I'd rather lead a regiment 'where glory waits them,' than a brigade to grief." The speech sounds like Paul, though not much like Young America in general; and I suppose he made it. It does not follow, notwithstanding, that he must always go on making it, especially as he is understood to be, in the intervals of other duty, an uncommonly close student of the art of war.

Mr. Dudley is much what he was thirteen years ago, only to me dearer. I have never yet succeeded, however, in ascertaining whether I am in love with him or not. On one side of the question is the fact, that the view I take of him is singularly lasting for an illusion; but on the other side, the other fact, that, if I have not combined in him everything that I "could fancy in a husband," I must either "fancy or foresee or forget" it. Even his seniority, which we used to regret, has become in one way a source of comfort to us now, because, if my constitution should break up somewhat early, of which, as my guardian has lately acknowledged to me, there are some indications, my dear husband and I are likely to be not so long parted as we might be if he were a younger man. I have expressed to him my earnest wish that, if that parting should come, he would seek some other to restore the domestic happiness without which there can scarcely be happiness to one of his affectionate nature; and I here record my blessing on any woman who may accept and discharge so dear a trust. But he says, and I fear, that he has become too *used* to me to accustom himself to another, and that no other on earth could ever now take the place to him of his Katharine.

I conclude with the mention of a gift and a coincidence, both of which have given me a great deal of pleasure. Mr. Dudley knows my fondness for old English poetry. The evening before my last birthday, he returned from a trip to Boston just before tea. When I went to bed, there was, as formerly, the brown packet under the hat on the table in the hall. The next morning, I was not much surprised to find on my tea-poy a beautiful little volume, bound in antique stamped leather with brazen clasps. But I was equally surprised and delighted, when I opened it, to read in full, printed in black-letter on the very first of its illuminated pages, that long ago half-said oracle of the churchyard.

THE CONDITIONS.

Sad souls, that harbor fears and woes
In many a haunted breast,
Haste but to meet your lowly Lord,
And he will give you rest.

Into his commonwealth alike
Are ills and blessings thrown.
Bear ye your neighbors' loads; and lo!
Their ease shall be your own.

Yield only up his price, your heart,
Into God's loving hold;
He turns with heavenly alchemy
Your lead of life to gold.

Some needful pangs endure in peace,
Nor yet for freedom pant.
He cuts the bane you cleave to off,
Then gives the boon you want.

O that to all sorrowful souls this prophecy might be fulfilled, as surely as to all faithful souls it will be, in this world or in a better, in one or in another way, in time or in eternity. Amen!

POSTFACE.

Stolen from private memorandum-book, and printed without leave.

ON the afternoon of the day that the last proof-sheets of my two-million-edition novel went to the press, I sat in my desolate *sanctum*, weeping like a new Alexander for new worlds to conquer, when I heard Bridget, my faithful and spirited maid-of-all-work, — faithful towards me and spirited towards all men,

—assaulting a penny-postman, who could not content himself with the customary cent she offered out of the box of such coins, which, like all wise householders, I kept for him behind my front door.

Interposing in behalf of the victim of circumstances, and wellnigh of Biddy I received for my reward a thick packet, directed to me in a handsome, gentlemanly hand, — grown less firm, though, as it struck me, since I had last seen it, — the hand of my father's friend by desert, and mine at least by inheritance, the distinguished naturalist, Charles Dudley, A. A. S., &c., &c., &c. On my untying the envelope, out fell a letter, of which the following is a copy : —

“BEVERLY, December 30th, 185—.

“DEAR EDWARD, — My daughters, while arranging the papers of my dear wife, found the accompanying manuscript directed to their care. They think that, if published, it might do something to cheer and encourage some young readers through some of the trials incident to youth, and especially to girlhood.

“Of this it is impossible that they should be impartial judges ; but if you agree with them in the opinion that, by this means, some echo may yet speak to others from the tomb of one whose life was so eloquent of hope and joy to me and mine, I must not suffer the jealousy of grief to withhold my consent.

“If you incline to prepare her little story for the press, I know, moreover, how implicitly I may rely both on your delicacy and your experience in such matters, to disguise or suppress everything in it which might in any way expose or wound the living.

“As sincerely as briefly yours,

“CHARLES DUDLEY.

“MR. FOXTON.”

I doubt whether I could be impartial myself ; for I knew, though not intimately, the late Mrs. Dudley. More than once I had had the good fortune to be a guest at her table, and to feel myself sweetening to the core, like a St.

Michael's pear in September, under her sunny autumn looks ; while cordiality and hospitality shone on all around her out of her beautiful face. It was — though not unanimously called so, and though not eminently so in outline — a very beautiful face to me, not only in its coloring, but in its rare combination of the two expressions of joy and sensibility. You saw in it that she could suffer, — perhaps had suffered, — but did enjoy most generously and gratefully. And how she could sing ! and how she would laugh !

At any rate, I undertook the task *con amore* ; but when my revision was submitted to her family, Colonel Dudley happened to be at home upon a furlough, for the cure of a sabre-cut. Upon reading the manuscript, he complained that, owing to his “second mother's characteristic modesty and reserve, her autobiography was too much like the play of Hamlet, with the part of Hamlet omitted by particular request.”

The Mrs. Temples were, on second thoughts, obliged to own that this criticism was just. They were able, they said, from their own recollection of her many charms of mind and manner, to fill out into a beautiful whole for themselves the slight outline she gave of her own part in her own story ; but they feared that it might convey only a wholly inadequate idea to strangers.

To remedy this defect in such small degree as it was capable of a remedy, they drew to the utmost on their own and their brother's memory for details of her life and conversation with them, and of praises from time to time bestowed upon her. They applied also to her guardian and his wife, and to the venerable Mr. Wardour, to whom, after his niece's death, Mrs. Dudley became almost as a daughter. He at once, to their equal surprise and delight, placed at their disposal a manuscript which he had received from Mrs. Blight on her death-bed, as the most precious legacy which was hers to leave. It was written, as the dates in it showed, before her marriage, and was entitled,

"The best things that my best friend said to me."

From the spoken and written memoranda thus obtained, I made copious extracts, and interwove them into the original text with as much real and as little apparent art as I was master of, in order that, as my tailor would say, "the piecing" should "not show." Therefore the fault lies with the editor, and not with the author, if any appearance of vanity and egotism has been discovered in the narrative.

That narrative lies already before the world. It remains to me only to preserve here, for my own benefit, the following few lines which were written as its Preface, but which I have been forced to withhold, lest they should reveal the end of the story at the beginning:—

"My fortieth birthday! I should never have suspected it, if the dear little grandchildren had not come in the morning with their gifts to tell me that, if I would send the barouche to the Parsonage for Rose, she would come with Lily to keep the solemn anniversary with us! How old I ought to feel, and do not! What a miserable life I thought I was to have, and did not!

"Would it do the Rose and Lily buds any good to hear about that, when their time comes? I never could *tell* anybody—but one—about it. But could not I write about it?—I never can know till I try,—and leave it for them to read when all 'grandmamma's' other stories are told, and a gravestone stands up for her *Finis*."

SORROW.

UPON my lips she laid her touch divine,
And merry speech and careless laughter died;
She fixed her melancholy eyes on mine,
And would not be denied.

I saw the West-wind loose his cloudlets white,
In flocks, careering through the April sky;
I could not sing, though joy was at its height,
For she stood silent by.

I watched the lovely evening fade away,—
A mist was lightly drawn across the stars.
She broke my quiet dream,—I heard her say,
"Behold your prison-bars!

"Earth's gladness shall not satisfy your soul,—
This beauty of the world in which you live;
The crowning grace that sanctifies the whole,
That I alone can give."

I heard, and shrank away from her afraid;
But still she held me, and would still abide.
Youth's bounding pulses slackened and obeyed,
With slowly ebbing tide.

"Look thou beyond the evening sky," she said,
 "Beyond the changing splendors of the day.
 Accept the pain, the weariness, the dread,
 Accept, and bid me stay!"

I turned and clasped her close, with sudden strength,
 And slowly, sweetly, I became aware
 Within my arms God's angel stood, at length,
 White-robed and calm and fair.

And now I look beyond the evening star,
 Beyond the changing splendors of the day,
 Knowing the pain He sends more precious far,
 More beautiful, than they.

THE PLAINTIFF NONSUITED.

THIS was the tenth and last day of a criminal case which I was reporting. There had been a comfortable crowd each morning, — one just overflowing the benches, and rippling about the doorway; but this closing scene had drawn and packed two crowds into one, — a dense mass, anxious and silent, waiting for the jury to bring in their verdict. It was very uncomfortable, even to those inside the bar.

"We shall have to stay here ten hours yet," said one of the lawyers. "Suppose we adjourn to the judge's room, with the reporters, and have some refreshments and a story." So we all rose, much to the surprise of the spectators, whose anxious eyes followed us, and walked out of the stifling atmosphere into the library, where we made ourselves comfortable in the spacious chairs and sofas.

"I call on the counsel who closed for the defence," said the first speaker, "for a story."

Thus appealed to, the gentleman, an intellectual, keen-eyed man, with a kindly expression on his thoughtful face, dallied with a pencil on the table a moment and said, smiling: "Gentlemen, how can you hope for or expect a

good story from me, when you know I am neither a woman nor a free-thinker? However, my wife is a woman, fortunately, and I will admit, in strict professional confidence, that she is pretty free in expressing her thoughts on all subjects; so perhaps you may see fit to waive these primary objections, and listen to me." Here he looked at my pencil racing over the paper, and hesitated a moment; then sighed, like one submitting to inevitable destiny, and launched out as follows: —

"It is unnecessary, perhaps, for me to tell any of my legal brothers here, that the summer in Nassau Street is hot; but I may be allowed to say, in passing, that it was very hot in my office in Nassau Street on one particular August afternoon, a dozen years since. In fact, I was sitting very unprofessionally in my shirt-sleeves, when Mr. Lockshaw — firm of Phillips and Lockshaw — came into the office, rather red, and much excited.

" 'Mr. Riley,' said he, 'you must go to Wisconsin to-night.'

" 'To-night! Do you think I am a carrier-pigeon, Mr. Lockshaw? It will take thirty hours at least, with the best possible appliances of our fleet friend the steam-horse.'

"‘We have,’ he continued, not heeding my remarks, ‘fifteen thousand dollars due us there from Wells & Co., and we learn from private advices that they are going to sell out, and run away to California. Now what can we do, except attach their property?’

"‘Nothing,’ I replied, ‘and you will be very fortunate if you do that before they assign.’

"His finger trembled at this suggestion, as he moved it slowly over the map; and, stopping suddenly, he said: ‘Here it is, on the Fox River, about a day’s drive back from Lake Michigan. There is no town marked on the map, but you can’t miss it. We will give you a thousand dollars extra, beside your expenses and regular fee.’

"‘Well, Mr. Lockshaw, I suppose there is no use in refusing, so get your notes ready, and I’ll leave on the next train.’

"He had not been gone ten minutes when up came Mr. Wolfe, an old friend and client; and, what was much more important to me, the father of Fanny Wolfe, who, according to a mutual agreement, was to become Mrs. Riley two months from that date.

"‘Well, Riley, I’m glad to find you in,’ said he, with something of the patronizing air of a prospective father-in-law, ‘you must go to Wisconsin for me.’

"‘Wisconsin! What is the matter there, sir?’

"‘A good deal,’ said he; ‘fifteen thousand dollars at least, and hanging by a single thread, too.’

"‘Fifteen thousand dollars! Why, you surprise me; though I know there is a great deal of money hanging by single threads all over the country. What shape is it in?’ said I. ‘Who owes it to you?’

"‘Wells & Co.,’ he replied. ‘Why, what’s the matter, Riley? Are they friends of yours?’

"You will excuse me, gentlemen, for having been so unprofessional, on this occasion, as to allow my face to betray my feelings,” said Riley to us, “but I recovered immediately, and replied to

Wolfe that they were not my friends, and asked him where Wells’ & Co. lived.

"‘About a day’s drive back from Lake Michigan, on the Fox River,’ said he, ‘and you must attach their goods. They have a large stock I’m told, — some forty thousand dollars’ worth.’

"‘I am very sorry, Mr. Wolfe, that it so happens,’ said I, greatly perplexed at the unpleasant position I was in, ‘but I cannot go for you.’

"‘You must,’ said he, positively; ‘I depend on it. You are not going somewhere else, are you?’

"‘No, not exactly,’ said I, anxiously, for he was not a man to be trifled with, and I felt uneasy when I thought of Fanny. ‘But I’m going to be busy, — very busy, — in fact entirely absorbed in a case for another client.’

"‘Who is it?’ said he. ‘You must put him off. This is too important, and must be attended to. I will give you twenty-five hundred dollars and your expenses, if you’ll go.’

"‘But I cannot attend to it, I assure you, unless my other clients release me. I will send them a note, and they can decide while I am getting ready to go.’

"So I wrote a note to Phillips and Lockshaw, stating the case, and urging them to unite with Mr. Wolfe, and let me collect on account of both claims, as Mr. Wolfe said he understood there was forty thousand dollars’ worth of goods in Wells & Co.’s store.

"When I had finished writing, the errand-boy was gone. Here was a dilemma, for I had no time to see my clients in person, and Mr. Wolfe was pacing the room much excited. He had long been my client, and I had made a thousand dollars from his business where I had a hundred dollars from Phillips and Lockshaw; besides, I was to be one of his family in two months; but I had been retained by the other parties, and professional honor, of course, demanded my utmost exertions in their behalf, against all opponents whatsoever.

"‘Well,’ said he, turning sharp on his heel, seeing me holding the note by one corner, ‘how is it?’

"Why, my boy is gone, and I cannot get this delivered, nor have I time to see them, for I must go off on the next train, and need all my time to get ready in. You must employ some other lawyer this time."

"Here," said he, "I'll deliver the note."

"No, sir," said I, fearful of an interview between him and Lockshaw; "I would n't think of allowing you to do that."

"Yes," he insisted; "pass it over, and I'll deliver it. I'm good at skipping these streets. I have done it ever since I was big enough to dodge an omnibus. Let me have it, quick!"

"I hesitated a moment, then handed him the note."

"Phillips and Lockshaw!" said he, his gray eyes snapping, and he scowled a little. "Well, I'll probably be here when you get back."

"I returned very soon, but he was not there. Phillips and Lockshaw were both there, and very red in the face, too, for a wholesale firm. They resembled a pair of rose peonies, freshly plucked; only peonies are fragrant, and do not sweat, and my clients did sweat profusely."

"Did Mr. Wolfe bring you a note from me?" I inquired.

"Yes," replied my clients, both in the same breath.

"What was your answer?"

"Well, you see, he asked me," said Lockshaw, "before I saw the note, if we could let you off from our engagement, whatever it was, for a few days. I told him that we could n't possibly release you, because we wanted you to go to Wisconsin and attach some goods. The minute I said that, he threw down the note and went out of our office almost on a run."

"You have defeated yourselves!" said I, to the great terror of the wholesale firm. "He will get ahead of us, sure."

"But you must run!" said Mr. Lockshaw.

"You must n't sleep nor eat day nor night!" said Phillips, in his excite-

ment, anxious to contribute his utmost to assist me.

"Gentlemen," said I, "you had better see Mr. Wolfe, and agree to have me collect for all of you. In the mean time, I will get on the train, and you can come there to report."

"I had been aboard about ten minutes, when, just as the cars were moving off, my clients came running up, and being unable to explain in words, they did so by signs; Mr. Phillips shaking his head, which I interpreted to mean that I was to neither eat nor sleep, and that he had not agreed with Wolfe. Mr. Lockshaw, at the same time, was nodding vigorously, and moved me on with his hands; which I took to mean that he approved of me, indorsed my course, wished to convey the company's blessings, and desired me, without fail, to outstrip Wolfe's man, and circumvent all their enemies."

"A bothering pair," said I to myself,—"a couple of skrimpy patterns, cut out of poor cloth. Both of their bodies and brains are not worth the little finger of old Wolfe,—the hot-head!"

"I felt unpleasant and dissatisfied; because, if I succeeded in Phillips and Lockshaw's case, I would most likely fail in my own suit with Wolfe's daughter, for he was a man of strong passion, and Fanny had plenty of her father's spirit."

"What added to my anxiety was the fact that Mr. Wolfe had met with some Western losses, and did not feel very amiable. He had always relied on me in difficult cases, and I felt now as if my position would not be fully understood,—that he could not, or would not, look on professional honor as I did."

"But the cars soon shook these thoughts out of me, as we banged along through dust and dirt all night and next day; and the next night we came into the range of the cool lake winds, and so on to Chicago,—hungry, flaccid, and sleepy."

"I had looked through the train for Mr. Wolfe's lawyer, but failed to find

any one I knew, and concluded that I was ahead, thus far at least; so I registered my name in full, and went to bed.

"‘My friend,’ said I, speaking to the clerk in a style somewhat prevalent thereabout, as I came down rather late next morning, — ‘my friend, why didn’t you call me as I ordered? I wanted to take the Lake Shore train for Wisconsin.’

"‘You changed your order, sir,’ said the clerk. ‘You told us you did not want to go.’

"‘No, sir,’ said I, ‘begging your pardon, I did not change my order.’

"‘It is so marked here,’ he replied, showing me the slate, ‘Order changed, — need n’t call, — stays to-morrow.’

"‘You have made an entry against the wrong name,’ said I.

"‘This is not the gentleman,’ said another clerk, coming up. ‘The gentleman who changed Mr. Riley’s order paid his bill, and has taken the Lake Shore train. Here is his name, — C. Wakefield, New York.’

"Wakefield and I had never met, though he knew Fanny. He was undoubtedly Wolfe’s lawyer, and had got ahead of me. ‘Give me my bill, quicker than lightning,’ said I.

"‘But don’t you want your breakfast?’ replied the clerk; ‘the train has gone.’

"‘No, I want my bill; that’s all I want in this house.’

"‘It was a mistake, sir, that no one could help,’ said he, writing.

"‘I understand what it was,’ said I, ‘but I’ll try to help it, if you will give me my bill,’ — and, throwing down the money, I seized my valise and started.

"‘Here, take me to the Lake Shore train on a dead run, and don’t stop for anything,’ said I to a coachman at the foot of the stairs. ‘Ten dollars if you make the train,’ I shouted through the front window of the coach after I got in. He did not hear, and I punched him. He came to a dead stop of course. ‘Ten dollars if you reach the train,’ I repeated. It is wonderful, now I think of it coolly, what a difference *that* made.

He had been figuring it up, and concluded that by missing the train he would get a fare back; but now, by reaching it, he would get five fares in one. It seemed as if the coach and the horses heard my offer, and instantly put forth individual exertions, somewhat in harmony with the driver, to earn the money; for I commenced rocking, dancing, and jumping about, like an acrobat trying to dive through both doors and the front window at one leap.

"I think the people in the streets must have had a vague idea that the coach contained a pair of boots wrestling with a hat, — the boots being, most of the time, on top. People at crossings dodged out of the way in angry amazement, and the very dogs ran into the gutters, looking back over their shoulders, wondering what ailed the coach.

"‘Hold on, driver!’ said I, punching him again. ‘I don’t want a funeral in our family just yet.’

"‘All right,’ said he, whipping his horses, thinking I was urging him on.

"‘Hold on! hold on! You fool!’ I shouted, pulling his coat-tails through the window and tugging at them. ‘You’ll kill me.’

"‘Yes,’ he yelled, ‘I’ll kill ’em or make it!’ and, jumping to his feet, he lashed his horses to the highest pitch, and brought me alongside the moving train.

"‘Now then!’ he cried, tearing open the door; and, jumping out, I clambered on the platform, and threw down a twenty-dollar bill, which he picked up, tipping his hat in acknowledgment.

"‘Well, Mr. C. Wakefield, what do you think of this?’ said I, soliloquizing as I cuddled down in my seat. ‘If I do not beat you, then my name is not Riley, and there are no snakes in Texas.’

"I had hoped, until now, that Wells & Co. would pay up and save trouble, or that some sort of a compromise would be made between the New York claimants; but it was idle to hope any longer. I must be prepared to meet

and overcome all sorts of schemes and games ; and, as the first discreditable trick to detain me in Chicago, by changing my order so that I should miss the train, had failed of its object, and exposed Mr. C. Wakefield's presence and designs, I must expect to meet almost any obstacle that could be placed in my way for a less sum than fifteen thousand dollars.

"That was the prize for which we now both struggled, and half an hour's delay might defeat me ; so I called up the conductor, and questioned him particularly about the place where we were to stop. I found out where to go for a good dinner, the best livery team, and the sharpest lawyer.

"I walked back to the hind platform of the last car, and slipped off with my valise before the train had fairly stopped. I went directly to a comfortable little public house, frequented by farmers, principally, and, ordering dinner, I immediately consulted Mr. Benway, the best lawyer to be found, paying him one hundred dollars down, with assurances of more. In two hours the papers were drawn ; dinner was over, and we were riding across the prairie toward Wells & Co.'s store. I had fairly distanced Wakefield, and felt good. Added to this emotion of triumph was an indescribable sense of freedom from restraint, and an exhilarating feeling of roominess, in the wide, grassy, echoless plain ; and there was a tonic, too, in the winds that blew out of the boundless horizon.

"Mr. Benway, I believe I should like to live in that lonely farm-house all my days," said I. "Do you ever get homesick here ?"

"No," said he, "I never have regular nostalgia, — which, I take it, is an excessive inflammation of the memory ; but I sometimes feel an almost insatiable longing for pine-trees, and crows, and mountains ; and when it gets too strong for me, I come out here with my bird-dog, and shoot prairie-chickens, singing and shouting to scare off the blues. You can't imagine, unless you've tried it, how much good it does

a man to sing old hymns, and boyhood songs, for instance ; and yell fire, if so disposed, till his throat is sore, without fear of policemen. It keeps alive the spirit of liberty and love of nature in a man's heart."

We both laughed, and, breaking into Old Hundred, sung at the top of our voices, filling at least half a mile of space with noise not entirely unmelodious. I was at my highest pitch, with my mouth wide open, when I saw a man standing on a knoll, some distance to the right, shouting and beckoning us that way.

"It is the sheriff," said Benway, as we drew near, "and he has got something over in the slough, — a deer or a horse-thief, I'll bet, for he is death on both."

"We rode up on the rise of ground, and, looking over into the slough, saw two horses mired, and on the other side was a man covered with mud, and limping off through the grass, evidently quite lame.

"What's the matter ?" said Benway.

"That's a counterfeiter," replied the sheriff. "I was chasing him, and we both rode down in there, pellmell, and got mired, — blast his picture."

"The counterfeiter's horse had struggled out to our side, and was shaking himself.

"Here," said the sheriff, taking the horse by the bridle, and pulling a pistol from the saddle-pocket, "you go around, Benway, and head him off. No, you need n't, though, for I understand his dodges, and can do better. You two stay here" ; — and, mounting the counterfeiter's horse, he rode around the end of the slough, a hundred rods off, and came up in front of the man, who turned back towards us again.

"Now, see here," said the fellow, cocking a large revolver, "you'd better keep off."

"No, I guess not," said the sheriff, "I think I'd better keep on. I've been hunting you too long. I've grown fond of you, and fairly hanker after your fascinating face. I could n't

think of giving up my game just as it is ready to bag, you know.'

"'But *you* may go into the bag, that's all,' said the man. 'I'll shoot, if you don't keep off.'

"'No, now,' replied the sheriff, riding up nearer; 'you would n't do that before witnesses.'

"The fellow looked over at us; and a sullen face it was too, his coarse, black eyebrows covering a third of his forehead, and growing clear across the top of his nose; then he turned suddenly to the sheriff and fired. The horse jumped as if he had been shot at before, and, wheeling about, threw his rider on the ground, and the counterfeiter started on a run again.

"'So that's your game, is it?' said the sheriff. 'I only want to know what your game is, so as to play according to rule';—and, drawing his pistol, he snapped it at the fellow, but it missed fire. Throwing it down, he dashed after the man, and, coming up to him as he struggled through the tall tangled grass, near the slough, he seized him by his arms behind, and threw him down. We had started on a run too, and, coming up, we tied his arms with a handkerchief.

"In the grass close by, Benway and I found two fifteen-thousand-dollar packages of counterfeit bills, which we claimed as our share of prize money. In the fellow's saddle-pockets the sheriff found plates, engraving tools, and dies.

"'You are a captain, I guess,' said the sheriff. 'Hold out your hands here, and let me put on these bracelets. There you are now,' continued he, standing back to admire him, as if he had been a statue of the Greek Slave, —'there you are now, all ready for court, with your regular uniform on, and the jury won't disagree a minute when they come to see your face, I *think*.'

"'Won't they, though?' said the man between his teeth. 'Well, I'll agree to pay you for this, and give good interest too, some time!'

"'Of course,' retorted the sheriff,

'that's what all you fellows promise me when I first catch you. You are fellows of great promise, — but I take it out as I go. I'm for prompt pay, you know.'

"'Well now, Benway,' said he, turning to us, 'what have you got to drink, and where are you going?'

"Having satisfied the sheriff on the first point, Benway said, 'We are going out to attach Wells & Co.'s goods, and you must go with us.'

"'Their store is closed,' replied the sheriff; 'I just came through there.'

"'Then we must break down the door,' said Benway.

"'But can you give bonds?' he inquired.

"'Yes, I represent the house of Phillips and Lockshaw, good for a hundred thousand dollars, and I have one thousand here in my pocket, just to make things go easy.'

"'All right,' said the sheriff, briskly, —'down goes their door. Now one of you take our handsome friend into the buggy, while the other rides his nag.' So I mounted the horse; the sheriff caught and mounted his; and falling into line, with the buggy ahead, we moved on again.

"What we had most to fear now was that Wells & Co. would make an assignment, and leave us to fight it out with a mob of claimants, and get little or nothing at last. So we hurried along; but it soon came on dark, then darker, and finally black; and we lost our way.

"'I believe we are going round and round,' said the sheriff.

"'No, I think we must be all right,' said Benway, 'for the mud has come on the left side of my face ever since dark.'

"'See here, my friend, you are a night-bird,' said the sheriff to the counterfeiter. 'Can't you do something handsome, and smell your way out of this scrape?'

"'Yes,' said he, 'if you'll let me get on my horse, he and I can take you to the Fox Crossing on a bee-line.'

"'You are a very intellectual young

man, considering your occupation,' said the sheriff, 'and your kind intentions do you honor; but I guess we'll take the will for the deed, and find our own way out.'

"What are you doing now?" inquired Benway of the sheriff, who was dismounted, and down in the grass.

"Spreading a newspaper," he replied. 'I want to see if we shall come to it again, for I believe we are playing circus here';—and about a hundred yards farther on he spread out the other half of the paper.

"We went on again, through the endless, everlasting grass, and in about an hour came to the paper,—the horses snorting and turning one side to avoid it; and then we came to the other piece.

"This won't do," said the sheriff. 'We have beat down a road, and the horses have followed it round and round. Let us camp';—and, spreading his horse-blanket, we sat down on it near the buggy.

"Not quite so noisy as New York," said he, after a long silence, 'but it's better. I've tried 'em both, and just for a place to live in, now, I would n't give this prairie for the whole island, from Spuyten Duyvil down.'

"Then we sat there a long time, silently watching the sky; and presently, where the clouds grew thin and vapory, the moon came slowly out, shining full in our faces.

"Good morning, good morning!" said the sheriff, kissing his hand to her, as he rose to his feet. 'Now let's face about,' he continued, 'and keep the good old girl straight behind us, and we shall go all right.'

"We had gone but a short distance when he said: 'I hear horses behind, and I guess they are counterfeiters, come to rescue the prisoner. If they are part of your gang,' said he to the counterfeiter, 'and attempt to rescue you, I give you fair notice that the father of your children may get hurt unless you keep quiet.' The man did not speak, but I heard the chain on his handcuffs rattle a little.

"Who is that?" asked one of the horsemen, riding up behind.

"Some travellers," replied the sheriff.

"You are out rather late. Have you met the sheriff?" asked the horseman.

"Ah, ha!" said that official, in a low voice, drawing his pistol, and cocking it; 'I've a devilish good mind to pepper the scoundrels. Are you loaded, Benway?'

"No, I have no pistol," he replied, in a low tone.

"I'm sorry, because we could n't very well hit amiss among them fellows," said the sheriff, 'for they are a desperate gang. I believe it would save the county several thousand dollars' expense of grand and petit jurors, and board in jail, if I could only make a centre shot, now.'

"I say, have you seen the sheriff?" said the horseman again, riding still nearer, but keeping within easy reach of his companions.

"See here!" said the sheriff, reining his horse suddenly around in the path before them. 'I'm the sheriff of this county, myself; and I weigh a hundred and eighty pounds, when I'm light! I've got one of your gang in irons,—the Great Mugwump himself, I reckon,—strongly guarded by men armed to the teeth; so you just ride up here and surrender, or we'll blow you through, and kill old Mug too. Ride up here now, or we'll fire.'

"Instead of obeying this sanguinary order, one of the party sang out, 'Ho-ho-hold on now, she-sheriff! don't sho-o-shoot your friends!'

"Bah!" said the sheriff, lowering his pistol and turning about disgusted, 'it's Old Royce. I wonder what's up now.'

"Who is it?" said I to Benway.

"It is Roswell Lewis, a lawyer," he replied. 'We call him Old Royce. He's out on that attachment suit against Wells & Co., and your friend Wakefield is with him, probably. Here, sheriff,' said Benway, 'ride back and give him this bottle: that will unlock his brains if anything can.'

"That's pretty good," said Old

Royce, 'and tastes like imported. My friend Wakefield here never takes anything; so I guess I'll drink for him. I've always had to do double duty in the world. By the way,' he continued, 'I must tell you a good dodge that my friend here came on a pigwidgeon lawyer down in Chicago. This lawyer was trying to get ahead of my friend here, and had left orders to be called for the morning train, but what does my friend here do but go and have the order changed,—do you see?—and so the little pigwidgeon is left behind. It's just such little touches of genius as that, sheriff, that redeems human nature, and makes us more than brutes. He'll make fifteen thousand dollars by it. Hallo, what's your hurry, sheriff? I can't keep up if you're going to *trots*, you know. This horse was made on purpose for a circus, I guess. He'd do all the square jumping up and down to music, but he ain't worth shucks to go ahead. He's a humpy horse, and I believe my brains would all be shaken into my boots if I rode him another day';—and he grumbled away in the same strain till we got out of hearing, and afterward, I presume.

"In two hours more we reached the Fox, and forded it, and found a sleepy ostler in the hotel; but on looking in the buggy for my valise, I found it was gone, and it contained all my papers. We had probably left it by the slough. Here was a bad fix; for when it came daylight, Wakefield would attach, of course.

"'What shall we do, Benway?' said I. 'Can't you invent some plausible story to detain them?'

"'It looks to me,' he replied, 'as if we were to be defeated at last. I'll send some men to look for the valise, and we'll see what can be done after that; but I know old Royce well, and when his head is clear again he'll be sharp enough—to use his own phrase—to shave hogs with a feather.'

"I felt desperate now, for I had come to look on the matter as fairly under my control, and had already set Wakefield down as defeated; but here the

tables were to be turned with a vengeance, and my enemy was to triumph.

"'Benway,' said I, when he came back, 'I have got them, I guess. You say that Wells boards in this house and that you are intimate with him. Go to him with this fifteen thousand dollars in counterfeit money, and tell him that Old Royce is going to attach his goods. Then give him the money, with instructions to be counting it over in his room, while you tell Royce that now is his time to attach, because Wells has sold out and is counting his money up stairs. Tell Wells that, if he plays his part properly, he will settle the Wolfe claim very soon.'

"Benway hesitated a moment, then said, 'Well, under the circumstances I guess I will, for we are dealing with unscrupulous fellows.' So when breakfast was over I saw Benway talking with Wells, and soon after with Royce, who immediately went to the deputy-sheriff.

"'Now then,' said Royce to this official, after getting him out in the horse-shed, with Wakefield, 'what we want is *grit*. We must break down the door and grab all the money we see; and mind you, if he puts it in his pocket we must pull it out of his pocket, that's all. Business is business, and this is *big* business, and you must be gritty. There are moments of destiny,' said he, pulling a bottle from his pocket, and taking a long drink, 'and this is one of 'em.'

"The whole party came back looking pale, and the deputy started ahead, old Royce Lewis following next, and Wakefield closing up the rear on the stairway. Shortly after they disappeared we heard the door crashed in, and a scrambling rush followed.

"We afterwards learned from the deputy, a jovial fellow, that Old Royce was the first man in the room, and that, after grabbing what money he could hold in each hand, he knocked the balance on to the floor and sat down on all he could cover, shouting to the deputy, 'I've got the pile; attach me! attach me!'—moving his elbows up

and down, meanwhile, like a young crow trying in vain to fly. When they came down stairs, flushed with triumph, Mr. Lewis took occasion to recount his twenty-five years' experience at the bar, which seemed to have been years of triumphs for him, and an uninterrupted series of defeats for all his opponents. After this more conviviality, more stories, more triumphs at the bar, but no one suspected the money.

"Meantime the men returned with the valise just as Royce Lewis, Wakefield, and the deputy were leaving town with the money, and they had but fairly crossed the river when Wells invited us all up to his store to celebrate the success of the trick just played.

"Wells was very jolly; and that mysterious and hitherto invisible being called 'Co.' came out strong. He even went so far as to say that he guessed 'Wells did n't eat no snow,' which meant, probably, that he slaked his thirst and satisfied his appetite by the more economical and time-saving methods usual among men. But the exact import of his words cannot be known in this world, for he disappeared down cellar after uttering them, and never came up again, to my knowledge.

"'Here, take some more all around,' urged Wells. 'This last drive was the best I ever came on any one.'

"'Yes,' said Benway, walking up to the desk and looking at the papers, sharply, 'it *was* good,—first-rate,—even for the West, where we manage to keep ahead in business; but I believe the sheriff can show you a better one.'

"'I should n't wonder if I could,' replied the sheriff, walking up to Wells and serving the papers.

"The man who 'did n't eat no snow' looked so white for a moment that a stranger would have thought that snow was his regular food,—in fact that he ate nothing else. But the next moment he turned to Benway, fiercely, and said, 'You scoundrel, you got in here by fraud; it's a swindle; I won't stand it. I've a mind to knock you down, sir.'

"'No, don't now, Wells,' said Ben-

way; 'it is too expensive for you, under your present circumstances. We should have got in here any way, and you merely saved a door by the operation; that's all.'

"'Not all, exactly,' said Wells; 'for I should have made an assignment and beaten you.'

"'Yes, I see it is all ready,' said Benway, taking up some papers from the desk; 'but I'm pleased to notice that your very valuable autographs are not attached. Wells, you are a gentleman, and I'm sorry you've had bad luck; but you'll come out.'

"After securing two trusty men to take charge of the store, we hunted, fished, smoked, and talked away the day. I never felt better in my life. The air was delicious, and, riding back to the lake over the prairie next day, I had a long talk with Benway on philosophy. He had much help in him, and so my soul waxed fat. The first man we saw was old Royce Lewis.

"'Where is your friend Wakefield?' inquired Benway.

"'The man who came that stunning game over the pigwidgeon lawyer,' said the sheriff.

"'Why, he went off on the morning train, with orders to have the money deposited here in bank,' replied Royce.

"'So he thinks it's all right, then,' said the sheriff.

"'Yes,' replied Royce, contemptuously; 'but I understood it all the minute my hands touched the money. The paper was too limpsy. But I made sure of my fee out of the case, though,—game or no game.'

"'Yes,' said the deputy, coming up, 'you were so very smart that you took your fee out of the counterfeit money.'

"This came so unexpectedly, and was received with such shouts of laughter, that the old man, for the first time in his life, perhaps, had nothing to say, and hurried off without attempting a reply.

"I finished my business, and took the next train East. I found Phillips and Lockshaw excited, as usual. They had learned from Mr. Wolfe that his

claim had been collected in money, and they were much relieved, if not pleased, on hearing the true state of the case.

"I met Wolfe on the street near my office.

"‘So I beat you, Riley, after all,’ said he; ‘but allow me to say, sir, that I don’t think you did the fair thing by me. You might have said at once that you were going out there for Phillips and Lockshaw.’

"‘But, sir,’ I replied, ‘I had been retained by them in the case, and was bound to protect them by concealing their designs.’

"‘I don’t think so,’ he replied; ‘besides, they could stand the loss, and I can’t.’

"‘Mr. Wolfe,’ said I, ‘I should as soon think of embezzling my client’s money, as I would of intentionally revealing any of the secrets confided to me as a lawyer.’

"Next morning, when I met Wolfe, he not only refused to acknowledge my salutation, but was actually almost purple with rage. He had received a letter from Royce Lewis, stating that the money was counterfeit.

"I lost no time in calling on Fanny, but found her not at home. I excused that, thinking she might have been out; but the next day I saw her in the street, and she avoided me.

"I wrote her a brief, but vigorous note, explaining my position, and endeavoring to impress upon her the necessity I felt of maintaining my professional honor stainless, and above suspicion even. This came back indorsed, ‘Riley *versus* Wolfe. The plaintiff nonsuited.’

"‘The visible tracks of my respected would-be father-in-law,’ I said, examining the note closely for other writing, but there was nothing else to be found.

"I admired spirit, when it *was* spirit, instead of impertinence, selfishness, or some other small sin; but I certainly did not admire Wakefield, and he was now Fanny’s suitor. If I could not gain her for myself, I felt bound to save her from him, and went to work for that purpose.

"The chief obstacle to all my plans was the old gentleman, who seemed to be hastening matters to a crisis. I heard that Fanny was soon to become Mrs. Wakefield.

"I had kept up a correspondence with Benway in the Phillips and Lockshaw matter, and had learned from his last letter that Wells & Co. owned a branch store up the country farther, which was filled with goods, and they were doing finely.

"I immediately sent a legal acquaintance to Mr. Wolfe, with instructions to offer him a thousand dollars for the Wells claim, which was gladly accepted, for the Phillips and Lockshaw suit had been compromised for ten thousand dollars, and it was supposed that Wells & Co. could not pay one per cent to any other claimant.

"I forwarded the notes to Benway, with instructions to attach the new store of goods, if possible, and then compromise for twelve thousand dollars, — intending to lower the demand to six thousand, if necessary.

"In reply, I received a letter from Benway, telling me confidentially that Wells was really one of the best-hearted men in the world, and would, when he got on his feet, pay every cent. If, however, I would take ten thousand dollars down, he would send me a draft for that. In two weeks the draft came for ten thousand dollars, less exchange, and I enclosed it to Mr. Wolfe, duly indorsed over to him by me, with my compliments.

"He came to my office, but I was out; he went to my hotel, and I was out; but he found me in the street.

"I bowed to him coldly and was passing on, for I knew my man, but he grasped my hand, and said: ‘My dear Riley, I beg your pardon. I have not done you justice. But the fact is, that Wisconsin loss almost ruined me. It would have ruined me, I believe, if this draft had not come just as it did. It’s your money, Riley, and I would not take it under any other circumstances, or now, even, only on condition that I may pay it back when I get my mat-

ters straightened up, and collections made.'

" 'I'm glad to hear, sir, that it has helped you so much,' said I. 'The money is yours, of course. Good morning, sir,' and I attempted to pass on.

" 'But I cannot permit this, Riley,' said he, impulsively; 'you must come over to dinner.'

" I made some lame excuse, but he insisted.

" 'We shall all expect you,' he said, 'for to tell the truth, Riley, we have been gloomy enough of late, — Fanny particularly. My financial difficulties depressed the whole household. Come to dinner to-morrow.'

" I nodded, having suddenly become a little too much choked up to talk much, and walked away.

" I went there at the appointed time, of course, for Wolfe always had one acceptable thing at his table, and that was good-humor. He was princely at his repasts. At first we felt formal, but it would n't do; we broke down, and presently found our old selves again. She was engaged to Wakefield, and I was too much of a gentleman to be otherwise than jolly over it, — so very merry, indeed, that she did n't seem to like it.

" She had expected sentimental sighs,

sheep's eyes, allusions to old times, and such things. But the old gentleman poured forth a deluge of fun, and I joined him in increasing the good feeling. I have since been confidentially informed that I was never so brilliant in my life, — in fact, perfectly fascinating! I went there regularly to dinner, and often met Wakefield, whose day of destiny was drawing near. They were to be married in a month, — that was fixed. I learned afterwards that it had been adjourned over a short time, and I could n't find out the reason. So I went up to Mr. Wolfe's house and settled Mr. C. Wakefield at one blow.

" Gentlemen, I could n't help it. There is a statute against cruelty to animals, and he was suffering.

" It is a peculiarity of mine, perhaps, that, when a case is decided against me, I bear no ill-will; and when it is *for* me, I always pity my opponent. Therefore it was, that 'as a man and a brother' lawyer I felt sorry for poor Wakefield when Fanny entered on her docket, 'Wakefield *versus* Wolfe. The plaintiff nonsuited.'

" But my grief was transient, for in that case, as in all cases against her, I was then, and still remain, the defendant's attorney, in fact and in law."

SOME UNAPPRECIATED CHARACTERS.

BY AN OLD FOGY.

INJUSTICE is the law of the world, and men delight in being the law's supporters. There is never exhibited a ready disposition to admit the claims of merit; and whenever those claims are allowed, it is because right and might happen to be jostled on to the same side, much to the wonder of both. The world has been beaten into improve-

ment, as boys used to be beaten into learning at school, before it was discovered that the boy is really father of the man, and that to whip him is to do violence to a parent, — a being whom we are called upon to honor and to obey. Men never would have got beyond wolf-skin breeches, — if, indeed, they would ever have got into them, — if they had

not been forced to improve their condition through the practice of the arts of design by wise men, to whom, as a matter of course, they have been duly ungrateful. Is it strange, then, that, being incapable of understanding what is for their own good, and naturally indisposed to do justice to their benefactors, men should be found incapable of comprehending the merits of those characters in whom individuality is strongly developed, and who have chosen to live according to their own sense of enjoyment, and not to take their rules of life from those outside barbarians who fill the census returns, and constitute "the masses"? Special injustice has been done all through the ages to a number of eminent personages, who have had as many stones thrown at them as if they had slept in cairns. It is not creditable to our time, when even Benedict Arnold has found something like an apologist, that the personages referred to should have no one to attempt to place their virtues before an unadmiring world. Books and articles have been written to show that Catiline, and Iscariot, and Tiberius, and Catherine de' Medici, and Henry VIII., and Claverhouse, and Robespierre, and others whose names are in humanity's black lists, were not half so bad as their reputations, — were, in some instances, eminently worthy creatures, who had been singularly misapprehended by mankind. But these are all first-class characters, — your first-rates, of whom one is naturally disposed to think well because they are first-rates, — and incapable of doing wrong, because they do it on so magnificent a scale. Catiline was a patriot, and only sought to anticipate Cæsar, but failed, poor man! Tiberius was a great statesman, who protected the Roman provincials, and did so by disposing of the aristocrats in Italy, — holding a wolf by the ears, as he phrased it, — a wolf that would have devoured the flock, and torn the imperial shepherd, — that model Pastor Fido, — had he for a moment slackened his hold. Catherine de' Medici was a fine politician, a balancer of par-

ties, who, if she did hound Catholics upon Huguenots, would have been quite as ready to hound Huguenots upon Catholics, had it paid as well. Henry VIII. was a martyr to his love of order and horror of civil war, and he made martyrs of his wives in the same cause, they being successively parts of himself, and bound to share his lot. Claverhouse was a devotee of the sentiment of loyalty. Robespierre was strictly and sternly honest, and, though he cut off people's heads, he never picked their pockets. And so on, to the end of the chapter of tyranny and crime. But there are other unappreciated characters, who, while they are often mentioned, cannot be called great, and whom the world treats as if they were all bad, and constantly holds up as warnings and examples. In behalf of these characters there is something to be said, and the attempt to reconcile them with humanity may not be entirely unprofitable, even if they are not so fortunate as to have perpetrated many murders.

One of the oldest of these characters, who has been doing service for almost thirty centuries, — though nothing could be more out of character than that he should do anything, — is the Sluggard of Solomon. In the Book of Proverbs, the royal Hebrew, who, like the Turkish Solymán, was the greatest of his line, apostrophizes the unhappy Sluggard, in good set terms, and, after recommending to him the example of that fussy little creature, the ant, which wasteth the summer time, and even that of autumn, in laboriously providing for a future that never may come, exclaims, — "How long wilt thou sleep, O Sluggard? when wilt thou arise out of thy sleep? Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep." And has not the garden of the Sluggard, though for a very different reason, become as famous as the Garden of Eden, or that in which Diocletian cultivated cabbages for the market of Salona? Its broken walls, its crop of weeds, the cattle of the neighbors devouring the nothing which it raises, —

are they not familiar to us all from our youth upward, through the teachings of those who throw clouds over the hopes of childhood by enforcing upon the minds of boys and girls that they are doomed to work as long as they live? To a right-minded man there must occur much in favor of the Sluggard which he was too consistent a character to urge in his own defence. He was a sensible fellow, who was making the best of a wicked world. He was of the belief of those Oriental religionists, who hold that man approaches nearest to perfection in exact proportion to the profundity of his self-absorption and repose. He minded his own business, which is the surest way to make a fortune, and to avoid making mischief. All the great evil in the world is the consequence of the meddling propensities of active creatures, from Alexander the Great fool to the lowest village gossip. Take the recent history of our own country, — with its big battles, bigger debts, and biggest taxes, — to what is all our suffering due, but to the detestable activity of men who were nursed on the notion that they must be ever busy, and who learnt their lesson so well that they set a couple of millions of human beings flying at one another's throats, and called into existence an army of most industrious tax-gatherers? Who made the Secession war? Some four or five hundred men, who thought, with Hercules, that the earth was created only as a place for the master-spirits of the world to bustle in. They would have been blessings to their country, had they profited from the example of the Sluggard, and folded their hands to sleep. Had Mr. Davis, and Mr. Rhett, and Mr. Yancey, and Mr. Toombs, and other Southern leaders, been as lazy as they were industrious, our Eden never would have been disturbed, and we should have remained blissfully ignorant of much costly knowledge. But they scorned the Sluggard's course, and deemed it their duty to be most disastrously industrious. They would not give themselves up to slum-

ber, and so they sent a half-million of their countrymen into that slumber which can be broken only by the arch-angel's trump. It is ever thus. It is only busy men, men of whom Byron was thinking when he said that "quiet to quick bosoms is a hell," who make all that disturbance which costs so much, and for which quiet people have to pay, whether they will or not. No such charge can be advanced against men who model themselves on the Sluggard, and who are sublimely indifferent to all the ordinary and extraordinary objects of ambition. Lazy men, it must be admitted, do not accomplish much — they accomplish nothing — in behalf of what is called "the progress of the species"; but, on the other hand, they do not keep the world in hot water. They allow things to take their course. And it is by men of another sort endeavoring to do something for the race, — and a great deal for themselves, — that the earth is made to merit its title of a tomb. There is no counting the graves that active men have dug. They are the sexton's best supporters, and pass over to him the flower of mankind, cutting off, not merely the best youth of their countries, but the hope of reproduction. From Sesostrius to Stonewall Jackson, it is the busy, the industrious, the meddling, the quarrelsome man who disturbs society, and forces it into courses that make it the purveyor for beasts of prey. Attila was well denominated "The Scourge of God," for he whipped men into unnatural activity, and prevented them from attending to what was properly their own business. He was one of those overseers who are miracles of restlessness, and who flog whole nations into the activity of war, the worst form that exertion — always unpleasant — can take, save when it is dictated by the demands of unmistakable patriotism.

Had the Sluggard seen fit, for a moment, to depart from his character, he might have given Solomon some tolerably cogent reasons for his devotion to his bed and his love of slumber. But he was a wise man, and therefore he

would not contend against the wisest of men, who was a king to boot. He might have argued, that to get up and go to work would be to afford evidence that he was a wicked man, and was, in punishment for his sins, undergoing the common sentence. When our race fell through Adam's fall, the offended Creator passed upon it the sentence of hard labor for life, the world being the prison, and having, as Hamlet says, many wards. "Cursed is the ground for thy sake," are the words of that awful doom; "in sorrow shalt thou eat of it all the days of thy life. Thorns also and thistles shall it bring forth to thee; and thou shalt eat the herb of the field. In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread, till thou return unto the ground." All work, therefore, is evidence of demerit, and the less work a man does, the more meritorious he must be. This is the philosophy of the eight-hour movement. The lazier a man is, the better he is. His sentence is a light one. Hence the Sluggard was a man of exemplary goodness. He did nothing, and was as useless as if he had been born the master of a thousand slaves. A conservative in principle, he adhered with strict fidelity to the faith in which he had been brought up, and was a true *faiwara*, and doubtless had locks as long (and uncombed) as those of any Merovingian king that ever allowed crown to fall from his head, and sceptre to drop from his hand, rather than make exertion to keep one or both. He did not even "daff the world aside, and bid it pass," for to do that would have required exertion. He "let it slide."

As to the ant, to which Solomon referred the Sluggard, it might have been replied to his Majesty, that that active insect often has its labor for its pains, and nothing more; and that in a moment it often loses the fruits of long months, if not years, of energetic industry. The hoofs of beasts and the feet of men crush thousands of ant-hills daily, — a plain proof that industry does not always prosper, and leading irre-

sistibly to the conclusion that, though it is allowed, it is not enjoined. In countries where ants transact a large business, they often encounter most disastrous failures, like other speculators. In Southern Africa they build what are called edifices, and which are more deserving of the name than are many of the abodes of men, for they are so large and so strong that they will bear the weight of many men on their summit. And what follows from all this outlay of labor? Why, that the Aard Vark, or earth-hog, tears a hole in the side of one of these hills, "breaking up the stony walls with perfect ease," says Mr. Wood, "and scattering dismay among the inmates. As the ants run hither and thither, in consternation, their dwelling falling like a city shaken by an earthquake, the author of all this misery flings its slimy tongue among them, and sweeps them into its mouth by hundreds. Perhaps the ants have no conception of their great enemy as a fellow creature, but look upon the Aard Vark as we look upon the earthquake, the plague, or any other disturbance of the usual routine of nature. Be this as it may, the Aard Vark tears to pieces many a goodly edifice, and depopulates many a swarming colony, leaving a mere shell of irregular stony wall in the place of the complicated and marvellous structure which had sheltered so vast a population."* Such is the reward of the ant's industry when most skilfully and wonderfully exerted; and as Solomon knew everything, it is strange that he should have had the face to fling the ant's action into the face of the Sluggard, who, had he not been restrained by indolence and good breeding, could easily have put down the royal argument. The ant is the type of most hard-working men, who accumulate largely, and go on swimmingly, making much of Mammon's muck, when along comes some Aard Vark in the shape of a cunning speculator, who sweeps it all away. The Sluggard has nothing of the kind to

* *Homes without Hands*, pp. 65, 66, — a delightful book for all who are fond of natural history.

fear, for he has nothing to lose. With him, time is money, but in a very different sense from that of the proverb. He spends his time as he goes, or, we should say, as he is carried along, for he is too wise to indulge in locomotion. So it was with the Sluggard of Solomon, who did not live to declare that all is vanity. He enjoyed the passing hour, and set a noble example to the sons of men, not one of whom would work if he could exist without having resort to the curse,—a curse as old as the expulsion from Eden. The Sluggard knew the bliss of repose, and might have cited Psalms against Proverbs, — “He giveth his beloved sleep,” — had he deemed the matter one worthy of words, and of the exertion implied in quotation. But he said nothing, calmly maintaining his principles by a speaking silence, and concentrating all his energies on nothing. Like all genuinely lazy men, he was as incapable of thought as of envy; but if he could have thought about anything, the story of the Seven Sleepers would have filled his mind; and could he have envied anybody, it would have been that one of those sleepers who had the highest capacity for sleeping without dreams, and who therefore, in the Sluggard’s estimation, had a better claim to be considered a wise man than could have been advanced even by Solomon himself.

Speaking of the Seven Sleepers, I am afraid that we do not always “realize” the full force of the old legend in which those gentlemen figure, or repose, and which has always been a favorite with me, because of the long, unbroken, delicious, dreamless slumber that is associated with it. Almost seventy thousand nights, and as many days of sleep, with no getting up in the morning, no beds to make, no servants to tell you to turn out, no bills to pay for lodging! It is too much for the human mind calmly to contemplate in all its details and all its force, and hence the vagueness with which the story and similar stories are generally mentioned. Past time is no time to us; and we lump together the ages that are

gone as if they were necessarily closely associated. Now, the Seven Sleepers’ snooze lasted through one hundred and eighty-seven years; but their long night was so long ago that we do not understand how very long it lasted, or how very meritorious were those seven Ephesian youths who made themselves friends of darkness when the Pagan tyrant Decius had them walled up. We can form a better idea of the length of their slumber, and therefore the better appreciate the sublimity of their laziness, by supposing something of the kind to have happened here, and that the Seven Sleepers had just dropped in upon us. Let us suppose that in the year 1680,—just after the termination of Philip’s War, and when the pious population of the Bay Colony were reposing in the arms of victory, and comfortably reflecting that little Phil (bloody heathen that he was!) had been sold into tropical slavery,—a sudden alarm came upon seven youths who were laboring in a maize-field, and that they, all unarmed, or panic-stricken, fled into some cave, under the belief that the impious Indians, whose lands they had helped to seize, were upon them. Away go Zebedee, Zachariah, Zadock, Zephaniah, Zimri, Zaccheus, and Zebulon, until they find a cave, in which, exhausted by their race, they drop asleep; and so profound is their rest, that it is not broken till the year 1867. Imagine their feelings when, having been roused by the shriek of a passing railway train, they rub their eyes, get up, and proceed to make their way to their homes! They would be as much astonished as if they had suddenly fallen upon a new planet. Between the Massachusetts of 1680 and the Massachusetts of 1867, the difference is so great that no mind can fairly grasp it; and the young Puritans, who would now be well advanced in their third century, would come to the conclusion that they had waked up in the other world,—but in which part of it they would be terribly perplexed to say, when seeking to decide a question bearing so strongly on their everlasting welfare. Going to sleep when the Colony

was scarcely more than a wilderness, they would wake up when it had become one of the most advanced and enlightened communities on the globe. Leaving a poor settlement, with its few thousand inhabitants scattered among a few small towns, placed in or on the verge of woods, they would return to an opulent State, containing more than three hundred towns, not a few of which have populations much larger than were to be found in any British town, London alone excepted, in 1680. Flying from Indians, they would come back to a land in which an Indian is as much a curiosity as he is in Liverpool or Manchester. Running away when men believed in witchcraft, they would walk back when men believe determinedly in — nothing. Falling asleep when the journey from Boston to Cambridge was a long one, and not lightly to be undertaken, they would wake up when a journey from Boston to Springfield is scarcely a morning's jaunt. Hiding when to hear from England required three months of time, they would leave their place of refuge when it is possible to hear from England — "home," as they would call it — in three hours, slow time. Not a solitary point of resemblance would be visible between the Bay Colony and the Bay State, and the dreamers would be less at home here than in the English villages whence came their fathers. And the people among whom they would find themselves would be as much astonished as if they really had come from beyond the grave, instead of having cheated it of a portion of its prey for much more than a hundred years.

There would be a wide difference between our Seven Sleepers and the original Seven Sleepers, for the latter "came back," as men say of ghosts, to a fast-declining world. When the young Ephesians retired from business, the Roman Empire had got well advanced toward its fall, and during their retirement it had "progressed backward" in a material sense much faster than it had advanced spiritually through its adoption of Christianity. Evidences of this de-

cline would have been abundant to Maximian and his associates, when they looked about them, and compared things as they were under Theodosius the Younger with things as they had been under Decius. Not so with our Seven Sleepers, who, on waking, would encounter nothing but proofs of increase on every hand. But that would not make them feel any the more at home, and they would astonish the people, in these times of suspension of cash payments, by offering pine-tree shillings in exchange for bed and board; and some sharp fellows would make a good thing out of them by selling them goods for good silver at paper prices. Perhaps some of the younger class of the old settlers are sleeping away the time, as here suggested. If so, and they should be discovered, we hope the discoverer will have the sense and humanity not to disturb them, merely that they might learn the difference between the Massachusetts that Governor Leverett ruled and the Massachusetts that rules Governor Bullock. Never break any one's sleep, for every moment of sleep is so much gained by the sleeper. I have always admired and loved that Duke of Brunswick who, when, like a thoughtful and provident man and husband, he had a grave prepared for himself and his wife in the vault of the Blasius-Dom, was informed by the gentlemen who were building for him till Doomsday, that they had come to a flat stone, and asked him whether it should be taken up. "Not for worlds," answered he. "It covers, doubtless, some dead man, who had himself buried so deep in the earth, in order that he might never be dug up; leave him quiet." And he further directed, that, when his own turn for burial should come, "his coffin should be very gently let down upon this stone, and then covered over with earth. Take care, let it be gently done, — it might wake him!"* This was doing as one would be done by; and if the ashes of German dukes should

* Germania, by the Baroness Blaze de Bury, Vol. I. pp. 149, 150.

ever be disturbed after the fashion that befell those of French kings, sincerely must it be hoped that an exception will be made in behalf of the dust of Duke Rudolph Augustus, who, in 1690, showed so much consideration for a nameless dead man. The measure he meted to others should be meted to him again. The only occasion when it is proper to rouse a sleeper is when it is his business to "get up and be hanged," for law's hests must be obeyed, though Master Barnadine would not listen to the order. It is told of Condé and of Alexander that they had to be wakened on the mornings of their greatest victories; but to rouse them was inexcusable, for who would not prefer the good of sleep to the glories of Rocroy and of Arbela?*

Another of these unappreciated characters, and one who has suffered from the libels of his murderer, is the Old Man of the Sea, of whom we know nothing save what that murderer himself has told us; but so excellent was that Old Man, so blameless were his life, walk (when he did walk), and conversation, that not even Sinbad's "cooked" narrative can wholly obscure his virtues. They shine through the clouds of calumny which the lying sailor contributed to the columns of some Bagdad journal, or Arabic Gentleman's Maga-

zine. That Sinbad lied confoundedly, is, I believe, admitted on all hands; and in no one of the accounts of his seven voyages is he more untruthful than in that of the fifth, in which the Old Man of the Sea is introduced. Observe that here occurs his statement that his ship was sunk by two rocs, which threw rocks upon its deck,—an absurd story, which it is impossible to believe for one moment, and which was probably invented to defraud the underwriters, the Bassorah Lloyds. All that is certain is, that the vessel was lost, and that Sinbad alone was saved of all her crew and passengers. With that wonderful luck which was always his, he got to a lovely island, into which, as Satan into Paradise, he brought sin and misery. Hardened sinner that he was, and with no more conscience than a newsmonger or politician of modern days, he seems to have been struck with the excellence of the island. "It seemed to be a delicious garden," he says. "Wherever I turned my eyes, I saw beautiful trees, some loaded with green, others with ripe fruits, and transparent streams meandering between them. I ate of the fruits, which I found to be excellent, and quenched my thirst at the inviting brooks." These softening influences had no effect on the old buccaneer, who had the true Anglo-

* The best of all these sleeping stories is that which has Frederick Barbarossa, according to Mr. Carlyle the greatest of all the German Cæsars, for its central figure. Barbarossa died when absent on the third Crusade, A. D. 1190; but, according to tradition, "he is not yet dead, but only sleeping till the bad world reach its worst, when he will reappear." His sleeping-place is a stone cavern, in the hill near Salzburg. A peasant once entered the cavern, and saw him, and, in answer to the imperial question, told him what it was o'clock; whereupon old Redbeard said, "Not yet time, but it will be soon!" One would think the thunder of Sadowa, considering its significance for Germany, ought to have brought him out of his cave, — but it did not. He has been sleeping six hundred and seventy-six years! Even the slumber of the Seven Sleepers seems but a nap, a southern siesta, compared with Frederick's long night; but then his night seems to be disturbed by dreams, and his sleep is interrupted by moments of wakefulness. The idea of getting rid of the world's care through a long sleep, is well put by Mr. Hawthorne, in "The Old Manse." "Were I to adopt a pet idea, as so many people do, and fondle it in my embraces to the exclusion of all others," he says, "it would be, that the great want which mankind labors

under, at this present period, is — sleep! The world should recline its vast head on the first convenient pillow, and take an age-long nap. It has gone distracted, through a morbid activity, and, while preternaturally wide awake, is nevertheless tormented by visions that seem real to it now, but would assume their true aspect and character, were all things once set right by an interval of sound repose. This is the only method of getting rid of old delusions, and avoiding new ones, — of regenerating our race, so that it might in due time awake, as an infant out of drowsy slumber, — of restoring to us the simple perception of what is right, and the single-hearted desire to achieve it; both of which have long been lost, in consequence of this weary activity of brain, and torpor or passion of the heart, that now afflict the universe. Stimulants, the only mode of treatment hitherto attempted, cannot quell the disease; they do but heighten the delirium." If this was true in 1846, — and Heaven knows it was the literal truth, — how true it is in 1867, with French Revolutions, Russian wars, Sepoy wars, Italian wars, Secession wars, Paraguayan wars, and German wars added to the sum total of weariness! — But what a thought it is, that Barbarossa should have become the Sluggard of Solomon!

Saxon faculty of thinking himself superior to everybody he met, and who could find no land so good as that which he was so constantly leaving. Walking into the island, he found, on the banks of a romantic stream, an ancient man, who he at first supposed was, like himself, a shipwrecked mariner, as he appeared to be "much broken down." He saluted the stranger, but received no other reply than a slight nod, the old gentleman evidently resenting intrusion upon his property. As to his broken-down appearance, that is accounted for by supposing that he was of an eccentric turn of mind, and believed that one of the advantages of wealth is that it allows its possessor to wear out his old clothes, which always are easy, and fit well, though they may not be fit to be worn in the opinion of poor men, who must pay regard to appearances. Sinbad asked his new (old) acquaintance what he was doing, to which piece of impertinence that acquaintance replied by making signs which the sailor interpreted to mean that he wished to be taken across the rivulet, there to gather fruit. With the simplicity of a greenhorn, a part quite unbecoming in one who had made his fifth voyage, Sinbad took the dumb gentleman on his shoulders, and transferred him to the other side of the stream, and asked him to dismount; but this was a request not to be complied with. The sailor had intruded himself upon the property of another, and that other was determined to give him a great moral lesson, and to teach him that no one but an ass would go rambling about the earth, after having received so many hints that it would be better for him to stay at home. It was an intimation to him that, if the pupil was abroad, so was the schoolmaster. The roving blade was converted into a beast of burden, and was made to know how horses feel when they are whipped and spurred by the superior animal. It was as if General Wade Hampton or Mr. Barnwell Rhett had been sold to the black owner of some plantation on which white slavery existed because

of the radical inferiority of the light-skinned race. It shows the low nature of Sinbad's soul, that his trouble caused him to take to drinking. While trotting about, he chanced upon some gourds, one of which he filled with the juice of those grapes which were so abundant in the happy isle. This juice, having fermented, became a very agreeable tippie, drinking which the unlucky Musulman was put in good spirits, and bore himself with such gayety, singing and dancing, that his conduct attracted the attention of the Old Man, who, being moved by a philosophic fondness for experimental inquiry, proceeded to test the value of the medicine which had produced so happy an effect on his bearer. He signed for the gourd, got it, and swallowed all its contents. Unaccustomed to such intemperance, and having all his life been a member of a total-abstinence society, he soon became so drunk as to lose his seat, and was thrown by his beast while in a most beastly condition. Taking advantage of his unhappy state, — the consequence of a solitary departure from the course of a virtuous life, — Sinbad did then and there beat out the brains of the Old Man, and thus afford another warning against the evil that comes from an indulgence in strong drink.

The story is Sinbad's own, and he has done the best for himself; but were it possible to bring the Old Man into court, questionless we should have a very different reading of it. Enough of light, however, shines through the mist of the narrative to show that the Old Man, though he may have behaved somewhat discourteously toward Sinbad, — being like the old Romans, who considered every stranger an enemy, — was a marked character, and deserving of a better fate than that of having his head punched because he took too much punch, like a fine old Irish gentleman of the times of the Galway code. He was a person of taste, as we see from the beauty of his island home, in this respect reminding one of Lambro, who felt the "Ionian ele-

gance" mentioned by his poetical biographer:—

"Still o'er his mind the influence of the clime
Shed its Ionian elegance, which showed
Its power unconsciously full many a time,—
A taste seen in the choice of his abode,
A love of music and of scenes sublime,
A pleasure in the gentle stream that flowed
Past him in crystal, and a joy in flowers,
Bedewed his spirit in his calmer hours."

Do not these lines describe the life of the Old Man, and his refined tastes, according to Sinbad's tale? Leaving aside music,—which he may have regarded as a sensual thing, and therefore not to be encouraged,—the Old Man had all the points that characterized the Greek Lambro,—and the Greeks are the first of races. His abode, according to his murderer, resembled a delicious garden, in which he could look in no direction without beholding some natural beauty. In that "delicious garden" the Old Man had long lived, and without having harmed any one, so far as trustworthy evidence goes; for the assertions as to his homicidal propensities made by certain nameless fellows with whom Sinbad fell in, must go for nothing, as they were never submitted to cross-examination. It is a likely story that he would have strangled his own bearers! We should as soon believe a slaveholder would maltreat his "people," who are his chattels personal, and in whose welfare he has a proprietor's interest. The strangling story was an afterthought, and was meant to meet any ugly inquiries as to Sinbad's conduct that the authorities of Bagdad might have thought proper to make in the interest of commerce, had the affair been pushed to legal adjudication. The Old Man was happy because he was virtuous, and he might have been living to this day had Sinbad never landed on his island, and there carried civilization and all its woes. Like other marine adventurers, the sailor introduced liquor and drunkenness where such things never before had been known. He conquered the Old Man, as the Indians have been conquered, by the use of the fire-water; and that venerable personage, who had been

as exemplary and secluded a character as Parnell's Hermit, was lost from the moment that he came in contact with the Saracen, then the foremost man of all the world, and much given, like all foremost folk, to raising the very deuce in all countries into which he could push himself,—and he pushed himself everywhere, and when he got to the Atlantic shore of Africa he rode into the waves, and grumbled because there were no more countries to be reaped by his sword. The Old Man of the Sea was doubly unfortunate: it was his misfortune, in the first instance, to fall in with the Norman of the Orient, and, secondly, it was a yet greater misfortune that the intruder alone should have written his history. What murdered man would have a decent character, were his murderer to become his biographer, and the only authority as to his history? The Old Man stands with Guatimozin and Atahualpa, whose stories are told by their executioners, and by them alone.

There is an unappreciated character of the better sex, in whose behalf very little has been said, and whose name is synonymous with vixen, scold, shrew, and all else that is bad in the every-day woman. I refer to that Athenian matron who had for her husband, in a land renowned for the beauty of its men, one who is spoken of as

"That low, swarthy, short-nosed, round-eyed satyr,
With the wide nostrils and Silenus aspect,
The splay feet and low stature,"—

but also as

"The earth's perfection of all mental beauty,
And personification of all virtue,"—

even to Xanthippe, wife (for her sins) of Socrates, son of Sophroniscus. The wife is as immortal as the husband, but hers is an "immortality of ill." Had she married any other man than Socrates,—and it is difficult to suppose she could not have made a better match,—the world never would have heard of her, and she would have been all the happier. For something like twenty-three centuries she has been the type of all that is repulsive in her sex, and she lives in our minds as no

other Grecian woman there can live. She and Aspasia were contemporaries; but how shadowy is our conception of the latter, compared with the vivid idea we have of the wife of Socrates! So to say, she was photographed long ages before man had learned to make the sunlight one of the slaves to his vanity. It is not a very pleasing reflection, that what is evil should take so firm a hold of the mind, while the good perishes like the flower that blooms and blushes by the wayside. For whether Xanthippe's portrait be correct or a caricature, certain it is that she is so "freshly remembered" only because of her real or reputed bad qualities, while all the amiable and mild-tongued dames of Athens of the Periclean time, of her rank and condition, are as utterly unknown as those antediluvian housekeepers whose ill-luck it was to fall upon the most comprehensive of all washing-days. She yet "walks," and is reproduced in thousands of families every day of our mortal lives; and many a man thinks himself a Socrates because he has a scolding, peevish, quarrelsome wife, with a thousand-tongue power of annoyance.

Yet there is evidence which would seem to show that Xanthippe was not the vicious creature she is so commonly painted. In the *Memorabilia* of Xenophon, to which we owe much of our knowledge of Socrates, the philosopher is represented (II. 2) as administering a severe rebuke to his eldest son, Lamprocles, — after having put him through the usual course of cross-examination, and made him admit himself to be an ass, — because he was enraged with his mother. It is in vain that the young fellow declares that his mother utters such things as no one can bear from anybody; his father comes down upon him with all the power of his logic, to show that he owes a great duty to his mother, and calls him "wretch" when he admits that he seeks to gain the good-will of others, and yet supposes he is to do nothing for a mother, whose love for him so far exceeded that of any other. The pic-

ture which he draws of the maternal relation, and of the filial duty that follows therefrom, is one of the finest things in classical literature, and is not often exceeded by similar writing in the works of Christian teachers. Now it is not very probable that Socrates would have been under so grave concern on this point, had his wife been destitute of good qualities; nor would he have omitted all mention of her evil qualities, had they been so prominent as we are required to believe. It would have been in entire harmony with his ethical teachings to place great stress on the son's duty to bear with his mother because she was harsh and violent, had she been noted for harshness and violence. But of this he says nothing. On the contrary, the impression which his words leave is that the poor woman was rather a model character than otherwise, who might have been tempted into a display of ill-temper by the misconduct of her eldest son, but whose ordinary life was not marred by constant exhibitions of the most unamiable peculiarities. Lamprocles, who belonged to the "Young Athens" party, we may suppose, would have been tempted to laugh in the paternal face when listening to such "noble sentiments," had Xanthippe been the nuisance as a wife that she is popularly supposed to have been. He would have supposed "the governor" was "chaffing," and would have turned off the matter as a capital joke. Quite the reverse of this was his conduct. He took the fatherly flogging with meekness, and probably he was all the better for such an exhibition of wholesome discipline. Xenophon does not intimate that there was anything incongruous in his teacher's conduct, but treats it as if it were quite in the regular order of things, — which we should not have expected of him, had the lady been so very bad; for, as his work is the merest eulogy of his "guide, philosopher, and friend," it would have been natural in him to enlarge on the moral excellence of Socrates as illustrated by his insistence on the duty of

the son to love and reverence his mother, supposing Xanthippe's constant conduct was so wonderfully calculated to make her children forget their duty to her, and also was so likely to create feelings the reverse of reverential.*

But suppose we assume that the popular view of Xanthippe's daily course is the correct one, and that she would have been more than a match for that immortal shrew-tamer, Petruchio, — does it follow that nothing can be said in palliation of her doings? By no means. Take her at her worst, as women mostly are taken when men paint them, there is something to be said in her behalf. The charitable, and we believe the reasonable, view of her life is this, — that she was driven half mad by the foolish action of her wise husband. When they were married, she was, it is inferable, as sweet and fair a virgin as could have been picked out of the entire feminine population of the city of the Violet Crown, — for Socrates was the very ugliest of ugly dogs, and your ugly dog, through the workings of some inscrutable Providence, is always sure to have a handsome wife. She entered on "a union of hearts and housekeeping" with the usual high hopes that animate all young women under circumstances so interesting to them, but which are disappointed in most cases; and she meant to do her duty, and expected that her husband would be an example of industry and diligence. To be sure, she had made "no great catch," for Socras-

* According to some accounts of the closing scenes in the life of Socrates, when his friends came to see him, very early on the morning of his last day, they found Xanthippe sitting by him, with a child in her arms, — which child could scarcely have been theirs, as both were stricken in years, Socrates being close upon threescore and ten. Probably it was a grandchild. When the visitors entered, Xanthippe burst into tears, and said, "O Socrates, this is the last time your friends will ever speak to you, or you to them!" — her tears and her words being quite unlike what might have been expected of her, if she was the odious creature that is brought to mind whenever her name is mentioned. After her exclamation, he sent her home, in order that he might not be disturbed by her lamentations; and it is added, that she left the prison with the most frantic expressions of grief, which would have been strange had she hated him.

tes was anything but rich, and his social position, though respectable, was not high. But he was a skilful master of his father's calling, which was that of a sculptor, and a group of Graces carved by his hand was in existence at Athens five or six centuries after his death; whence it follows that he was clever at his art, and that he was capable of supporting his family in easy circumstances, as sculptors were in high favor with the Athenians in those days. But he did not choose to devote himself to productive pursuits. He took it into his head that he had a "mission," and that it was his duty to convince his fellow-citizens, who had a very high opinion of themselves, — as they well might have in the two generations following the Persian war, — that they were a collection of self-conceited noodles. "At what time Socrates relinquished his profession as a statuary," says Mr. Grote, "we do not know; but it is certain that all the middle and later part of his life, at least, was devoted exclusively to the self-imposed task of teaching; excluding all other business, public or private, and to the neglect of all means of fortune. We can hardly avoid speaking of him as a teacher, though he himself disclaimed the appellation: his practice was to talk or converse, — or to *prattle without end*, if we translate the derisory word by which the enemies of philosophy described dialectic conversation. Early in the morning he frequented the public walks, the gymnasia for bodily training, and the schools where youths were receiving instruction; he was to be seen in the market-place at the hour when it was most crowded, among the booths and tables where goods were exposed for sale; his whole day was usually spent in this public manner. He talked with any one, young or old, rich or poor, who sought to address him, and in the hearing of all who chose to stand by. Not only he never either asked or received any reward, but he made no distinction of persons, never withheld his conversation from any one, and talked upon the same gen-

eral topics to all. He conversed with politicians, sophists, military men, artisans, ambitious or studious youths, &c. He visited all persons of interest in the city, male or female. His friendship with Aspasia is well known, and one of the most interesting chapters of Xenophon's *Memorabilia* recounts his visit to, and dialogue with, Theodote, — a beautiful *hetæra*, or female companion. Nothing could be more public, perpetual, and indiscriminate as to persons than his conversation."*

In this lively picture of the ex-statuary's manner of life we have the probable cause, and the certain excuse, of Xanthippe's hot temper and warm words; and there are few Christian women who would not have gone as far as she went — taking her at the worst representation — in resenting such marital neglect, and in striving to punish a husband who had given up the honest task of supporting his family, and had devoted himself to the thriftless pursuit of imparting knowledge under difficulties. Had he taken pay for his teaching, the good woman, who had to think of rent and taxes, of food and clothes, of doctors' demands and milliners' bills, might have cared little for her husband's eccentric mode of getting an income. But he took no pay. He was content to be poor, which would have been laudable in him had he been a bachelor, but which was his disgrace, and justifies the treatment he finally received from the Athenians, when we note that he had a wife and three children, who looked to him for support, but who found his conduct insupportable. The house-mother probably bore with his scandalous neglect of his duties as long as any of her husband's money was left, and she could manage to get along; but when the last obolus had been drawn out of the savings' bank, and there was a dearth of cash, and a plentiful supply of care by way of keeping the balance even, she could no longer keep silence, tightly reined as were Athenian matrons, and proceeded to give Socrates a piece of her mind, —

the only gift that, thanks to his shiftlessness, she had it in her power to make to any one.

And who can blame her? There were neither pease nor pulse, figs nor olives, corn nor wine, in her larder or cellar, places which once it had been her pride to know were well filled. Her last gown had been turned, and turned again, till it could be turned no more, save to be turned into* the rag-bag, — if, indeed, there were such a thing as a rag-bag in the philosopher's mansion. She had not had a new hoop for years, and had been unable to purchase the last specimen of crinoline, — that which tilts, like the old knights of departed days. Her shoes were down at heel, and were on their last legs, as well as on hers. Her cap was of that Parisian mode which had been obsolete for a lustrum. Her furs had become ragged, and would not have pawned for a week's house-rent. A new bonnet was to her but an old idea. Not a cloak or a cap had she that was not of as old a date as the battle of Delium. Her boys were sights to behold, with their stockings all holes, their toes out at the toes of their shoes, their crownless hats, their outgrown and worn-out jackets and trousers, and their thin cheeks and lanky bodies, nourished on food as thin and windy as their father's philosophy. The butcher never called at the house, having long called in vain for the amount of his last bill. The fishmonger would not have sent in a damaged pollock. The coal-dealer had declined her last application even for Rhode Island coal, warranted not to burn in this world or the next. The grocer had barred her claim to a bar of soap, and the children of the greatest of teachers were in danger of perishing from cholera, — the immortal plague of Athens was nothing but cholera, — because they could not be well washed. A "tyrannical turncock" had cut off the supply of Cochituate, and washing-day had become a tradition, which was the less matter, because there was as little to wash as there was to wash with. From attic to cellar there was nothing to be taken, or it

* History of Greece, Vol. VIII. pp. 550 - 552.

would have been taken on execution. The rats had long left the house, and the cat had followed them; while the domestic dog, the very incarnation of fidelity, had, in pure disgust with his master's philosophy thus practically expounded, gone off and joined the Cynic school in the Cynosarges.

It made matters all the worse, that Socrates might have had as much money as even his wife wanted. "Teaching" might have been to him a much more profitable pursuit than ever he had found "sculpting," as Mr. Artemus Ward would designate the philosopher's original calling. Had he followed the course of Prodicus, and Protagoras, and Gorgias, and others of the most renowned sophists of his day, he could have maintained his family in affluence, and kept it in the best circles, — a star of the "upper ten" of Athens, — and had a good account at his bank. A woman may marry a man for his talents and his fame, but when she finds that his talents are barren as the east wind, and that, instead of being a source of gain to him, they have led him to poverty, she may be excused for concluding that she has made a fool of herself, — a conclusion that never yet sweetened human temper, but which has soured many a temper that nature had made sweet, — and for acting in character. Seeing that he had it in his power to make money, but that he would not make it, Xanthippe sought to convert him from the error of his ways, or, failing that, to punish him. She did not effect his conversion, — that's certain, for he continued to go about Athens talking for nothing and finding himself, till his loving countrymen put him out of the way. How far she punished him for his shortcomings as a husband and a father in refusing to provide for his family, — which made him worse than an infidel, — we can only guess. He took her scolding with great coolness, according to the reports of his friends; but we know that he had as fiery a temper, from nature, as his wife had acquired from the ill-treatment she experienced at his hands; and the efforts he had to make

to keep his temper under her attacks probably were so severe as wellnigh to compensate for her sufferings. It would be satisfactory to have this point clearly made out, for justice demanded that he should not escape the proper consequences of his neglect of duty, — as he would had his temper been naturally equable, for then he would have shed Xanthippe's scoldings as wax-cloth sheds the rain.

There was yet another aggravation of the evil that flowed from the want of industry and attention to business of which Socrates was so heinously guilty, and one, too, that bore with peculiar force on the sensitive feminine mind. No woman can bear to see her husband made ridiculous. Even wives who have not been famous as conjugal models have been quick to feel the ridicule of which their husbands have been the objects. Now Socrates was made eminently ridiculous by one of the greatest wits of all time, who wrote for one of the sharpest communities that ever keenly enjoyed a capital display of the ludicrous. We, who know that he was a great teacher, are not much affected by the blackguardly attacks to which he was subjected. He is to the modern world one of the greatest of moral lights, and of all merely mundane characters of ancient days he stands highest in the estimation of Christendom. But the Athenians did not look at him with our eyes. To us, he is one of "the dead who grow visible from the shades of time," and we see him in the grand proportions assigned him by Xenophon and Plato. To the Athenians he was an ever-present character, and to many of them, including the most eminent members of the respectable classes, he was a perfect burr, sticking to them, and irritating them beyond endurance. Hence, when "The Clouds" of Aristophanes came out, and was performed before thousands of natives and foreigners, the ridiculous part assigned in it to Socrates must have been highly enjoyed by most of the upper ten, while the multitude laughed over it in the mere wantonness of mirth, as they

would have laughed at Aristophanes had Socrates been able to make him act absurdly. The philosopher took this scurrilous attack, as he took every manifestation of sentiment, friendly or unfriendly, with edifying equanimity, witnessing the performance and explaining it for the benefit of strangers. Probably he cared very little about it, for the man who looks upon praise with contempt is not likely to be disturbed by censure so coarse that it corrects itself. But it was not so with Xanthippe. She was no philosopher. She was thin-skinned, and it was a great aggravation of her other woes that her husband, and by consequence herself, was furnishing fun—the public laughing at him, not with him—for all Athens. Her female acquaintances sympathized with her after the usual fashion, which is a great deal more aggravating than the coarsest of masculine attacks. Her self-love must have been bitterly wounded, when she found that, in addition to being poor, she must be an object of laughter. It is an old saying, that the worst evil of poverty is that it makes people ridiculous, and Madam Xanthippe felt its full force in a sense that was far more cutting than it is ordinarily known to the poor. Unlike Job's wife, there was nothing lofty or dignified in the cause of her distress. She was not simply ridiculous because she was poor,—she was poor *and* ridiculous. It is not very difficult to imagine the first curtain lecture that Socrates underwent after "The Clouds" was performed. The worst of Mr. Caudle's inflictions in the same line was a blessing by comparison.

Considering all that Xanthippe suffered,—considering her disappointment through her husband's neglect of a lucrative business,—considering the provocation she had in her husband's refusal to take pay for his teachings, when the ordinary rate of interest in Athens was one per cent a month, and there were most eligible investments for all savings,—considering the enmity he incurred for his family through his offensive conduct toward the most in-

fluent citizens, and the ridicule of which he was the object,—and considering the fact that he would be off feasting with Alcibiades, and Critias, and other big-bugs, while there was not a stick of wood or a handful of wheat in his house,—considering all these things, she had good reason for making the philosopher's house too hot to hold him, that being the only way in which its cold atmosphere could be warmed. Against his treatment she protested in the only way that was left to her; and she should be looked upon, not as a shrew, who spoke out of the abundance of her heart, but as a woman asserting the rights of her sex, and denouncing a gross breach of the obligation that husband enters into with wife when they decide to make the journey of life together. As such she is entitled to the grateful remembrance of all women, as the originator of that movement which has for its end the equalization of women with men. She was a lady of the pattern of Roxana, no doubt, or she never could have had resort to conduct so extreme as war with her husband. There was nothing of the Statira about her,—nothing of the shy, silent, submissive sufferer, such as "the tyrant man" is supposed peculiarly to affect, because it is an article easily expended, or otherwise dealt with. It is not difficult to imagine her portrait: a tall, fair-haired, blue-eyed, somewhat freckled girl on the day of her marriage,—but thin, bony, and angular in later days, her looks declining with the fortunes of Athens, and as a consequence of constant domestic troubles. What became of her after the death of her husband? History is silent on the subject. Judging from the usual course, she must have finished her days in the almshouse, a not illogical conclusion to an improvident marriage. Her husband's friends could not have held her in much esteem, and, even had they been inclined to help her, had not the power to do much for her support, being involved in the catastrophe that brought a cup of hemlock to Socrates, and Socrates to

his end. Her lot is one of the saddest in history : to be miserable in life, and, because thus miserable, to be libelled in death.

Blue-Beard belongs to our gallery. He should have been one of Xanthippe's contemporaries ; and had he been so, they might have made a match, in which event he would have met his match. She was not a person to have been marched off to the Blue Chamber, there to be quartered, and to await the coming of her successor, as a defunct French king of the old monarchy used to wait at St. Denis the coming of his successor. She would have given him as hard a bout as Tom Walker's wife gave the Devil. If Blue-Beard did make such summary work with his wives, he must have had the sense to choose only Statiras for the companions of his softer hours. But did he kill them, and cut them up, and place their precious limbs in a room of his own house? The tale is full of contradictions, and ought not to be lightly accepted. Is it probable — nay, is it possible — that he would have been able to provide himself with so rapid a succession of wives, all selected from the first families too, had there been anything mysterious in the sudden deaths of the ladies at periods so brief after their nuptials had been celebrated? Would not the parents of any young lady whose hand he sought have felt it to be their duty to hint something about the extraordinary fatality that waited on the occupants of one half his couch? Some of them would have gone even further, and have spoken right out on the subject, and flatly have refused to entertain proposals for the hand of Fatima, or Shireen, or Zuleika, or Amina, until the Blue Chamber should have been fully opened to public inspection. Surely all parents are not so ready to marry their daughters as to wed them to certain and sudden death? Nor can it be supposed that all young ladies are prepared to marry a man who not only has the usual skeleton in his house, but a houseful of skeletons. It is impossible to believe that, if Blue-Beard *did* divorce

himself from his wives so truculently, he would have kept their remains in the place where he lived, and to which he was in the habit of bringing a new wife almost as often as Scheherezade's Sultan of the Indies took one. He would have refrained from preserving on the premises the evidence of extraordinary crime, and would have given the ladies Christian burial, — privately, to be sure, but decently, and with due regard for his own safety. He must have known that some one of the ladies would stumble upon the Blue Chamber, even if she never had heard of it, — and then there would have been no such thing as keeping the matter out of the newspapers. It would have been in the *Levant Herald* in a week, and the Turkish police would have been on his track, and he would have come to grief, to the joy of all good citizens. Nor is it possible to believe that, on leaving home, he should have given the keys of all his rooms to his wife at the time, with the express permission to make use of them all but one ; for he had been married too often not to have learned that all sense of the grace involved in the permission would have been lost in the thought of the prohibition, and that the Blue Chamber was as good as opened from the instant he had morally sealed it against the lady's visits. No ; he would have sent the mysterious key to some mercantile friend, with the request that it might be placed in his iron safe, under one of Hobbs's best locks. An honorable man, he would have scorned to place temptation so pointedly before the wife to whom he was so fondly attached ; and a prudent man, he would have avoided all mention even of the existence of the key, so that, when Mrs. Blue-Beard was reminded of its existence by its absence, she would have comprehended the delicacy of her lord's conduct, and appreciated it. They would have lived happily ever afterward, and a sad story would have been lost to the annals of romance. Without being too sanguine, we think Blue-Beard's married life was a far better one than appears in the popular ac-

counts. He was an admirer of the sex, and he was in search of the ideal woman,—a sort of Oriental Cœlebs, who would be content with nothing short of perfection; and how was he to know, save through comparison, who the perfect woman was? And how could he compare ladies, or proceed inductively toward the establishment of his end, without making many experiments? He was a practical philosopher, and applied the Baconian procedure, as it is generally called, to the grand matter of matrimony. Circumstances favored him, and out of these came all the scandal that has ever since clung to his name, and made him the very impersonation of a wife-killer,—so much so, that Henry VIII. is known, and in spite of Mr. Froude's labors ever will be known, as "the royal Blue-Beard," to the serious injury of the fame of the unlucky Mussulman. As to that last affair of "the magnificent three-tailed bashaw," which closed so tragically for him, and brought his course of experimental philosophy to so sudden an end, it has been grossly misrepresented; and the misrepresentation has endured because he was not alive to tell his own tale. His version of the business is wanting; but we are able, from various hints that floated in society, to piece out something like the truth. Blue-Beard was the victim of a plot formed against his life, honor, and property by Fatima, his wife, and her sister Anne, to which the brothers of those ladies and the first lover of Fatima—whom she had jilted to marry the rich Turk—were parties. Sister Anne was angry with him because he had preferred Fatima to herself. He was murdered in broad day, as a consequence of this domestic conspiracy; and Fatima, in whose favor he had made a will, came into possession of all his estates and personals, and married Ismael, or whatever the gentleman's name may have been. Proceedings so bloody required some explanation, and hence the Blue Chamber and its horrors, which the authorities believed to be a true bill, or affected so to be-

lieve; and with so much property in possession, and having afforded evidence that they did not stand upon ceremony with their enemies, the conspirators were strong enough to maintain their social position. The East is the land of violence; and if governments there were to take up and prosecute to completion every outrage that is perpetrated, they would have no time to commit outrages for their own benefit. The ample means which Fatima was mistress of made it easy for her to bribe the Grand Vizier, and so the transaction was hushed up, and the guilty parties lived most correctly, and Blue-Beard lay in his bloody tomb, sleeping with his wives,—all but one of them,—the victim of misplaced confidence.

A singularly misunderstood character, whose solid worth seems to be almost entirely unappreciated, is Gallio, Proconsul of Achaia. By Christians this excellent Roman is almost invariably spoken of as if he were one of the worst of men,—a cold-blooded fellow, indifferent to all important things, and looking with especial contempt on the new faith that Paul preached. To them he is the very model of the *pocourante*, and therefore actually worse than the most zealous of persecutors,—for indifference is the worst of errors in the eyes of zeal. Yet Gallio was "none of those things" that he is commonly supposed to have been, but a man of great theoretical goodness, and of corresponding conduct. He was, as we said, Proconsul of Achaia, and lived at Corinth when St. Paul arrived at that city from Athens, and had newly taken office. There was a great Jewish population at Corinth, who hated the new dispensation, and who had a special dislike for Paul, whom they regarded as a renegade of the worst description, because he was doing Old Jewry immense damage by his mighty labors. They got up a charge against the Apostle of the Gentiles, accusing him of having violated their religious law, he being a Jew. They supposed that Gallio was, as

most public men are, a popularity-hunter, and that, at the beginning of his proconsulate, he would be anxious to please the large body of Hebrews settled as a separate community at Corinth.

But Gallio "cared for none of those things" that are of so much moment in the eyes of ordinary politicians, and was so far gone in heathen morality, so indifferent to a good report of his doings from Corinth to Rome, that actually he preferred justice to cruelty, and mercy to rigor,—which, to judge from the treatment he has since received at Christian hands, constituted an offence second only to that involved in Nero's persecutions. He listened to the charge against Paul, as advanced by Sosthenes and others, with the utmost patience; but when they had ceased, and Paul was about to enter on his defence, Gallio "shut down" on the whole business, as one with which a Roman ruler had no concern. It was in his estimation, and in fact, a Jewish squabble, and therefore unworthy the attention of the masters of the world. The Jews, he saw, really had no case, and could not be allowed to take up the time of the court. It was, he said, a question of words and names, and of the Jewish law, and they must look to it, for he would be no judge of such matters: "and he drave them from the judgment-seat." The Jews at Corinth meant to use him as Jews of Jerusalem had used Pilate, and as yet other Jews at home, at a later day, used Festus and Felix; but they found him a very different man from Pilate,—one whom they could neither use nor abuse. Pilate disregarded law and morality, in his desire to appease the respectable rabble of Jerusalem, when they demanded the blood of Jesus, which he emphatically declared was innocent blood, and of which he vainly washed his hands, for the stain will not "out." Had Gallio been a moral coward, like Pilate, he would have so proceeded as to put an end to Paul's mission, either by imprisoning him, or putting him to death, or sending him to Rome on

an appeal to Cæsar. He would have "gagged" Paul for the benefit of the "old law," and at the suggestion of its supporters. This he would not do. He stood upon the Roman law, which Paul had not violated, and therefore was not allowed to speak in his own defence, as he had been guilty of no offence even according to the showing of his prosecutors, who were in reality nothing but persecutors. The Jews might deal with Paul,—if they could,—as his offence was against their superstition, as all Romans regarded it. They might excommunicate him,—a punishment of about as much weight as the excommunication of Victor Emanuel II. has proved in our time. The Greeks who watched the course of the proconsular tribunal no sooner saw the Jews ruled out of court, than they rushed upon Sosthenes, and gave him a regular "lamming" right before Gallio's face,—a specimen of Lynch law that is quite unrivalled, and which had the additional zest of being administered in the very presence of the regular tribunal, "before the judgment-seat." It was the doings of these Lynching Greeks for which Gallio cared nothing. The common notion is, that he was indifferent to Paul's doctrine, and to the points in dispute between Paul and his accusers; but this is wrong, for the Proconsul of Achaia never heard a word of Paul's doctrine, and he knew he had no legal right to take up the Jewish charge against the preacher, no matter how well it was founded. He was indifferent to the licking which the Greeks gave the Hebrew chief of the synagogue. He cared for none of their violent proceedings. To suppose that Gallio expressed any hostility or indifference to Christianity, is as absurd as it would be to suppose the Greeks who beat Sosthenes were animated by a love of Paul's principles. The Greeks hated the Jews, and the two peoples were always murdering one another in the cities around the Mediterranean, whenever they could do so; and the assault on Paul's accuser was only an incident in a bitter quarrel of religion

and of race. As to Gallio, he gave the matter as much thought — that is, none at all — as an English governor of New Zealand would give to the squabbles of a few of his subject savages, who should have fallen out about the possession of a dried skull, the original proprietor of which they had eaten so long ago that they had forgotten how he tasted, and whether he was tender or tough.

Gallio, from all that we know of him, was a man of much more than average claims to respect, on the score of talents, sense, and conduct. Annæus Novatus was his original name, and it was by his adoption into the family of the celebrated Junius Gallio that he came by that name which has so strange a place in the general estimation. He was a brother of the philosopher Annæus Seneca. "As regards the personal character of Gallio," say the English biographers of St. Paul, "the inference we should naturally draw from the words of St. Luke closely corresponds with what we are told by Seneca. His brother speaks of him with singular affection, not only as a man of integrity and honesty, but as one who won universal regard by his amiable temper and popular manners. His conduct on the occasion of the tumult of Corinth is quite in harmony with a character so described. He did not allow himself, like Pilate, to be led into injustice by the clamor of the Jews; and yet he overlooked, with easy indifference, an outbreak of violence which a sterner and more imperious governor would at once have arrested." * Gallio was one of the victims of Nero.

Caliban (who must have been a descendant of the Old Man of the Sea) is a character against whom a very strong feeling exists, and not without some reason; for he, not being put on his guard to say nothing which would criminate himself, does admit to have been guilty of certain indelicate atten-

tions toward Miss Miranda, that bear considerable resemblance to that *raptus mulierum* which has been the chief failing of "salvage men" time out of mind. Yet his case is not altogether a bad one. He asserts, and his master does not question the correctness of his assertion, that, when first Prospero came to the enchanted island, the two were on the best of terms, and were mutually gainers by their intercourse. Prospero told Caliban the names of the sun and the moon, and made much of him, and gave him to drink of a certain tippie which seems to have been very grateful to the uncouth creature's unsophisticated palate, — "water with berries in 't." Coffee, perhaps, or cherry rum. In return, Caliban showed to his visitor, whom he hospitably received,

"All the qualities o' the isle,
The fresh springs, brine pits, barren place, and fertile."

That so "fair a fellowship" should have been broken must be matter for regret, though, if we accept Prospero's statement, supported by Caliban's admission, Caliban was the blamable party; but may not Caliban have been tempted beyond his strength? So keen a critic as the late Mr. Thackeray gives it as his opinion that Miranda coquetted with Caliban; and if his view is right, the first offence came from the visitors, not from the host. The lady's fondness for flirtation was no excuse for the extreme measure to which Caliban was about to have resort; but it ought to be remembered that his education had been shamefully neglected, that he knew nothing of the usages of good society, and that the enchanted island formed no part of the Pays du Tendre. Gravely brought up, that specimen of the Lords of the Isles was ever disposed to take things *au sérieux*, and probably he misinterpreted the innocent demonstrations of Miranda, — demonstrations excusable as the only means of passing away the amount of time she had on her hands, and of keeping her hand in for the day when she should be restored with her father

* The Life and Epistles of St. Paul, by the Rev. W. S. Conybeare and the Rev. J. S. Howson, Vol. I. p. 418.

to court life. She must have been horribly bored on the island, which, in spite of its being enchanted, was anything but enchanting to her. Had Caliban had a clear understanding of matters, he might have pleaded Miranda's flirting propensities by way of excuse for his very demonstrative reply thereto; but he was too raw to have anything like a just perception of his rights, either moral or legal, or he would not have admitted his guilt, or have failed to advance whatever of mitigating circumstances could have been found in the young woman's conduct.

Prospero was naturally indignant when he learned what had passed, and, though he magnanimously spared the offender's life, he took out the difference in scolding. His language to his slave is not a whit more refined than that of the slave to his master. The position of Caliban is not unlike that of a black slave in those days when slavery was a stable institution; and Prospero makes a very fair likeness of a "haughty Southron." Caliban might have said that he did not go to Prospero, but that Prospero came to him; and that with respect to that little matter about Miranda, taking the darkest view of it, he was only exercising one of his *droits de seigneur*. His guests had been thrown on his island, and who knows but that he was a wrecker, and had rights of flotsam and jetsam of his own invention? He may have thought, with Sir Artegal, that

"What the mighty sea hath once possessed,
And plucked quite from all possessors' hands,"

was at the disposition of whoever could seize it and keep it; and that, by coming upon his island, father and daughter were good prize, according to the free-and-easy interpretation of the law of the strongest, by the strong, from which no appeal lies. If thus he thought, he thought viciously, not so much in a moral sense as in a material sense; for it happened that Prospero was the stronger party, and soon brought Prince Caliban to his bearings. The

superior intelligence of Prospero put it in his power to subdue the island's owner, and to seize his domain. The Italian gentleman did what so many Christians were doing in Shakespeare's time,—he helped himself to the home of an inferior race. He had resort to squatter sovereignty, and in exercise of his right to decide under what institutions he would live, he established slavery, with Ariel and Caliban as his slaves. Ariel was as much a slave as Caliban, though on time, and devoted to higher employments. Caliban was made a domestic drudge, Ariel an assistant-magician. Yet Prospero gave Ariel hard words, words not much softer than those bestowed on t'other nigger. He calls him "malignant thing," tells him he lies, and taunts him with the service he had rendered him in freeing him from the cloven pine,—which last proceeding was peculiarly ungenerous and ungentlemanly, seeing that the deliverer had made a slave of the delivered. Had Ariel so far imitated Caliban as to seek the favors of Miranda? Probably not, or he might have been successful where that "freckled whelp, hag-born," (these are some of Prospero's choice compliments to the poor devil,) failed so signally, making the greatest shipwreck that occurs in "The Tempest." For Ariel had one of those faces which "limners love to paint, and ladies to look upon." The want of society on the island would have been Miranda's excuse had she allowed Ariel to hope, and it is extremely improbable that he would have courted her after the fashion of Caliban. But the delicate spirit seems not to have been struck by the delicate maid, or Prospero, who had no patience with passion, would not have made a distinction between the two slaves, the one of his body, and the other of his mind. The manner in which these slaves bore themselves after the shipwreck is in exact keeping with their respective prospects. To Ariel, Prospero promises his freedom in two days; and hence Ariel, so sure of becoming a freedman, and with the hope of becoming a voter, labors zeal-

ously in his master's cause. Caliban has no such promise, and therefore he becomes the slave of Stephano, to whom he looks for vengeance on his oppressor. That he should have wished Prospero to be knocked in the head, was as natural as that a black slave under our old *régime* should have desired the same thing for his master; and until we are prepared to condemn the slaves who joined our armies in the late war, we ought not to denounce Caliban for wishing to ascertain whether the roof of his owner's head was more vengeance-proof than

that of the castle of Mazeppa's Polish Palatine. Prospero virtually admits the justice of Caliban's course, by forgiving him, which he would not have done had he not been conscious of having wronged him. And if the master could pardon the slave who would have squeezed his gullet *ad deliquium*, and then have cut off his head, assuredly a people who have just liberated almost four million slaves—regarded as ranging with Caliban by their lords, who are no longer their masters—ought to look with charity on the enslaved owner of the enchanted isle.

OLDPORT IN WINTER.

OUR August life rushes by, in Oldport, as if we were all shot from the mouth of a cannon, and were endeavoring to exchange cards on the way. But in September, when the great hotels are closed, and the bronze dogs that guarded the portals of the Ocean House are collected sadly in the music pavilion, nose to nose,—when the last four-in-hand has departed, and a man may drive a solitary horse on the avenue without a pang,—then we know that “the season” is over. Winter is yet several months away,—months of the most delicious autumn weather that the American climate holds. But to the human bird of passage all which is not summer is winter; and those who seek Oldport most eagerly for two months are sometimes those who regard it as uninhabitable for the other ten.

The Persian poet Saadi says that in a certain region of Armenia where he travelled people never died the natural death. But once a year they met on a certain plain, and occupied themselves with recreation, in the midst of which individuals of every rank and age would suddenly stop, make a reverence to the west, and, setting out at full speed to-

ward that part of the desert, be seen no more. It is quite in this fashion that guests disappear from Oldport when the season ends. They also are apt to go toward the west, but by steamboat. It is pathetic, on occasion of each successive bereavement, to observe the same looks and language among those who linger behind; and it needs some fortitude to think of spending the winter near such a Wharf of Sighs.

But we console ourselves. Each season brings its own attractions. In summer one may relish what is new in Oldport, as the liveries, the incomes, the manners. There is often a delicious freshness about these exhibitions; it is a pleasure to see some opulent citizen in his first kid gloves. His new-born splendor stands in such brilliant relief against the confirmed respectability of the “Old Mill,” the only thing on the Atlantic shore which has had time to forget its birthday. But in winter the Old Mill gives the tone to the society around it; we then bethink ourselves of the crown upon our Trinity Church steeple, and resolve that the courtesies of a by-gone age shall yet linger here. Is there any other place

in America where gentlemen still take off their hats to one another, on the public promenade? The hat is here what it still is in Southern Europe, the lineal successor of the sword as the mark of a gentleman. It is noticed that in going from Oldport to New York or Boston, one is liable to be betrayed by an over-flourish of the hat, as is an Arkansas man by a display of the bowie-knife.

Winter also imparts to these spacious estates a dignity which is sometimes wanting in summer. I like to stroll over them during this epoch of desertion, just as once, when I happened to hold the key of a church, it seemed pleasant to sit, on a week-day, among its empty pews. The silent walls appeared to hold the pure essence of the prayers of a generation, while the routine and the ennui had vanished all away. One may here do the same with fashion as there with devotion, extracting its finer flavors, if such there be, unalloyed by vulgarity or sin. In the winter I can fancy these fine houses tenanted by a true nobility; all the sons are brave, and all the daughters virtuous. These balconies have heard the sighs of passion without selfishness; those cedarn alleys have admitted only vows that were never broken. If the occupant of the house be unknown, even by name, so much the better. And from homes more familiar, what lovely childish faces seem still to gaze from the doorways,—what graceful Absences (to borrow a certain poet's phrase) are haunting those windows!

There is a sense of winter quiet that makes a stranger soon feel at home in Oldport, while the prospective stir of next summer removes the feeling of stagnation. In most quiet places, one suffers from the knowledge that everybody wishes them to be unquiet; but nobody has any such longing here. Doubtless there are aged persons who deplore the good old times when the Oldport mail-bags were larger than those arriving at New York. But if it were so now, what memories would there be to talk about? If you wish for "Syrian peace,

immortal leisure,"—a place where no grown person ever walks rapidly along the street, and where few care enough for rain to carry an umbrella or walk faster,—come here.

My abode is on a broad, sunny street, with a few great elms overhead, and with large old houses and grass-banks opposite. There is so little snow that the outlook in the depth of winter is often merely that of a paler and leafless summer, and a soft, spring-like sky almost always spreads above. Past the window streams an endless sunny panorama, for the house fronts the chief thoroughfare between country and town;—relics of summer equipages in faded grandeur,—great fragrant hay-carts,—vast moving mounds of golden straw,—loads of crimson onions,—heaps of pale green cabbages,—piles of gray tree-prunings, looking as if the patrician trees were sending their superfluous wealth of branches to enrich the impoverished orchards of the Poor Farm,—wagons of sea-weed just from the beach, with bright moist hues, and dripping with sea-water and sea-memories, each weed an argosy, bearing its own wild histories. At this season, the very houses move, and roll slowly by, looking round for more lucrative quarters next season. Never have I seen real estate made so transportable as in Oldport. The purchaser, after finishing and furnishing to his fancy, puts his name on the door, and on the fence a large white placard signifying "For Sale." Then his household arrangements are complete, and he can sit down to enjoy himself.

By a side-glance from our window, one may look down an ancient street, which in some early epoch of the world's freshness received the name of Spring Street. A certain lively lady, addicted to daring Scriptural interpretations, thinks that there is some mistake in the current versions of Genesis, and that it was Spring Street which was created in the beginning, and the heavens and earth at some subsequent period. There are houses in Spring Street, and there is a confectioner's shop; but it is

not often that a sound comes across its rugged pavements, save perchance (in summer) the drone of an ancient hand-organ, such as might have been devised by Adam to console his Eve when Paradise was lost. Yet of late the desecrating hammer and the ear-piercing saw have entered that haunt of ancient peace. May it be long ere any such invasion reaches those strange little wharves in the lower town, full of small black gambrel-roofed houses, with projecting eaves that might almost serve for piazzas. It is possible for an unpainted wooden building to assume, in this climate, a more time-worn aspect than that of any stone; and on these wharves everything is so old, and yet so stunted, you might fancy that the houses had been sent down there to play during their childhood, and that nobody had ever remembered to fetch them back.

The ancient aspect of things around us, joined with the softening influences of the Gulf Stream, imparts an air of chronic languor to the special types of society which here prevail in winter,—as, for instance, people of leisure, tradespeople living on their summer's gains, and, finally, fishermen. Those who pursue this last laborious calling are always lazy to the eye, for they are on shore only in lazy moments. They work by night or at early dawn, and by day they perhaps lie about on the rocks, or sit upon one heel beside a fish-house door. I knew a missionary who resigned his post at the Isles of Shoals, because it was impossible to keep the Sunday worshippers from lying at full length on the seats. Our boatmen have the same habit, and there is a certain dreaminess about them, in whatever posture. Indeed they remind one quite closely of the German boatman in Uhland, who carried his reveries so far as to accept three fees from one passenger.

But the truth is, that in Oldport we all incline to postures of repose. Now and then a man comes here, from farther east, with the New England fever in his blood, and with a pestilent desire

to do something. You hear of him, presently, proposing that the Town Hall should be repainted. Opposition would require too much effort, and the thing is done. But the Gulf Stream soon takes its revenge on the intruder, and gradually repaints him also, with its own soft and mellow tints. In a few years he would no more bestir himself to fight for a change than to fight against it.

It rather makes us smile, therefore, to observe that universal delusion among the summer visitors, that we spend all winter in active preparations for next season. Not so; we all devote it solely to meditations on the season past. I observe that nobody in Oldport ever believes in any coming summer. Perhaps the tide is turned, we think, and people will go somewhere else. You do not find us altering our houses in December, or building out new piazzas even in March. We wait till the people have actually come to occupy them. The preparation for visitors is made after the visitors have arrived. This may not be the way in which things are done in what are called "smart business places." But it is our way in Oldport.

It is another delusion to suppose that we are bored by this long epoch of inactivity. Not at all; we enjoy it. If you enter a shop in winter, you will find everybody rejoiced to see you—as a friend; but if it turns out that you have come as a customer, they will look a little disappointed. It is rather inconsiderate of you to make such demands out of season. Winter is not exactly the time for that sort of thing. It seems rather to violate the conditions of the truce. Could you not postpone the affair till next July? Every country has its customs. I observe that in other places, New York for instance, the shopkeepers seem rather to enjoy a "field-day" when the sun and the customers are out, and the business and the ladies drive. In Oldport, on the contrary, men's spirits droop at such times, and they go

through it sadly. They force themselves to it during the summer, perhaps, — for one must make some sacrifices, — but in winter it is as inappropriate as strawberries and cream.

The same spirit of repose pervades the streets. Nobody ever looks in a hurry, or as if an hour's delay would affect the thing in hand. The nearest approach to a mob that one ever sees here is when some stranger, thinking himself late for the train, (as if the thing were possible,) is tempted to run a few steps along the sidewalk. On such an occasion I have seen doors open, and heads thrust out. But ordinarily even the physicians drive slowly, as if they wished to disguise their profession, or to soothe the nerves of some patient who may be gazing from a window.

Yet they are not to be censured, since Death, their antagonist, here drives slowly too. The number of the aged among us is surprising, and explains some phenomena otherwise strange. You will notice, for instance, that there are no posts before the houses in Oldport to which horses may be tied. Fashionable visitors might infer that every horse is supposed to be attended by a groom. But the tradition is, that there were once as many posts here as elsewhere, but that they were removed to get rid of the multitude of old men who leaned all day against them. It obstructed the passing. And yet these aged citizens, while permitted to linger at their posts, were gossiping about men still older, in earthly or heavenly habitations, and the sensation of longevity went on accumulating indefinitely in their talk. Their very disputes had a flavor of antiquity, and involved the reputation of female relatives to the third or fourth generation. An old fisherman testified in our Police Court, the other day, in narrating the progress of a street quarrel: "Then I called him 'Polly Carter,' — that's his grandmother; and he called me 'Susy Reynolds,' — that's my aunt that's dead and gone."

In towns like this, from which the

young men mostly migrate, the work of life devolves upon the venerable and the very young. When I first came to Oldport, it appeared to me that every institution was conducted by a boy and his grandfather. This seemed the case, for instance, with the bank that consented to assume the slender responsibility of my deposits. It was further to be observed, that, if the elder official was absent for a day, the boy carried on the proceedings unaided; while if the boy also wished to amuse himself elsewhere, a worthy shoe-dealer from across the way came in to fill the place of both. Seeing this, I retained my small hold upon the concern with fresh tenacity; for who knew but some day, when the directors also had gone on a picnic, the senior depositor might take his turn at the helm? It may savor of self-confidence, but it has always seemed to me, that, with one day's control of a bank, even in these degenerate days, something might be done which would quite astonish the stockholders.

Longer acquaintance has, however, revealed the fact, that these Oldport institutions stand out as models of strict discipline beside their suburban compeers. A friend of mine declares that he went lately into a country bank, near by, and found no one on duty. Being of opinion that there should always be some one behind the counter of a bank, he went there himself. Wishing to be informed as to the resources of his establishment, he explored desks and vaults, found a good deal of paper of different kinds, and some rich veins of copper, but no cashier. Going to the door again in some anxiety, he encountered a casual school-boy, who kindly told him that he did not know where that financial officer might be at that precise moment, but that half an hour before he was on the wharf, fishing.

Death comes to the aged at last, however, even in Oldport. We have lately lost, for instance, that patient old postman, serenest among our human antiquities, whose deliberate tread

might have imparted a tone of repose to Broadway, could any imagination have transferred him thither. Through him the correspondence of other days came softened of all immediate solicitude. Ere it reached you, friends had died or recovered, debtors had repented, creditors grown kind, or your children had paid your debts. Perils had passed, hopes were chastened, and the most eager expectant took calmly the missive from that tranquillizing hand. Meeting his friends and clients with a step so slow that it did not even stop rapidly, he, like Tennyson's Mariana, slowly

"From *his* bosom drew
Old letters."

But a summons came at last, not to be postponed even by him. One day he delivered his mail as usual, with no undue precipitation; on the next, the blameless soul was himself taken and forwarded on some celestial route.

Irreparable would have seemed his loss, did there not still linger among us certain types of human antiquity that might seem to disprove the fabled youth of America. One veteran I daily meet, of uncertain age, perhaps, but with at least that air of brevet antiquity which long years of unruffled indolence can give. He looks as if he had spent at least half a lifetime on the sunny slope of some beach, and the other half in leaning upon his elbows at the window of some sailor boarding-house. He is hale and broad, with a head sunk between two strong shoulders; his beard falls like snow upon his breast, longer and longer each year, while his slumberous thoughts seem to move slowly enough to watch it as it grows. I always fancy that these meditations have drifted far astern of the times, but are following after, in patient hopelessness, as a dog swims after a boat. What knows he of the President's Message? He has just overtaken some remarkable catch of mackerel in the year thirty-eight. His hands lie buried fathom-deep in his pocket, as if part of his brain lay there to be rummaged;

and he sucks at his old pipe as if his head, like other venerable hulks, must be smoked out at intervals. His walk is that of a sloth, one foot dragging heavily behind the other. I meet him as I go to the post-office, and on returning, twenty minutes later, I pass him again, a little farther advanced. All the children accost him, and I have seen him stop — no great retardation indeed — to fondle in his arms a puppy or a kitten. Yet he is liable to excitement, in his way; for once, in some high debate wherein he assisted as listener, when one old man on a wharf was doubting the assertion of another old man about a certain equinoctial gale, I saw my friend draw his right hand slowly and painfully from his pocket, and let it fall by his side. It was really one of the most emphatic gesticulations I ever saw, and tended obviously to quell the rising discord. It was as if the herald at a tournament had dropped his truncheon, and the fray must end.

Women's faces are apt to take from old age a finer touch than those of men, and poverty does not interfere with this, where there is no actual exposure to the elements. From the windows of these old houses there often look forth delicate, faded countenances, to which belongs an air of unmistakable refinement. Nowhere in America, I fancy, does one see such counterparts of the reduced gentlewoman of England, — as described, for instance, in "Cranford," — quiet maiden ladies of seventy, with perhaps a tradition of beauty and bellehood, and still wearing always a bit of blue ribbon on their once golden curls, — this head-dress being still carefully arranged, each day, by some handmaiden of sixty, so long a house-mate as to seem a sister, though some faint suggestion of wages and subordination may be still preserved. Among these ladies, as in "Cranford," there is a dignified reticence in respect to money-matters, and a courteous blindness to the small economies practised by each other. It is not held good-breeding, when they meet in a

shop of a morning, for one to seem to notice what another buys.

These ancient ladies have coats of arms upon their walls, hereditary damasks among their scanty wardrobes, store of domestic traditions in their brains, and a whole Court Guide of high-sounding names at their fingers' ends. They can tell you of the supposed sister of an English queen, who married an American officer and dwelt in Oldport, — of the Scotch Lady Janet, who eloped with her tutor, and here lived in poverty, paying her washerwoman with costly lace from her trunks, — of the Oldport dame who escaped from France at the opening of the Revolution, was captured by pirates on her voyage to America, then retaken by a privateer and carried into Boston, where she took refuge in John Hancock's house. They can describe to you the Malbone Gardens, and as the night wanes and the embers fade, can give the tale of the Phantom of Rough Point. Gliding farther and farther into the past, they revert to the brilliant historic period of Oldport, the successive English and French occupations during our Revolution, and show you gallant inscriptions in honor of their grandmothers, written on the window-panes by the diamond rings of the foreign officers.

The newer strata of Oldport society are formed chiefly by importation, and have the one advantage of a variety of origin which puts provincialism out of the question. The mild winter climate, and the supposed cheapness of living, draw scattered families from the various Atlantic cities; and, coming from such different sources, they leave some exclusiveness behind. The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power, are doubtless good things to have in one's house, but are cumbrous to travel with. Meeting here on central ground, partial aristocracies tend to neutralize each other. A Boston family comes, bristling with genealogies, and making the most of its little all of two centuries. Another arrives from Philadelphia, equally fortified in local heraldries unknown in Boston. A third from New York brings a

brief pedigree, but more gilded. Their claims are incompatible. There is no common standard, and neither can have precedence. Since no human memory can retain the great-grandmothers of three cities, we are practically as well off as if we had no great-grandmothers at all.

But in Oldport, as elsewhere, the spice of conversation is apt to be in inverse ratio to family-tree and income-tax, and one can hear better repartees among the boat-builders' shops on Long Wharf than among those who have made the grand tour. All the world over, one is occasionally reminded of the French officer's verdict on the garrison town where he was quartered, that the good society was no better than the good society anywhere else, but the bad society was capital. I like, for instance, to watch the shoals of fishermen that throng our streets in the early spring, inappropriate as porpoises on land, or as Scott's pirates in peaceful Kirkwall, — unwieldy, bearded creatures in oil-skin suits, — men who have never before seen a basket-wagon or a liveried groom, and whose first comments on the daintinesses of fashion are far more racy than anything which fashion can say for itself.

The life of our fishermen and pilots remains active, in its way, all winter; and coasting vessels come and go in the open harbor every day. The only schooner that is not so employed is, to my eye, more attractive than any of them; it is our sole winter guest, this year, of all the graceful flotilla of yachts that helped to make our summer moonlights so charming. While Europe seems in such ecstasy over the ocean-race, there lies at anchor, stripped and dismantled, a vessel which was excluded from the match, it is said, simply because neither of the three competitors would have had a chance against her. I like to look across the harbor at the graceful proportions of this uncrowned victor in the race she never ran; and to my eye her laurels seem the more attractive. She seems a fit emblem of the genius that waits,

while talent merely wins. "Let me know," said that fine, but unappreciated thinker, Brownlee Brown, — "let me know what chances a man has passed in contempt; not what he has made, but what he has refused to make, reserving himself for higher ends."

All out-door work in winter has a cheerful look, from the triumph of caloric it implies; but I know none in which man seems to revert more to the lower modes of being than in searching for sea-clams. One may sometimes observe a dozen men employed in this way, on one of our beaches, while the northwest wind blows keenly (our coldest wind), and the spray drifts back like snow over the green and sluggish surge. The men pace in and out with the wave, going steadily to and fro like a pendulum, ankle-deep in the chilly brine, their steps quickened by hope or slackening with despair. Where the maidens and children sport and shout in summer, there in winter these heavy figures succeed. To them the lovely crest of the emerald billow is but a chariot for clams, and is valueless if it comes in empty. Really, the position of the clam is the more dignified, since he moves only with the wave, and the immortal being in fish-boots wades for him. These bivalves resemble the quahaug, and are chiefly salted down for bait. After a heavy gale, a man may sometimes gather several bushels.

The harbor and the beach are thus occupied in winter; but one may walk for many a mile along the cliffs, and see nothing human but a few gardeners, spreading green and white sea-weed as manure upon the lawns. The mercury rarely drops to zero here, and there is little snow; but a new-fallen drift has here just the same virgin beauty as farther inland, and when one suddenly comes in view of the sea beyond it, there is a sensation of summer softness. The water is not then deep blue, but pale, with opaline reflections. Vessels in the far horizon have the same delicate tint, as if woven of the same liquid material. A single wave lifts itself lan-

guidly above a reef, — a white-breasted loon floats near the shore, — the sea breaks in long, indolent curves, — the distant islands swim in a vague mirage. Along the cliffs hang great organ-pipes of ice, distilling showers of drops that glitter in the noonday sun, while the barer rocks send up a perpetual steam, giving to the eye a sense of warmth, and suggesting the comforts of fire. Beneath, the low tide reveals long stretches of golden-brown sea-weed, caressed by the lapping wave.

High winds bring a different scene. Sometimes I fancy that in winter, with less visible life upon the surface of the water, and less of unseen animal life below it, there is yet more that seems like vital force in the individual particles of waves. Each separate drop appears more charged with desperate and determined life. The lines of surf run into each other more brokenly, and with less steady roll. The low sun, too, lends a weird and jagged shadow to gallop in before the crest of each advancing wave, and sometimes there is a second crest on the shoulders of the first, as if there were more than could be contained in a single curve. Greens and purples are called forth to replace the prevailing blue. Far out at sea great separate mounds of water rear themselves, as if to overlook the tossing plain. Sometimes these move onward and subside with their green still unbroken, and again they curve into detached hillocks of foam, white, multitudinous, side by side, not ridged, but moving on like a mob of white horses, neck overarching neck, breast crowded against breast.

Across those tumultuous waves I like to watch, after sunset, the revolving light; there is something about it so delicate and human. It seems to bud or bubble out of the low, dark horizon; a moment, and it is not, and then another moment, and it is. With one throb the tremulous light is born; with another throb it has reached its full size, and looks at you, coy and defiant; and almost in that instant it is utterly gone. You cannot conceive yourself to be

watching something which merely turns on an axis, but it seems suddenly to expand, a flower of light, or to close, as if soft petals of darkness clasped it in. During its moments of absence, the eye cannot quite keep the memory of its precise position, and it often appears a hairbreadth to the right or left of the expected spot. This enhances

the elfish and fantastic look, and so the pretty game goes on, with flickering surprises, every night and all night long. But the illusion of the seasons is just as coquettish, and when next summer comes to us, with its blossoms and its joys, it will dawn as softly out of the darkness, and as softly give place to winter once more.

MARBLE QUARRIES.

ONE by one pale forms of beauty,
Which so long in darkness lay,
Have been summoned from their caverns
To the adoring light of day.

Gods, for many vast Olympiads,
Rested here in snowy sleep,
Record of whose grim awaking
No historic pages keep.

Through insensate sunless æons,
Niobe for Scopas wept;
And the fingers of Apollo
On his lyre of marble slept.

Here the Dying Gladiator
Lived eternities of pain,
While the Cnidian Aphrodite
All her charms revealed in vain.

Here the priestly Trojan struggled
In the snake's eternal rings,
Typing Ormuzd, and Osiris,
And the God whom Milton sings;—

Julius and the Young Augustus;
Proserpine, with Egypt's Dream;
Near the mighty Galilean,
Sophists of the Academe,—

Flashing out in ghostly whiteness,
Trembling like a vesper bell
On the soul of Phidias, dreaming,
Or where Myron's mantle fell.

So the dazzled Tuscan, gazing,
Saw, where Sinai's glory shone
From the lightning-veiled Jehovah,
Moses, in his tomb of stone.

But there is one solemn chamber,
Which has been forever locked ;
Though its portal would have opened,
Had angelic Michel knocked.

Shade of Buonarotti ! Fondly
Seek that cavern's marble keep,
Where, with face upturned, our martyr
Lies in pale and dreamless sleep.

Nothing of the Roman toga,
Or the world's forgotten dress,
Drapes his figure, all unclassic
Save its garb of commonness.

Something of the Roman Lictor,
In that presence, is revealed
By the axe, so long uplifted
For those giant arms to wield.

Classic as the blacksmith apron,
Which the hosts of Persia bore,
Time will make that booted woodman,
And the hunting-shirt he wore.

Gently break his marble slumber ;
Place him in our central land,
With the title earned by labor,
And its sceptre in his hand !

Show the lines of care and travail,
Wrinkling patient eyes and brow
Like the oxen's in the furrow,
Toiling wiser than they trow,—

Eyes of seer, whose prophet vision
Saw Virginia's gallows-tree
Shaping, through the smoke of cannon
To a dream of Galilee.

Through his roughly nurtured features
Let a childlike sweetness play !
So the Godlight filled the stable
Where the Babe of Mary lay.

Carve those lips, whose inspiration,
Like Isaiah's psalm and sigh,
Thrilled us when the ghosts of armies,
On their burial-field, passed by.

Throne the Anointed of the people,
Clasped and folded to their heart
For his *homely* grace, demanding
Grand embodiment in art.

Crown him with the nation's sorrow !
Diadem him with her stars !
Wreathe below, with black men's muskets,
Treason's gonfalon of bars.

Time's Avenger ! He has waited —
With the axe uplifted — long,
While the Upas grew, which, falling,
Crashed through centuries of wrong.

THE CUSTOM OF BURIAL WITH THE HEAD TOWARDS THE EAST.

IN Shakespeare's *Cymbeline* there occurs a passage suggesting a curious question, to which it has not been easy to find an answer. It is that where Guiderius and Arviragus are preparing to bury Imogen, who, in the dress of a youth, lies apparently dead. Guiderius says, —

"Nay, Cadwal, we must lay his head to the east ;
My father hath a reason for 't."

What was that reason ? In the flood of annotation which has been poured over the plays of the greatest of poets, there has been no reply to this rather interesting inquiry. We have quite enough of a guidance that perplexes or misleads, of illustrations that do but darken, and emendations of what was quite straight till private hands intermeddled to crook it. There is plenty of vapid and false criticism, from one of the most learned of English bishops ; from one of the most ponderous of English moralists ; from one of the most shining names in classic English verse. But no critic or commentator that we know of, from "piddling Tibbald" to Coleridge the transcendental, with his cloudy pomp of professional words and fanciful abstractions, has had

a syllable to bestow upon this point. Knight's *Pictorial* has no representation of it. Our own ingenious Mr. Hudson offers no lesson or conjecture about it. Mr. Richard Grant White — and he alone, so far as we know, has had his attention called to this subject — says : "What was Belarius's reason for this disposition of the body in the ground, I have been unable to discover." If we turn to the German version of the play by Schlegel and Tieck, we find that the passage is not only not explained, but entirely mis-translated. It is made to say,

"Nay, Cadwal, we must lay his *face* to the east" ;
"Nach Osten, Cadwal, muss sein *Antlitz* liegen" ;

which is certainly wide of the original by just half the circumference of the earth ; for if the face is to look eastward, the head must, of course, be reclined westward. The two brothers were about to bury the brutish Cloten, whom Guiderius had just slain, at the same time with the beautiful boy whom they so tenderly lamented. And doubtless he would have had them both laid out in the same direction ; — for, as he said,

"Thersites' body is as good as Ajax,
When neither is alive" ;

and the reason that his father had given, whatever it was, would still apply here. But again, what *was* that reason? If the command had been to lay the head to the opposite quarter of the sky, we can readily suppose what the motive was for such a requisition. The face would then be turned towards the east, the sunrise, and the doctrine of the resurrection might thus seem to be symbolized. But, on the contrary, the countenance of the dead is made to front that portion of the heavens where the sun does nothing but sink towards its setting, and set.

And yet that cheerful and encouraging idea is not the one that is most frequently presented in the religious usages of the ancient world. Quite the reverse. The description that we here have in Shakespeare corresponds with the funeral customs that generally obtained before the Christian era. We have it from Ælian and Plutarch, that such was the method in ancient Greece, and especially among the people of Athens. We hear the voice of the Delphic Apollo:—

“Go, first propitiate the country’s chiefs,
Who, when interred, faced the declining sun.”

There is some discrepance, indeed, among the Greek writers on this subject. But there can be little doubt that the fact is as we have stated. Sir Thomas Browne, in his *Hydriotaphia*, asserts—and seems to have good authority for the assertion—that the Phœnicians, children of the East as they were, turned the dead face towards the west.

Under the influence of Christianity this order was reversed, and doubtless for the reason that has been already assigned. The ancient Christian writers are agreed in their testimony, so far as they give any, that, in burial, the countenance was turned towards the sky, in sign of a heavenly origin; and towards the east, in sign of an immortal hope. Robert Herrick, the Catullus of English poetry, expresses this in the *Hesperides*:—

“Ah, Bianca! now I see
It is noon and past with me.

In a while it will strike one;
Then, Bianca, I am gone.
Some effusions let me have
Offered on my holy grave;
Then, Bianca, let me rest
With my face towards the east.”

But, as if here also there must be some confusion, we read in one of the old dramatists the following lines:—

“I turn thy head unto the east,
And thy feet unto the west;
Thy left arm to the south put forth,
And the right unto the north.”

Just the contrary of what was quoted before. And it is worth observing that the figure thus described is cruciform. The hands extended at right angles with the body, instead of lying at the side, or being *folded upon the bosom*, could never have been a prevailing mode of interment, and is evidently meant to be merely an image of the great crucifixion. And all this corresponds perfectly with the aspect of the vast church structures which were going up in various parts of Europe in the Middle Ages, taking centuries to build, with many thousands of men sometimes working at once upon a single building. A hundred thousand workmen, Michelet assures us, were employed at the same time upon the sculptured pile at Strasburg; and there is the marvel at Cologne not finished yet. The cathedrals were in the shape of a cross, with their head, the most sacred part, where was the chapel of the Madonna, always lying towards the east. This latter fact is remarkable, and may throw some light on the subject we have now in view. We naturally conclude that this position was adopted on account of the superior sanctity of that quarter of heaven from which Christ came, and the light of his Gospel first dawned. The lines just quoted clearly transfer this position and idea from the church-building to the human body as it is laid in the grave. There is a passage in Michelet’s *History of France* that sets forth the same thought, and expands it with so much fancy and rhetorical fervor that it is worth reciting, if it were only as a sample of his peculiar style, poetic

and idealistic, of writing history. "The cathedral," he says, "is a petrified mystery, a suffering in stone ; or, rather, it is the Sufferer himself. The whole edifice, in the austerity of its architectural geometry, is a human body. The nave, stretching out its two arms, is man on the cross ; the crypt, the church under ground, is man in the tomb ; the tower, the spire, — it is still hé, but up, and mounting to heaven. In that choir, bent from the line of the nave," — it should be remarked that only in a very few instances is it found so bent, — "you see his head bowed in agony ; you recognize his blood in the burning purple of the windows. Let us touch these stones with care ; let us tread softly upon these pavements. Everything there bleeds and suffers yet. A great mystery is passing before us." This may sound very fanciful. But even the cautious Dean Milman avers, in his *History of Latin Christianity*, that the Gothic cathedral was "typical in every part, from the spire to the crypt."

Under impressions like these, it would not have been singular if a correspondent usage had sprung up (though there is perhaps no positive evidence of it) of laying the heads of the deceased towards the rising sun, as is indicated by the old dramatist quoted. Indeed, we should wonder if it had been otherwise ; and there is fair ground of conjecture that such may have actually been the case in some instances ; in some instances, we say, for it does not seem likely that the original tradition of all Christendom should ever have been extensively departed from, and its primitive usage been thus inverted.

But now, again, — as if the subject could never be wholly free from contrary facts and discordant testimony, — the direction in which the apse of the church pointed was by no means universally the same. In France and in Germany it pointed, indeed, pretty uniformly to the east, — in the great Gothic structures, perhaps, invariably so. In the temple of St. Sophia at Constan-

tinople, erected centuries before the Northern builders arose, it was so. In London, the modern cathedral of St. Paul's, as well as the ancient Abbey, are both calculated on the same principle of orientation. But in Italy the case is strikingly otherwise. The greatest churches of Rome, with St. Peter's at their head, open their vast *portals* to the populace on their eastern side, instead of presenting to that sacred quarter the close mysteries of their chancel and high altar and uppermost recess.

It is now time to gather up into some distinct statements the result of what has been suggested, and see if we can get at what was in the mind of Shakespeare when he made Guiderius say, "My father hath a reason for 't." And first, it has been the habit of all religions to regard some one particular point of the horizon as holy above all the rest, to which all observances had reference. The stationary Hindoos sought with their eyes the fabulous mountain of the gods, towards the cool north, through the far mists that would never allow them the vision of it. The roving Goths, in their worship of Odin, stormed towards the South after that city of Asgard where they were to find fulness of joy. The Mussulmans, wherever they spread their carpets for devotion, turn towards Mecca, the city of the prophet. The Hebrews worshipped *towards* the holy temple, and, when that was thrown down, towards the hill where it had stood. So early as when that temple was dedicated, King Solomon spoke of those who, in the after ages, should pray towards that place ; and the Prophet Daniel, in his exile, when he opened his windows in the direction of Jerusalem as he prayed, was imitated by whole generations of his people, in their longer exile and wider dispersion over every part of the earth. Now this same Jerusalem was the point toward which turned Christian worship in the early centuries of the Church. Jerusalem invited Christian arms for its deliverance a part of the time, and attracted Christian hearts to it by their most sacred sympathies always. It

was not like Mount Merû in the North, where the gods sat in council ; nor like the city Asgard in the South, where the gods sat at their feasts ; but, far away in the East, it was the place of the Master's grief and sepulchre.

We are tempted here to repeat an anecdote relating to the superstitions of some, at least, of the African slaves of our Southern States. It is taken from a letter addressed by Dr. Robert W. Gibbes to Governor Alston of South Carolina, a few years ago. The Doctor writes : "Negroes are generally fatalists, and believe that every one has his time appointed to die ; and it it be come, they expect to die ; and if not, they will get well without medicine. Frequently I have found the patient's bed turned from its position of the day before, in order that he might die with his face towards the rising sun ; and often have I had it restored, informing them that their 'time had not come to go home,' as they call it." It is an affecting story, and not wholly out of place here. Doubtless the poor fellows, from a similar feeling, would like to have their eyes, after their sight was gone, turned still in the same direction. The east and their native land, the home of their memory and the home of their hope, would naturally run together in the gleams and shadows of that parting hour.

A further reflection is this. As the eastern quarter of the heavens, both from history and from sentiment, as the point whence religions sprang and the point where the day breaks, would naturally be the religious quarter to the Western nations, whether the head or the face of a corpse was studiously deposited in the direction of the Orient would be equally significant in a religious view. There would be the same pious intent ; though it would partake, in the one case, more of an historical, and in the other, more of an allegorical character. If the *head* were to the east, it would lie nearest to the scene of miraculous events, and to ground considered thrice holy. If the *face* were to the east, it would, beside such local ref-

erences, or even without them, prefigure the great hope of human souls.

To return to the line and a half of Shakespeare which have given occasion to this wide ramble of a disquisition. The action of the play is in Britain, just previous to the Christian era. Britain was then the chief seat of the Druidical institutions. Its religious ceremonies were those of the Druids. Now it would be in the highest degree probable, even before making any researches into the subject, that this religion of sacerdotalism and caste, so unlike anything of European birth, did not originate in that extreme corner of the old Western world. It would be too violent a conjecture that such could be the case. The elder Pliny must have told but a small part of the story in saying that this religion was brought into Britain from Gaul ; and Julius Cæsar must have been still further from the fact in saying that it was brought into Gaul from Britain. If you go on into Germany, where it contrived to gain a footing, you will still be a great way off from its primitive domain. Eastward, — still eastward. Its doctrines, its ceremonies, its symbols, and the names of its divinities, closely resembling the Sanscrit, afford large testimony that *India* was its native soil. Even so early a writer as Aristotle, and Diogenes Laertius after him, rank the Druidic priesthood with the priesthoods of the remotest East ; and modern scholarship has followed out that idea with ample confirmations. A writer in the second volume of the Asiatic Researches has the boldness to say that "Stonehenge is evidently one of the temples of Buddha" ; and again, "that the Druids of Britain were Brahmins beyond the least shadow of a doubt." This may be spoken extravagantly, but the general idea that Druidism may be traced back to the Hindoos may be regarded as well sustained. In view of this fact, and especially when we consider how much addicted this worship was to the observation of heavenly phenomena and the cardinal points of the sky, nothing is more natural than that

it should choose to lay the buried body with the head towards the sacred land of the East. The motive would be precisely parallel with that which determined the position of the cruciform church of the Middle Ages.

When, therefore, old Belarius, in the play, prescribes that mode of interment, and "hath a reason for 't," we may be willing to travel to the East Indies to discover what that reason was. And there is fair ground for thinking that there we find it. We are confirmed in this conclusion by a certain air of mys-

tery that seems to hang over the passage which is so singularly and abruptly introduced into the dialogue. And since the burial usage in Christian countries was exactly the reverse of the instruction here given, may we not entertain the thought that the universal mind of Shakespeare meant to mark that difference, and to show, by one touch of his art, that the persons of his drama lived at a time when a foreign faith ruled in his native island, and there was as yet no Christendom?

HEROES OF CENTRAL AFRICA.

THE old Fathers supposed that the terrestrial paradise was situated in Central Africa, and the two Chinese gentlemen who lately visited Great Britain "for literary purposes" probably noted down that some such superstition still prevails in that benighted land. How else could they explain the great social event of last season? Would they dare to assert in their book (which is doubtless by this time advertised in the *Celestial Gazette*) that an English gentleman of wealth and leisure, who had it in his power to visit any part of the world, not excepting even China itself, preferred to pass several years in a series of swamps near the African equator, exposed to every kind of danger, discomfort, and disease, — excluded from all society save that of illiterate and ignoble savages, — and that, on his return home, instead of being clapped into a lunatic asylum, he was welcomed by the voice of the nation, conducted to the foot of the throne, and made a mandarin of many tails? And why? Because he had discovered that a river which did not belong to Great Britain came out of a lake which did not belong to Great Britain, — and this same practical people, who show themselves so anxious to establish

their factories at the mouths of rivers in China (without displaying the least curiosity respecting the sources of these rivers) could yet burn with universal enthusiasm and pride because their countryman had performed this difficult but utterly useless feat? No, that kind of thing would not go down at Peking. The travellers might quote in their defence all that in the West is considered sacred and unchangeable, — a speech by Sir Roderick Murchison, or a leader in the *Times*. That would not help them in the least: they would be scouted by society, their tails would be cut off, they would be beaten with the Great Bamboo, and their publisher would be covered with shame.

But what would they say if they heard of the Alpine Club, — that insane association of Englishmen who repair to Switzerland at certain seasons for the purpose of climbing up and sliding down the steepest places which they can find? Two or three of them break their necks every year, and their companions write picturesque letters to the daily journals, describing the catastrophe. One would suppose that it was not in the power of man to devise anything more absurdly dangerous than this; but that honor has

been reserved for a barrister named McGregor, who, after helping to establish ragged schools and the boot-blackening brigade, suddenly took to paddling over waterfalls, &c. in a kind of pocket-canoe, and has lived sufficiently long to publish a book about it. A Canoe Club has been started in consequence, which, if a few members are drowned at once, may prove a brilliant success. African exploration, therefore, is a sober and business-like pursuit when compared with these. There is usually some scientific pretext for the expedition, there are always some scientific results from it, and there is a prevalent idea that explorers are the harbingers of Christianity, commerce, and civilization.

Now that the physical sciences are at length becoming part of a gentleman's education, we may hope that the future generation of explorers will adopt a course of training in geology, botany, &c. And as for civilization, we know the undeviating sequence of events;—that after the traveller comes the mission-house; after the mission-house, the factory; after the factory, the fort. But do not let us delude ourselves with these dreams as far as Central Africa is concerned. While so many fertile and healthy regions of the earth offer immediate reward to capital and labor, it would be ridiculous to waste efforts upon a continent which does not possess a single great navigable river, which has no doubt immense resources in its bosom, but which at present yields little beyond ivory, inferior rubber, inferior ebony, and a scanty supply of gold, and which is girdled by sullen, treacherous natives, and by marshes in which no white man can live. Let us not sing of "Africa and golden joys," but take the common-sense view of the question, by putting common sense out of the question altogether. Central Africa is the Holy Land of the present day. The old Crusading spirit lives; it is only the equipments that have been changed,—the newest breech-loader for the palmer's staff, and Scotch tweed for chain ar-

mor. Explorers resemble the knights-errant of olden times; they exile themselves from Society, and return (if living) after many years to be crowned with her laurels and rewarded by her smiles. It is all so romantic and mediæval that I am only afraid it cannot last. Some modern Cervantes will arise, and, with a typical John Bull as Don Quixote, and some native Sambo as Sancho Panza, will "smile all our chivalry away," at least the little that is left. Well, that day must come at last. When all our coal and iron are exhausted, and England is made a meadow, and Central Africa has been rendered habitable, its swamps nicely drained, and its deserts covered with alluvium, some remote descendant of Sir Samuel Baker may perhaps take a villa on the shores of the Albert Nyanza, and go there in the dry season for the purpose of reading, "in the quaint characters of the nineteenth century," the travels of his great ancestor upon the spot celebrated by his triumph. Nothing more romantic than those travels ever occurred in the ages of romance; nothing more poetical was ever invented by a poet's brain. It is all like a dream from the enchanted past, and, as if to crown the illusion, not even the gilt spurs are wanting. Sir Samuel is the first African explorer whose services have received public recognition; and this innovation proceeded from a Tory government,—a solemn warning to those who disbelieve in supernatural influences.

This is the story of the Nile. There are two rivers, the Blue and the White. Bruce discovered the sources of the Blue Nile, previously described by the Portuguese Jesuits, and it was not known till some time afterwards that the White Nile was really the main stream. Its sources are derived from two lake basins (as Ptolemy asserted in ancient days). Burton and Speke discovered one of these lakes, the Victoria Nyanza, and returned to the eastern coast, whence they had started. Speke and Grant found the Nile flowing out of the Victoria Nyanza, and

followed it down towards the sea. As they arrived at Gondokoro, a dirty little slave-station upon the White Nile, they met another party entering the arena which they were about to leave. That must have been a remarkable sight. On the one side two weary, ragged men, sick of Africa, and emaciated by disease. On the other an English sportsman in good health and spirits, with armed men, horses, astronomical instruments, elephant guns, gaudy presents, and all the paraphernalia of exploration. At first Baker was mightily disconsolate: he feared that there was nothing left for him to do. But Speke informed him of the other great lake, which he himself had been unable to reach on account of a native war. This was the Albert Nyanza; and Speke, by putting Baker upon its scent, has earned his share in the honors of the second lake, as well as of the first. On the other hand, he never realized the importance of this second basin; he always maintained that he had "settled the Nile question," and died, like Columbus, without having grasped the meaning of his own discoveries.

Baker stands supreme above other explorers on account of the remarkable obstacles which he overcame. It must be understood that the natural road to the Nile sources, by going up the river towards them, had been abandoned after repeated failures. The British government had sent in their two last expeditions (on the suggestion, I believe, of Dr. Beke) from the eastern coast, with the view of striking in upon the head-waters of the Nile by this more indirect but more practicable route. Sir Samuel, however, accomplished that which Mr. Petherick and other competent judges had pronounced to be impossible. It had been supposed that Gondokoro could be opened only from the inside; and that the Turkish slave-traders, who justly regard British travellers as the forerunners of "Abolition," would never allow one to pass that barrier. In fact, those who have read "The Albert Nyanza," which is as fascinating

and dramatic as a novel, will remember how these gentry corrupted his escort, and threatened his life; and how it was solely by the exercise of a quality which, had he been killed, would have been called "lamentable rashness," that he succeeded in penetrating into Central Africa at all.

Sir Samuel was accompanied during his four years' hard travel by his wife, a young, handsome, and very delicate-looking Hungarian lady, who on one occasion saved the expedition from ruin by her promptitude and tact; who, after they had discovered the lake, urged her husband to extend their explorations, in order to solve a certain geographical problem, although at that time she could scarcely walk; and who even showed that she could handle a sword, and mingle in a *mêlée* when his life appeared to be in danger. It may be remarked, by the way, that this young heroine does not consider it necessary to wear any such hermaphrodite costume as that lately adopted by Doctor Mary Walker, but dresses with taste, is perfectly feminine in every way, and has passed through the somewhat difficult ordeal of a London season with considerable *éclat*.

Sir Samuel declares that he will never go to Africa again, and it is to be hoped that he will keep his word. He could add nothing to his reputation, and he has fairly earned repose. But there is one explorer who makes no such resolutions, and who would inevitably break them if he did. In fact, Dr. Livingstone may be considered as a resident in unknown parts of Central Africa, and an occasional traveller in England. He speaks our language with a Bechuana accent, and has been seen wandering down St. James's Street, in the height of the London season, in a gold-laced cap and a thick Inverness cape. It is evident that he is not at home in civilization, and as the Greenlander, decoyed to the sunny south, pines for his whale's blubber and his snow hut, so Dr. Livingstone escapes with relief from the pleasures and luxuries of the great metropolis to his dear Caffres and

the homely comforts of the *kraal*. Not that this is to be wondered at. There is nothing so delightful as fresh air and liberty. It is a grand thing to be able to live in a country where one is secure from the tyranny of social observances, and can enjoy freedom without being compelled to wield the franchise in defence of it; where whatever is not suggested by taste is not dictated by necessity; where one is not obliged to wear tight boots, or make morning calls, or go out to evening parties, or read newspapers, or answer letters; where one can return to the primitive simplicity and (if desired) to the primitive nakedness of man; where the silvered surface of the mountain stream is the traveller's looking-glass, and the forest leaf his pocket-handkerchief; where he eats only when hungry (and not always then); where the wide earth is his couch to-night, and to-morrow may be his grave, and the round stone, now his pillow, may become his tomb-stone, and the gray fever-mists which are now his bed-curtains may be his shroud in disguise. Well, Dame Nature treats us badly now and then. Sometimes she makes it too hot for us, and sometimes too cold; sometimes too dry, and sometimes too damp; she blows her dust into our eyes, entangles us with her thorns, wearies us with her mountains, and half drowns us in her floods; burns us, freezes us, starves us, pinches us, poisons us, and sooner or later murders us outright; but then what joys she reveals to us if we desert the strong-holds of civilization, and let her take us all up in her arms! It is not always that her features are dark and convulsed with rage, that blue lightning darts from her eyes and that thunder rolls from her voice, that venom falls upon us from her lips, and that she grips us tightly in her awful grasp. No; often when we have closed our eyes, and are passively awaiting death, we feel those arms relax, and a soft, warm bosom palpitates beneath us, and pours its sweet intoxicating juices through our veins; and from her eyes, like golden suns, stream down upon us rays of

maternal love; and as we are borne along with an undulating motion, her voice murmurs music in our ears, her locks of hair are flowers which perfume existence, and within us we feel the vibrations of a mighty soul.

It is a glorious and awful thing to be alone in the desert,—a speck in that mighty solitude,—a spark in the abyss. Behind the traveller is the memory of past dangers, before him is the absolute unknown. Every step is a novelty, a sensation; the summit of every eminence may disclose to him a prodigy; and all the while his mind is caressing this one idea:—"I am the first white man who has trodden on this land, who breathes this air. I can call that mountain after anybody I choose: it belongs to me. The Geographical Society will give me a gold medal; I shall have to make a speech; my name will be printed in all the maps";—and so on.

Well, I presume that this species of ambition is as good as any other, and it does not appear to be cursed with satiety as soon as the others are. No wonder that Livingstone loves the wilderness. It is more remarkable that he should love the savage, whom Sir Samuel cordially detests. But this, perhaps, can be explained.

The Anglo-Saxon explorer enters Africa with his mind fixed upon one geographical point, towards which he strides, impatient of annoyance and chafing at the least delay. The natives of the country he regards simply as savage or domestic animals. If they belong to the camel species, he uses them; if they belong to the tiger species, he overawes them or avoids them; and if they belong to what he considers the monkey species, he despises and detests them, because he does not understand them. Revering honesty and truth, he finds himself surrounded by dishonesty and lies; in every village he is the centre of intrigues; he is regarded as a bird of passage to be plucked; his dealings with the savage are those of buyer and seller, which are never of an elevating character, and in which the African certainly does not appear to an

advantage. They, on the other hand, ignorant of the value of time, cannot comprehend his anxiety to leave them; they are offended by his brusqueness, and by the contemptuousness which he does not care to hide; and a bad feeling will often spring up from no other cause, — for they are the most vain and sensitive creatures in the world.

But the missionary lives among them as a minister in his parish; he acquires their language, understands their methods of thought, becomes habituated to their constant duplicity, learns how to handle their stubborn, suspicious natures, sometimes how to win their poor little childish hearts, and sometimes, as in Dr. Livingstone's case, is won by them. It is evident from his last book that he loves the savage to distraction. He wishes to persuade us that the African, outside of Dahomey, never sacrifices anything more highly endowed with life than a flower or a shrub, and that his fetish-worship, which is no religion at all, is superior to the religion of Mohammed; and indignantly denies that the negro is being converted to Mohammedanism in parts of Africa which he has not visited. Of course his asseverations upon this point must be rejected, since they are not founded upon experience; and this charming confidence in the gentle African, which induces him to assert that the organized murders which prevail all over Northern Guinea are confined within the precincts of Dahomey, does more credit to his heart than to his head. But let us turn from what he thinks, to contemplate what he has done.

David Livingstone was born of poor parents, but like most Scotchmen can boast of remote ancestors, and a family history pregnant with traditions. At the age of ten he was put into a factory as a *piecer*, and bought Ruddiman's "Rudiments of Latin" out of his first week's wages. He pursued the study of that language for many years afterwards at a night-school, between the hours of eight and ten, and on his return home would pore over his dic-

tionary and grammar till his mother snatched the books out of his hands, and packed this intellectual debauchee off to bed. In this way he learned to read Horace, Virgil, and other authors whose merits are not appreciated by the ordinary school-boy. Indeed, it is much to Livingstone's credit that at an age when most puerile stomachs reject all mental food in favor of short-bread, toffee, oatmeal cakes, and other Caledonian delicacies, he should have devoured everything in the shape of literature (excepting novels) that he could find. Scientific works and books of travel, he tells us, were his chief delight; but his father, conceiving the former to be hostile to religion, attempted to substitute for them "The Cloud of Witnesses," Boston's "Fourfold State," and other excellent but somewhat indigestible productions. Young Livingstone appears to have taken these condiments with reluctance; and when ordered to read Wilberforce's "Practical Christianity," he became desperate, rebelled outright, and was soundly thrashed for his lack of filial obedience and literary taste. However, the works of Dr. Thomas Dick having afterwards fallen into his hands, he was induced to come to terms with theology, and finally determined to go as a missionary to China. With a wisdom which every missionary would do well to emulate, he began at once to study medicine, scoured the country with Culpepper's "Herbal" under his arm, searching for simples, and used to read while at work in the factory, placing his book upon a portion of the spinning-jenny. Thus he acquired that power of abstracting his mind in the midst of uproar, which he found of use afterwards when studying native languages in an African village, where all is tam-tam-beating, conch-blowing, and general conversation in a tone of voice equal in force and volume to a European shriek. The money which he earned by cotton-spinning in the summer enabled him to attend medical, Greek, and divinity classes at Glasgow in the winter. Having been admitted as a Licentiate of the Faculty

of Physicians and Surgeons, he offered his services to the London Missionary Society, on account of its unsectarian character; and, the opium war putting China out of the question, he volunteered for Southern Africa, to which country Moffatt's gigantic labors were beginning to attract attention.

He started for Africa in 1840, and remained there till 1856. He took up his abode in the far interior, married Moffatt's daughter, and labored for many years as a missionary among the Caffres. He made, also, in virtue of his vocation, several important journeys, sometimes accompanied by Mr. Oswell, who has modestly concealed his adventures from the world, but who is known to be the greatest of all elephant-hunters, and who was with Dr. Livingstone when Lake Ngami was discovered.

But Livingstone, like many other men, owes his renown to a misfortune. A dispute arose between the natives and the Dutch Boërs; it soon flamed into a kind of war. The Doctor, of course, took the part of his parishioners, and the Boërs, in order to drive him out of the country, destroyed his house and property. Livingstone returned home from a journey to find the house which he had built with his own hands in ashes, and the lexicons and dictionaries which had been the companions of his boyhood scattered and torn. He mourned over this ruin awhile, but consoled himself with the thought that he was now free. "They want to shut the country, — I will open it," said he. He girded up his loins, sung (or might have done so) the *Nunc te dimittis*, and disappeared into the wilderness.

On the western coast of Africa, somewhat less than a thousand miles above the Cape, is a large and ancient city, San Paolo de Loanda. It is the metropolis of Angola, a Portuguese province, and ranks next only to Goa in importance and in beauty. Prior to the discovery of Brazil it was resorted to by the noble adventurers of Portugal, who performed wondrous exploits against the savages, and who searched

the mountains diligently for red gold. When the New World came into fashion, Angola was made use of simply as a slave-mine, Loanda as its port; and since the abolition of that "engaging pursuit," the great city has been crumbling slowly away. It has still its governor's and its bishop's palace; but its harbor is empty, its College of the Jesuits has been converted into an ox-stable, and the province has been made a penal settlement.

Now it happened that her Britannic Majesty's Consul for Loanda, Mr. Gabriel, on returning home from a walk one day, found a short, swarthy man pacing up and down his piazza, in apparently an anxious frame of mind. He was dressed in an old pea-jacket, and was not particularly clean. The "distressed British sailor" is a phenomenon not entirely unknown to consuls, and this appeared a most transparent case. Mr. Gabriel inquired his business.

"Well, I have just come up from the Cape of Good Hope," said the stranger.

Mr. Gabriel looked puzzled, perhaps a little incredulous. "I was not aware," said he, "that any vessel from the Cape had come into port to-day."

"No," said the other, dryly. "*I came by land.*"

At these words, as when the magic charm is pronounced in the fairy tales, the dirty rags fell off, and disclosed, not precisely a beautiful princess, but the famous Dr. Livingstone, rumors of whom, sometimes ominous and always vague, had occasionally floated to San Paolo de Loanda.

Mr. Gabriel maintained him and his twenty-seven Makololo for seven months. Poor Gabriel! He was a generous, warm-hearted man, and was carried off by the African climate, after resisting it for many years. His last deed of kindness to a stranded traveller was extended to the present writer, who paid him a visit, without credentials of any kind, and with the sum of three and sixpence in his possession. But he was welcomed, nour-

ished luxuriously, and royally accommodated with the sinews of travel. Mr. Gabriel was not one of those who are hospitable only to celebrities.

Dr. Livingstone, in spite of continued ill-health, was determined to redeem the promise which he had made of restoring his faithful companions to their homes. On September 20, 1854, he started from Loanda, and performed the unparalleled feat of crossing the continent of Africa from the western to the eastern shore.

The Portuguese of Lisbon have attempted to depreciate this achievement, which, however, dazzled the Portuguese of Angola and the Mozambique. When travelling in the former country, the planters chattered to me about the stupendous man who had ridden all that way upon an ox, and without any umbrella. One gentleman showed me the result of an astronomical observation which the Doctor had marked on the wooden floor with a hot poker. A large family of mulatto children clustered round these hieroglyphics, which they regarded with great reverence; and the name of Livingstone, which they cannot pronounce, will go down among them mangled to posterity.

When he went to Africa the second time, it was no longer as an obscure missionary, but as an emissary of the British government, and distinguished men crowded to the quay to shake hands with him before he sailed. A steamer was placed under his command; he was directed to explore the Zambesi, and, if possible, to establish the nucleus of a settlement upon its shores. The Church of England mission, too, attracted by his glowing descriptions of Eastern Africa, and assured of its healthiness, sent out many able and enthusiastic men. The fate of that mission is well known; an account of its martyrdoms has just been published; and although its author, the Rev. Mr. Rowley, brings no charge against Dr. Livingstone, it is impossible to absolve him entirely from blame. As for his expedition, some important geographical discoveries were made,

especially those of the Lakes Shirwa and Nyassa; and owing to the exertions of Dr. Kirk the Kew Gardens have been enriched with a fine collection. But in all important matters, the Zambesi, as Dr. Livingstone ought to have known before he went there, is navigable only for a short distance, and its shores are too unhealthy for purposes of settlement. If the expedition had a political purpose, and there is no doubt that Great Britain wants another *point d'appui* in Eastern Africa, it failed. The book also failed. It was necessarily inferior to his first; it was tarnished by several sectarian personalities; and in fact it was thrown completely into the shade by the Nile discoveries.

But it must always be remembered that Baker and Speke are mere triflers in Africa, compared with Livingstone. He is the father of African travel; and, having remained in England only long enough to write his book, he has gone out again, this time alone, to explore the country south of the Nyanzas. He has been appointed by the government to what is called a *roving consulate*, that is to say, he is H. B. M. Consul for Central Africa, and can go to any part of it he pleases.

Let us now turn to a man of very different intellectual calibre, though of less popular fame as an explorer. Captain Burton has earned a niche among the heroes of Central Africa by his journey to the Lake Regions, which cleared the path for the discovery of the sources of the Nile. But, as we shall see in turning over the leaves of his remarkable life, he has earned laurels not in one continent only, but in almost every region of the world, and in many different provinces of human knowledge.

Captain Burton claims descent from the celebrated author of the "Anatomy of Melancholy." He was educated on the Continent, which partly accounts for the cosmopolitan nature of his character. When old enough to go to Oxford, he matriculated at Trinity College, but soon grew weary of the dull routine of college discipline and study, "cut "

lectures, chapels, and halls, and plunged ardently into Cornelius Agrippa, and other writers on the art of magic, inspired by the same eccentric passion for the mysterious and unknown which carried him afterwards from the beaten tracks of life into the deserts of Africa and Arabia. He left Trinity, as may be supposed, without taking a degree, refused a commission in the Queen's, hungering not after garrison conquests, the bow-window of the "Rag," the "sweet shady side of Pall-Mall," and other fascinations of domestic military life, but accepted (in 1843) a commission in the Eighteenth Sepoy Regiment of the Bombay Presidency. With intervals of travel (from which emanated "Goa or the Blue Mountains," "The Unhappy Valley," and other books) he spent the first six years of his military career in Sind, then a newly conquered Mohammedan province. He became a favorite of Sir Charles Napier, who gave him a staff appointment, and allowed him to roam over the new territory as canal engineer. During five years he spent his days and nights almost entirely among the natives, and at the end of that period was able to pass an examination in six Eastern languages. In 1849, an attack of rheumatic ophthalmia, the result of overwork, sent him home; he remained in Europe three years, absorbing civilizing influences. In 1852, his health being restored, he volunteered to explore the great unmapped waste of Eastern and Central Arabia. The Court of Directors refused, fearing that he would perish, like Stoddard Conolly and the brothers Wyburd, and that his friends would come with requisitions to trouble the peace and devour the patronage of the India House. However, they granted him a twelvemonth to perfect himself in the knowledge of the Oriental languages. He considered that he could do this best by performing the pilgrimage to Mecca *in character*, and, having disguised himself in England as the Sheikh Abdallah, embarked for Southampton in a Peninsular and Oriental steamer. He passed a month at

Alexandria, practising as an Indian doctor; and as he not only possessed considerable knowledge of medicine, but was a potent Mesmerist, and could do the "magic-mirror business," he quickly established a thriving practice, and was offered by one old lady a hundred piastres (nearly one pound sterling) to remain at Alexandria, and superintend the restoration of her blind left eye.

It was not without difficulty, "involving much unclean dressing and expenditure of horrible English," that he obtained from the English Consul a certificate declaring him to be an Indo-British subject named Abdallah, doctor by profession, and, "to judge from certain blanks in the document, not distinguished by any remarkable conformation of nose, mouth, or cheeks." For I should have explained that Nature had gifted him with a thoroughly Oriental face, as if by way of suggesting to him the enterprise in which he was now engaged. This, of course, combined with his intimate knowledge of Eastern languages and habits to facilitate matters immensely. "Golden locks, and blue eyes," he remarks, "however desirable *per se*, would have been sad obstacles to progress in swarthy Arabia."

Having purchased the necessities for his pilgrimage, including a shroud, without which no good Mussulman undertakes any perilous journey, he went on to Cairo, (third-class in a little steamer, facetiously called the "Little Asthmatic,") where, in order to learn still more of native character, he set up a little shop in groceries and drugs, at an outlay of thirty shillings. His chief customers were little boys, who came, half-pence in hand, to buy, not gingerbread, as in the celebrated cent-shop in "The House of the Seven Gables," but sugar and pepper, its equivalent in Egypt. He then went through the ordeal of the Rhamadan (the terrible Mohammedan fast), but before starting for Mecca fell into the evil company of a military Albanian, with whom he drank of that which is forbidden, and scandalized the neighborhood.

If the reader wishes to learn how he journeyed through the desert to Mecca, and afterwards to Medina, how he drank of the waters of Zem-Zem, kissed the Black Stone, and visited the tomb of the Prophet, he must refer to Captain Burton's narrative itself. It was a most remarkable achievement, anticipated by Burckhardt, but accomplished by no one else belonging to the present generation.

Not less daring was his journey to Harar, an African Mecca situated in the Somauli country. Here he was absolutely without European predecessors, and he considers it himself the boldest of all his undertakings.

Shortly after his return from the Somauli country, he was placed at the head of the expedition, already alluded to, for exploring the Lake Regions of Central Africa, and received gold medals from the Geographical Societies of London and Paris. When the second expedition was sent out, Captain Burton, for some reason as yet unexplained, was passed over, and Captain Speke was placed in command. The former was appointed Consul at Fernando Po, and, having spent his holidays in a visit to Utah, he went there in 1861. Though not precisely a roving consulate, he was afforded facilities for making many excursions (to call them by a very modest word) into the interior. He was the first to ascend the Cameroons Mountain, — a dormant volcano rather higher than the Peak of Teneriffe (which he has also ascended), and on the summit of which he discovered snow, although it is on the African equator. He made trips to the Gaboon, to the Congo, to Loanda, explored the river Volta, and paid a visit to the King of Dahomey. He is now Consul at Santos, Brazil, and has just obtained from the Brazilian government the concession of a lead mine which he discovered at Iporanga.

Captain Burton is not only a great explorer; he is a scholar and a man of the world. He is one of our leading Orientalists, gained a scholarship in a *native* university in India, has taken

his degree as Master in Sufism, — the parent philosophy of Free-Masonry, — and obtained a diploma as dervish; for he is learned in all the theology of the Mohammedans. He has considerable knowledge of botany, medicine, and geology; earned a *brevet du point* in France, for skilful swordsmanship; is a first-rate shot, horseman, and athlete; is acquainted with most of the European languages, and with all European literature, ancient and modern; can sketch cleverly; can forge horseshoes; and is translating Camoens into English verse. In conversation, he is almost omniscient. I have never yet heard a subject started in his presence on which he had not something to say worth remembering. To sit next to him at dinner is to enjoy a banquet of the brain. It is amazing that he should be gifted with so many various and opposite qualities of mind, — still more amazing that he should have found time to do so much. But what is there that a steady, unslacking will, supported by a good physical constitution, cannot achieve? During his Indian years he worked usually fourteen or sixteen hours a day. He is fond of society, but it is that he may absorb knowledge from minds as he does from books. He never throws time away; when not reading, writing, or observing, he is either listening or talking. He does not play at billiards or cards; and these are the devouring elements of young men's lives. Our other pleasant vices take up less time, and we generally learn something from them, — though it is an expensive method of education, and not to be recommended; but these devour the mind, and yield nothing to it in return.

How is it, then, it might be asked, that this man of many attainments has not won a mightier reputation? In the East, it is true, his name is a household word; in Europe and America, he is admired by a cultivated fragment of the public; to the outside masses he is almost entirely unknown.

To this I reply, that a man is known widely only by his books, and Captain

Burton's books do not do him justice. In the first place, they lack sentiment ; there is nothing in them that appeals to the emotions and the sympathies ; all is cold and hard. He represents only the base or ludicrous side of the human beings with whom he is brought in contact. There is no spark of the man in his books ; he hides himself away in a prickly shell. He tells the story of his sufferings, his dangers, and his triumphs, but all in a diary-entry, business-like kind of way ; he does not reveal the anguish and the transports with which they must have been accompanied. We look in vain among his writings for those painful and touching scenes which make our hearts bleed for the narrators. We find there no Mungo Park, sitting alone and helpless in the desert, yet saved from despair by the contemplation of a beautiful moss which reveals to him the hand of the Creator ; no Samuel Baker, hanging over the bed of his delirious wife ; no David Livingstone, returning to find his home desolate and strewn with the leaves of his beloved books. Captain Burton is too proud to lay bare his heart to the public eye ; and while we can admire this dignity and reserve, we maintain that it is almost fatal to the success of a personal narrative. The traveller writes an Odyssey, of which he himself is the Ulysses ; he should, therefore, artistically speaking, lay all modesty aside, and render the *Ego* as attractive a personage as he can ; which, in Burton's case, would be accomplished by simply putting himself down on paper. If unwilling to do this, he must attempt to interest the reader in his subordinate characters, or by displaying powers of description. But this Burton will not or cannot do ; he never warms into eloquence ; he is not a lover of nature ; he does not as an author cultivate *l'art de plaire* ; and, indeed, so far from striving to please his reader, he appears to regard him as a natural foe, and seldom neglects an opportunity of trampling on his prejudices or of sneering in his face.

His books, then, appeal solely to the brain, and this at once reduces him to a select circle of admirers ; but these even have many reasons to complain. He is decidedly difficult to read. His weapons are so numerous that he over-arms himself, and does not wield them with sufficient skill. He does not possess the gifts of selection and arrangement. His works contain innumerable gems, but piled pages on pages without method, huddled up in so obscure a heap that the ordinary reader yawns past them with half-closed eyes. It is only the man of knowledge who can detect the precious thoughts among the rubbish, and who can comprehend the richness of the mind whence they are drawn. One would imagine that his method of composition was simply to empty out his Lett's pocket-book upon foolscap paper, and send the manuscript to the printers without further elaboration. There is always abundance of good raw material, but then it is so very raw, — half-developed ideas crawling about on all fours, unpeeled witticisms, and a heterogeneous mass of scientific facts, which ought to be neatly labelled and put away in an appendix, or cunningly introduced into the body of the text. In short, Captain Burton's mind is represented in his books as the zoölogical collections of the British Museum are represented in the glass cases of that establishment, — nothing is seen to its best advantage, and half of the specimens are not seen at all.

It is evident that his style has been corrupted by his Oriental studies ; but since he possesses these immense stores of information, with considerable powers of original thought, humor, and observation, why does he not study the science of book-making, in which there is so much that is mechanical, but which cannot be mastered without brain-sweat and patient thought ? No writers accumulated facts with greater industry than Balzac and Macaulay ; but they exercised yet greater labor upon their style, till they had so perfected it that the common eye, dazzled by the

beauty of the fabric, often fails to observe the materials of which it is composed. How was this done? By scrupulous self-criticism and unremitting toil. Macaulay would sometimes write a sentence over half a dozen times before it would read smoothly to his ear; and Balzac wrote the *Peau de Chagrin* sixteen times. Thus drudged the great masters of two great languages. No genius, however splendid, can afford to dispense with style. Style is structure, without which a book is not a building, but a quarry, — style is voice, without sweetness of which there can be no true eloquence, — style is art, which adorns the nakedness of human thought, and composes symmetry of sentiments and of ideas.

I have said much upon this subject because I am convinced that, if Captain Burton chose, he might become an agreeable writer. But I am aware that it is not true criticism to demand neat literary manipulation in the works of men who spend the greater portion of their lives away from their own language, and who are usually forced to write hurriedly, that the book may appear before the discovery has died from the public mind. Sir Samuel Baker is a literary artist, as well as a gallant explorer; but we have no right to expect this double talent in travellers, and

to blame them if we do not find it. They are great authors, though in another way, — they perform poems instead of writing them; and some day, perhaps, from the deeds of these heroes of Central Africa a Camoens will rise to put them into words.

“What is there new out of Africa?” Livingstone is no longer by the waters of the Lake Nyassa. Some of his men have returned sick, but he has gone on. He has raised the curtain which hangs before the portal of the unknown world; it falls behind him, and we hear of him no more. Yet, though lost, he is not forgotten; he has a place in the heart of all who read these pages, and of thousands more besides.

These words were penned two months ago: how altered is their meaning now! I borrowed an image from death, and death makes it a reality; I wrote an adieu, and it becomes an epitaph.

Another name in the long calendar of African martyrology, — Ledyard, Ritchie, Mungo Park, Burckhardt, Clapperton, Lander, Laing, Vogel, Baikie, and many more. But this last name, LIVINGSTONE, is the most glorious of all. Glorious as a missionary of the Gospel, glorious as a geographical discoverer, he died gloriously as a warrior, fighting to the last.

REVIEWS AND LITERARY NOTICES.

The Twin Records of Creation; or Geology and Genesis: their Perfect Harmony and Wonderful Concord. By GEO. W. VICTOR LE VAUX. London: Lockwood & Co.

IN making the Lion of Geology and the Lamb of Genesis lie down together in the same Procrustean bed, Mr. Le Vaux has naturally found it necessary to clip somewhat the claws, mane, and tail of the lion, and to somewhat elongate the lamb. And, after all, there is not so great a family resem-

blance between the two, we think, as to suggest the idea of twinship to anybody but Mr. Le Vaux. The process of adaptation itself is not exactly novel, but there is something original in our author's spirit, if not his method, which gives his book a peculiar interest. He has always had, he confesses, a passion for geology; and he enters into a description of the different geological periods — which correspond in his theory to the days of the Scriptural history of creation — with the greatest delight in the marvels of his theme. He revels in the sea of prime-

val fire ; he floats enchanted on the waves of the shoreless ocean ; his fancy feeds fat upon the gigantic grasses and ferns of the era of large vegetables ; he is the intimate acquaintance of the Ichthyosaur, the Iguanodon, and the Pterodactyl. With all this, it cannot be said that he develops more than an elementary knowledge of the science he loves, or that he appears to be in any respect a learned or wise man. He writes his book with the aid of profuse quotation from the poets, and when their fancy does not supply him with facts he draws upon his own ; and he believes in the sea-serpent. He does not always quote correctly, and he attributes Pope's "Messiah" to Steele. He imagines that "betimes" is identical in meaning with *at times* ; and his immense megalosauric sense becomes occasionally entangled in the mammoth vegetation of his tropical language ; as, for example, when he says, in a description of the Oolitic world : —

"Far, far below, the base of the hill on which we stand is washed by the swelling billows of the Western main, the white-crested waves breaking betimes over the rocks and shallows, as they roll *to* or recede *from* the shore. Boundless prairies, decked with an ocean of gorgeous verdure, spread out, far as the eye can reach, towards the mid-day sun. The eastern horizon is bounded by forests of gigantic pine and fern, which are woven together by thick luxuriant underwood, and the intervening plains are studded, at intervals, with circular groves of palm and shrubs."

This colossal passage is preliminary to an account of an awful Oolitic mill between the Megalosaur and the Iguanodon, the champions being respectively twenty and twenty-seven yards in length, and of proportionate height and bulk. Mr. Le Vaux, in his character of special reporter, says : —

"But terrific cries are wafted towards us on the breeze, — cries which reverberate through the mountains like the rumblings of thunder on the distant hills, — the cries of monsters about to engage in mortal combat, the 'war-whoop' of the huge Megalosaur and colossal Iguanodon. As the waves of a thousand hurricanes roll to the rock or assault the shore, so the former advances ; as a huge rock meets the mighty waves of a thousand tempests, so does the latter meet the former. As a hundred storms of winter, gloomy and dark, pour down from frowning mountains, as a hundred torrents from the hills meet, mix,

and roar in the valley, so dark, so loud, impetuous, and terrible is the deadly encounter of these primeval monsters. Their roaring, their groans, resound through the vales and forests, spread over the hills, and re-echo from rock to rock. Nature seems to be hushed in fear and amazement, — every living creature flies away from the scene of encounter in confusion and terror. But lo ! the monsters have rolled over and over on the plain, — Death has raised his voice, — the tumult ceases, — one of them (the Iguanodon) has fallen a victim to the ferocious strength and superior activity of the other, and soon is his carcass partially devoured by the voracious victor."

The fate of another champion of the primeval P. R. — the Pterodactyl — is portrayed in strokes quite as bold and massive as these : —

"But hark ! crashing sounds resound in the brushwood ; the dumb noise of ponderous footsteps strikes the ear ; when, lo ! a gigantic animal, far larger than the largest elephant, emerges from the forest and appears on the scene. His snout is narrow and long, but of immense power, and his mouth is furnished with prodigious and terrific teeth, shaped or serrated like the teeth of a saw, those of the lower and upper jaws fitting exactly into each other. His neck is long, and his huge body is as large as the wooden horse of Troy, — as a ship of ancient times ; his legs and feet are proportionately massive and thick, — like the trunks of some gigantic oaks which have braved, in triumph, the storms of a thousand years ; and, as a whole, his dimensions are enormous beyond all conception. Onward, however, comes the king of the prairies ; forward he rushes, and with one stroke of his terrible foot — with one thrust of his powerful claws — the unwieldy telcosaurian crocodile is struck dead on the mud, and immediately devoured."

Whatever may be thought of the direct result achieved for the reconciliation of science and revelation by Mr. Le Vaux, we imagine all his readers must agree that he has at least effected a negative good by rendering geology much more incredible than Genesis.

Famous Americans of Recent Times. By JAMES PARTON. Boston : Ticknor and Fields.

THE favor done to this age and generation by Mr. Parton in taking eminent pub-

lic men out of the keeping of panegyric and abuse, and giving them to popular knowledge in some appreciable human quality, is scarcely to be over-estimated, and it has certainly not till now been valued enough. Mr. Parton did not begin by pleasuring the critics, and his recognition was tardy and cool, though he had long been one of our most popular writers. He wrote at once for the people, and, while preserving perfectly his self-respect, made the people his sole judges. He paid them also the highest compliment in his power, by refusing to seek their favor through flattery of their prejudices. His heroes, in spite of his great popularity, are not the popular heroes; he who honors his readers so greatly does not at all honor their idols. It must be said of Mr. Parton that each person of whom he writes is the man at whose character he has arrived by the most diligent study of all his words and acts. It may result sometimes that Mr. Parton is mistaken; but we feel that he has never willingly deceived himself, nor suffered himself to be deceived. We cannot believe that he has ever written carelessly. These delightful stories, which hold us with the charm of romance, are not only the work of a very skilful artist, but of a very honest man, not less conscientious as to why he shall say a thing, than as to how he shall say it. We need scarcely add, that it is the work also of a generous and liberal spirit, having no more sympathy with successful meanness than with mere baseness of purpose.

The biographical studies which make up this volume present the same general characteristics observable in Mr. Parton's more extended works. In respect of style and all points of literary execution, they are the best things he has done; for his artistic growth has been continuous, and these studies are his latest productions. That it has been of use to Mr. Parton to write for the scholars and critics who read the *North American Review* is evident enough to any one who contrasts the articles taken from that publication with his earlier work. The difference is to be felt in quality of thought, as well as in manner, though there is not much fault to be found with Mr. Parton's way of thinking in any of them, for it is always manly and humane.

As a whole, the present volume has a peculiar merit in its variety. It deals with the kinds of greatness usually achieved by Americans, — political, mercantile, inventive, social, — and deals with them all in a

very fresh and fearless way, inasmuch that we should be willing to wait for Mr. Parton to write of our theological and literary worthies, and our military heroes, before we read much about them. It seems to us that our author writes of inventors with the most heart, and he certainly contrives to interest his reader very deeply in their lives and works. The sketch of Charles Goodyear in this book is as delightful as the story of any adventurous discoverer of the sixteenth century; but in fact the inventors are the discoverers of our time, and it is they who carry forward, in their true spirit, the magnificent enterprises of other days. There is little of their heroism and devotion in the great merchants whose stories our author rehearses, but there is still, in the lives of such men as Girard, Vanderbilt, and Astor, the fascination of that daring which in our country makes business a drama full of strong situations and startling effects. These men rank in their claims upon our remembrance and respect with such politicians as Clay, Webster, Calhoun, and Randolph, — all men of marked individuality, and each representing different political theories, — who in Mr. Parton's book are not less interesting than the great traffickers, because, unlike the great traffickers, they were each a failure in his way.

The articles on Henry Ward Beecher and Theodosia Burr are to be esteemed as studies of our social life at two widely distant and widely different epochs. Mr. Beecher represents no new ideas in religion. He is the leading thought and speech of the strong, earnest, self-reliant element — not refined to intellectual subtlety or morbid doubt — which is perhaps the most hopeful element in New York, and which is the beginning of a social rather than a religious regeneration. It is American and good; it has sound sense and wholesome impulses; if it errs, it is not too perfect and great to repent and amend. Mrs. Alston preserves the memory of an America long past away, — of a vanished reflection of philosophical France, — of a polite and well-bred coloniality. We are afraid that Mr. James Gordon Bennett is as representative in his way as either of these others, and we must class the article devoted to his career with those on Mr. Beecher and Theodosia Burr. Such a man and such ideas could exist nowhere but in America, and it appears to us that the *New York Herald* is published because there is an unpublished *New York Herald* in the

hearts of a vast number of Americans. As a tranquil, dispassionate, un pitying study of character, we know of nothing in modern English literature surpassing this paper of Mr. Parton on James Gordon Bennett.

Philip II. of Spain. By CHARLES GAYARRÉ, Author of "The History of Louisiana under the French, Spanish, and American Domination," etc., etc. With an Introductory Letter, by GEORGE BANCROFT. New York : W. J. Widdleton.

FOR no reason that we can very satisfactorily explain, we have read this odd book quite through; and at the end we are in doubt whether Mr. Gayarré, who is of Spanish extraction, wrote the work in the extravagant and curious English it now wears, or whether he produced it in Spanish, and has been too literally translated. It is certainly as individual in expression as in conception, and is scarcely to be compared with other histories in any way. Indeed, the author himself declares that it is rather a biography of Philip than a chronicle of his reign, and deals with events chiefly as they concern the development of his character.

The work opens with a picture of the hideous corporeal decay into which Philip fell before death, and dwells with revolting fidelity upon the facts of his loathsome and terrible malady. The author thereafter proceeds to study his subject in the acts of his private and public life, confining himself mainly to the consideration of demeanor and policy immediately affecting Spaniards. The persecution of the Protestants in the Netherlands is scarcely more than collaterally mentioned, and the cruel war for the destruction of the Moriscos does not receive much greater attention. But the violent subversion of the Aragonese liberties and the no less insolent and deliberate though tacit reduction of the Castilian Cortes to legislative nonentity, occupy the author in four out of the ten chapters of his book, and interest his reader more than all the rest. In fact, the whole story of Philip's minister, Antonio Perez, is a fascinating episode, though we follow the brilliant, unprincipled, and unhappy adventurer with much the same sort of interest that we feel in the fortunes of Lazarillo de Tormes, or any other picaresque hero. Mr. Gayarré has done well to give so much space to this episode; for it seems to us that nothing else could have so well illustrated the character of

Philip and of Philip's Spain as such an absurd and gloomy tragedy. Aragon actually enjoyed a degree of liberty till the favorite of the morose king intrigued with Philip's reputed mistress, and, after incurring his displeasure, and suffering his dilatory but not the less unrelenting persecution, escaped from Madrid to Aragon, where, as a native of that kingdom, he claimed the protection of her privileges, stirred up the people to revolt against Philip's assumptions, successfully defied his government and the Inquisition, and at last fled to France, leaving the Aragonese and their ancient rights to the annihilating resentment of the king. The trial of Perez lasted near half a score of years, moving or halting as it seemed possible or not to destroy him together with the secrets of Philip which he held. To Mr. Gayarré's volume we must refer the reader for the extraordinary events of the trial. An unworthier rogue than Perez seems never to have precipitated the disasters of a generous people; and at no time in history does any people seem to have lost its liberty more entirely from want of patriotic and courageous leadership.

This want could scarcely have occurred through indifference of the former governing classes to the interests of the country, but rather through a blind and unreasoning devotion to the king. Philip could ruin Aragon and ruin Spain, not because the Spaniards had lost their manhood, but because their loyalty had outgrown their manhood. It is pathetic to read in Mr. Gayarré's book how faithfully the Cortes strove in vain for the passage of laws favoring industry and equity and at least material progress, and how unflinchingly and remorselessly Philip snubbed them into inaction and despair. The story would have been more impressive if it had been told with more succinctness; but the reader is nevertheless made to understand the situation and the fact that no one but Philip, who was Spanish in everything that was bad, and Spanish in nothing that was good, could have annulled Spain. He came, like George III., a native prince succeeding a foreign-born ruler, and sympathizing with all that was stupid and arbitrary and mean in his countrymen; and he was only more destructive to Spain than George was to England, because Spain was Catholic and England was Protestant.

We cannot say that Mr. Gayarré has placed Philip's character in a new light, or

developed it with very powerful effect ; but he has made an interesting book, and in some respects a valuable one. It is all the more interesting in its enthusiastic hatred of Philip and the Inquisition, from the fact of the author's Spanish race and ancestral religion.

The work was written, we are told, during the late war of the Rebellion, to beguile the anxieties of the time ; and we could wish that a greater number of persons in the seceding States had employed their painful leisure so harmlessly to themselves, and so usefully to others. As it is, this is the only book produced south of Mason and Dixon's line, within the last six years, which deserves notice. It deserves more than this, perhaps, as the first contribution from the South to those historical studies in which American scholars have distinguished themselves.

Greece, Ancient and Modern. Lectures delivered before the Lowell Institute. By C. C. FELTON, LL. D., late President of Harvard University. In two volumes. Boston : Ticknor and Fields.

It is not easy to describe the affectionate and yet candid spirit in which the author of this work treats all the aspects of the wonderful Hellenic civilization, and makes us acquainted with Greek literature, art, and life, from Homer's time to our own. It is as if the vast tract of time intervening between the epochs were some region of the world, and our author had travelled there, sojourning in every part of it, and dwelling whole years in its famous cities and amid its storied scenes. He knows it thoroughly, and loves it, with due reservations and exceptions ; and we are all the wiser because he remains to the end an observer of Greeks, and does not himself become Greek. With all his erudition and his enthusiasm, he never forgets that he is relating his large experiences to a popular audience at the Lowell Institute, and that his hearers will be as quick to judge as they are willing to learn. His is very clear and honest discourse ; and if in what is always so pleasant the reader finds little that is absolutely new in thought or very subtle in feeling, he cannot deny that the opinions are usually just, and the sentiment invariably generous. The work is essentially a popular one : there is necessarily some repetition of matters already known to the student ; but the book takes a place empty before, and has a power of

entertaining and delighting which attracts the reader again and again to its pages. There is nothing in it which a sincere regard for the author's memory could make us wish absent, except its occasional jocosities.

The idea of Greece which he presents is a very complete one. The first course of Lectures deals with Greek literature from the earliest times, and notices the less familiar phases of this literature in the Alexandrian and Byzantine periods, and the all but unknown contemporary Greek poetry, as well as the classic works. The life of the Greeks in city and country, in-doors and out-doors, their dress, their manners, their education, their beliefs, and their amusements, affords material for the second course. In the third course is given a general and particular view of the different Greek politics, and of the famous statesmen, lawgivers, and orators identified or connected with them ; while the fourth series of Lectures form an historical and social study of Grecian life from the time of the Macedonian ascendancy till the promulgation of the Constitution of 1844.

At this day, when the terrible tragedy of the Greek War of Independence is re-enacting in Crete, and the whole world looks on with the guilty apathy that characterized the attitude of Christendom during the earlier part of the former struggle, everything relating to that heroic revolution possesses a new interest. With this part of Greek history, as with every other period of it, the acquaintance of President Felton was very thorough, and all that he has to say of contemporary Greece has a peculiar value from the fact that he had seen and known the civilization of which he writes. In some things he shows that the modern Greeks are still the Greeks of classic days, as their speech is in great degree the language of old ; but they have found it more difficult to restore the aorist in their civilization than in their grammar ; and our sympathy must rather be given to them as a brave Christian people, akin to us in time and in faith, struggling against Mohammedan tyranny and barbarism, than as the Spartans and Athenians battling for the fine old abstraction, classic liberty.

As we turn to that part of President Felton's work which treats of the classics, we are conscious of a quite different, yet more familiar atmosphere ; for these are the Greeks who have been at our doors from childhood. It is very pleasant to follow

them home and be made their guest, — to dine with them, to go at sunrise to the theatre with them, to lounge up and down Athens, either hearing or telling some new thing continually. We are clearly and easily instructed concerning their dress and all their social customs, as well as their laws and history, to some knowledge of which the citizen of a free country seems to come by nature. Our Mentor is not a poet, but he is a gentleman of a very genial as well as honest habit of mind, and he is on excellent and familiar terms with every great and worthy Greek we meet, and he sympathizes with nearly everything in Athens. He does not like the Dorians, he frankly confesses it, but he is just to them nevertheless; and though he loves the Athenians, he is not blind to some faults of their polity and character. In fine, the Greeks are once more a living people in his book.

We should not give a correct idea of President Felton's work if we did not speak of the conscientious manner in which it seems all to be done. You feel secure that no pleasant fancy is playing you false as you follow him; while you cannot fail to be impressed by the minuteness as well as the variety of his knowledge concerning Greek life, literature, art, and history. The work, therefore, has a double value, and is twice qualified to meet a popular want.

The Solitudes of Nature and of Man; or the Loneliness of Human Life. By WILLIAM ROUNSEVILLE ALGER. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

MR. ALGER brings to the examination of one of the most interesting aspects of life a spirit full of delicate and generous sympathies, a mind stored by wide reading, and an enthusiastic industry. It has been his purpose to study the nature of solitude as a fact of place, — in the desert, the sea, the wilderness, and the ruin, — and as a principle in the heart of man, isolating individuality, grief, love, occupation, selfishness, genius, and death, — and to evolve from this study lessons concerning the dangers

and uses of solitude. His work throughout is illustrated from the lives of men and the world; and following the strictly ethical part of it are sketches of men whom instinct or circumstance led to seek solitude, and who loved it.

Mr. Alger's affection for his theme has sometimes, it seems to us, made him claim for solitude characters which can hardly be considered solitary, but it has not tempted him into the much greater error — to which his abundant compassion rendered him peculiarly liable — of defending or applauding men for their solitude. Even of the solitude of men of genius he can say: "The panacea for their wretchedness is to seek fulfilment and excellence, instead of fame and applause. It is not aspiration, but ambition, that is the mother of misery in man. . . . Great intellect, imagination, and heart are conditions of noble joy and content, when free from that extravagant desire for public approbation which so often accompanies them." Indeed, the philosophy of the book is generally as sound as its feeling is warm; and the uses of solitude are pointed out as that recovered balance and power of quiet introspection which make men fitter to live in the world.

The frequent passages of beauty and thought which occur in these essays make us regret all the more the extravagances — nearly as frequent — of fancy and of phrase in which the author indulges himself. The brightness of Eastern imagery has so taken the fondness of Mr. Alger, that the colors of Western expression seem thin and pale to him; and his metaphor continually passes into hyperbole, making us feel ungratefully the consequences of study that gave us his book on "The Poetry of the Orient." He has a weakness also for unkempt verbal immigrants from the High Dutch, — cousins-German to our English speech, as we may call them, — with the bar-sinister for the most part. What with his Orientalism and his Germanism, he sometimes produces an effect of grotesqueness and extravagance which might be studied as a model of everything to be avoided in style.